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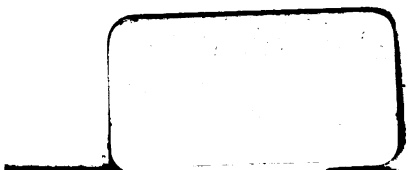
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THE ALPS

AND

THE RHINE;

A SERIES OF SKETCHES

BY

J. T. HEADLEY.

NEW YORK:
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1847.

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TO

E. C. BENEDICT, ESQ.,

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THESE SKETCHES

ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED BY

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION,	vii
CHAPTER I.—Pass of the Simplon, Gorge of Gondo,	1
II.—Passes of the Forclaz and Col de Balme,	7
III.—Ascent of the Montanverte, Vale of Chamouni,	13
IV.—Pass of the Tête Noire,	19
V.—Baths of Leuk,	23
IV.—The Castle of Chillon. Geneva. Junction of the Rhone and Arve,	26
VII.—Freybourg Organ and Bridges. Swiss Peculiarities,	33
VIII.—Interlachen, Pass of the Wengern Alp, Byron's Manfred,	39
IX.—The Grand Scheideck: an Avalanche,	46
X.—Valley of Meyringen. Pass of Brunig,	51
XI.—Suwarrow's Passage of the Pragel,	55
XII.—Macdonald's Pass of the Splugen,	60
XIII.—The Righi Culm,	70
XIV.—Goldau—Fall of the Rossberg,	76
XV.—Avalanches and Glaciers, their Formation and Movement,	81
XVI.—Pasturages, Chalets, and Alpine Passes,	86
XVII.—A Farewell to Switzerland—Basle,	90
XVIII.—Strasbourg—The Rhine—Frankfort,	94
XIX.—A Day in Wiesbaden,	99
XX.—Schwalbach and Schlagenbad,	106
XXI.—Mayence—The Rhine,	111
XXII.—The Castellated Rhine,	115
XXIII.—The Rhine from Coblentz to Cologne,	121
XXIV.—Rhine Wines, Cologne Cathedral, Louvain, Brussels,	126
XXV.—Battle-field of Waterloo,	131

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INTRODUCTION.

In the present work I have not designed to make a book of travels, but give a series of sketches of the Alpine portion of Switzerland, and the scenery along the Rhine. In writing of Switzerland, I have omitted almost altogether notices of the character of the people, except of those occupying the valleys of the Alps. Neither have I spoken of the chief cities and towns of the country, except to make a passing remark. I excluded all such matter, because I wished, if possible, to give a definite idea of the scenery of the Alps. Having an unconquerable desire from my boyhood to see the land of Tell and Winkelried, I had read everything I could lay hold of, that would give me clear conceptions of the wonderful scenery it embraces, yet I found that my imagination had never approached the reality.

Hoping to do what others had failed in accomplishing, I confess, was the motive in my attempting these sketches. It always seemed strange to me, that such marked, striking features in natural scenery could fail of being caught and described. Such bold outlines, and such distinct figures, it seemed a mere pastime to reproduce before the eye. And even now, of all the distinct things memory recalls, none appear more clear and definite than the scenes of the Alps. But, notwithstanding all this, I need not add that I am as much dissatisfied with my own efforts as with those of others. The truth is, the Alps are *too* striking and grand

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to be described. We get a definite idea of very few things in the world we have never seen, by mere naked details. This is especially true of those objects that excite emotion. It is by comparing them to more familiar and greater things, that we conceive them properly. Indeed, the imagination is generally so much weaker than the bodily eye, that exaggeration is required to bring up the perceptive faculties to the proper point.

But the Alps have nothing beyond them—nothing greater with which to compare them. They alone can illustrate themselves. Comparisons diminish them, and figures of speech only confuse the mind. This I believe to be the reason why every one becomes dissatisfied with his own descriptions. To give lofty conceptions of mountain scenery before, he has been accustomed to call it *Alpine*. The Alps are called in to illustrate all other mountains and lofty peaks, and hence when he comes to describe the former, he is at loss for metaphors and comparisons. The words grand, awful, sublime, have been used to describe scenery so far inferior to that which now meets his eye, that he would reject them as weak and expressionless, were there any others he could employ. I have never felt the need of stronger Saxon more than when standing amid the chaos of an Alpine abyss, or looking off from the summit of an Alpine peak. Like the attempt to utter a man's deepest emotions, words for the time shock him. I am aware this may be attributed to a sensitive imagination. Some may boast that they have stood perfectly tranquil, and at their ease in every part of the Alps. I envy not such a man his self-possession, nor his tranquil nature. He who can wander through the Oberland without being profoundly moved, and feeling as Coleridge did when he lifted his hymn in the vale of Chamouni, need not fear that he will ever be greatly

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excited, either by the grand or beautiful with which God has clothed the world.

The Rhine I have passed over more hastily, and devoted less space to it, because its scenes are more familiar, as well as more tame. If I shall add to the reader's conceptions of Alpine scenery—give any more vivid ideas of its amazing grandeur, more definite outlines to those wonderful forms of nature, I shall have accomplished my purpose. My object in grouping, as I have, the most remarkable objects together, to the exclusion of every thing else, was, if possible, to do this. Still they must be seen to be known.

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THE ALPS AND THE RHINE.

I.

PASS OF THE SIMPLON, GORGE OF GONDO.

Coming from the warm air of the South, the first sight of the Alps gave a spring to my blood it had not felt for years. Egypt and Palestine I had abandoned, and weary and depressed, I turned as a last resort to the Alps and their glorious scenery. As I came on to Lake Maggiore, I was, as we should say at home, "down sick." A severe cold accompanied with fever rendered me as indifferent to the scenery the evening I approached —— as if I were on the confines of a desert. But the morning found me myself again, and the clear lake coming from under the feet of the everlasting Alps, and peeping out into the valley as if to see how the plains of Lombardy looked, was as welcome as the face of a friend. Born myself amid mountains, I had loved them from boyhood. I looked out from our carriage on the Borromean Isles, terraced up in the form of a pyramid from the water, with their dark fringe of cypresses, without one wish to visit them. I did not care whether they were an "*espèce de création*," or "a huge perigord pie stuck round with woodcocks and partridges." The soft air revived me, and the breeze that stooped down from the snow summits of the Alps, that glittered far up in the clear heavens before me, was like a new fountain of blood opened in my system. I left the carriage, and wandered off to the quarries of pink granite among the mountains. After listening awhile to the clink of the miner's hammer, far up in the breast of the rock, and gathering a few crystals, I returned to the lake, and passing directly underneath a mountain of stone, from whose summit

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workmen were blasting rocks that fell with the noise of thunder into the road, sending their huge fragments over into the lake,—rejoined the carriage at a dirty inn. The crystal-like clearness of the water, and the mountains around, reminded me of the wilder parts of the Delaware, where I had hooked many a trout, and thinking they ought to be found on such gravelly bottoms, I enquired of the landlord if I could have trout for dinner. He replied yes, and when the speckled fish was brought on the table, it was like the sight of an old friend. The flesh, however, did not have the freshness and flavour of those caught in our mountain streams. It may have been owing to the cooking, probably it was. After dinner we started up the narrow valley that leads to the foot of the Simplon. It was as lovely an afternoon as ever made the earth smile. Gray, barren pyramids of rock pierced the clear heavens on either side, while the deep quiet of the valley was broken only by the brawling streamlet that sparkled through it. Here and there was a small meadow spot from which the dwarfish peasantry were harvesting the hay. Women performed the office of team and cart. A huge basket that would hold nearly as much as an ordinary hay-cock, was filled, when a woman inserted herself into straps fastened to it, and taking it on her back; walked away with it.

As it takes twelve good hours to cross the Simplon, travellers are compelled to stop over night at Domo D'Osola, the last village before the ascent commences. I will not describe the dirty town with its smell of garlic, nor the "red-capped," "mahogany-legged," lazy lazzaroni that lounged through the street. Only one thing interested me in it. There is a hill near by called Calvary, with small white buildings stationed at intervals from the bottom to the top. Each of these is occupied with terra-cotta (earthen) figures representing our Saviour in the different stages of his sufferings;—from the trial before Pilate, to the last agony on the cross. Through an iron grating I looked in upon the strange groups, amid which, on the earth-floor, were scattered cents and fifths of cents;—thrown there by the faithful. In one, the ceiling of the building was concave, and painted blue to represent heaven. On this angels were painted large as life, and represented as hovering over the suffering Christ—while they had—babies and all—white

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handkerchiefs in their hands, which they held to their eyes quite *à la mode*. It did not strike me at first as so odd that they should use handkerchiefs in heaven, as that such beggarly-looking angels could afford such nice white ones.

But the Simplon. Nature, that wore the day before, her loveliest, had now put on her angriest aspect. A more glorious to-morrow was never promised to man, than the sun uttered as he went down at evening amid the Alps. There was not a cloud to dim his brightness, while the transparent atmosphere and the deep blue sky seemed dreaming of anything but clouds and mists. But who can foretell the whim of an Alpine sky! As we entered the mountains the day grew dark, and from the deep gorge that pierced their heart, the mist boiled out like the foam of a waterfall. Clouds veiled the giant peaks around, and the rain came down as if that were its sole business for the day. The torrent had carried away the road in some places, and we rolled slowly over the bed of the stream. At length we entered the gorge of Gondo, one of the most savage and awful in the Alps. This day it was rendered doubly so by the black Alpine storm that swept through it. The road was here squeezed into the narrowest space, while the perpendicular rocks rose out of sight into the rain-clouds on either side, and the fretting torrent struggled through its torn channel far below. The gallery of Gondo, cut 596 feet through the solid rock, opens like a cavern over this gulf. Stand here a minute and look down the gorge. Those perpendicular walls of nature pierce the heavens so high, that but a narrow strip of tossing clouds is visible, as the blast puffs away for a moment the mist that wrapped them in such close embrace. A waterfall is sounding in your ears, covering the breast of the hill with foam, and filling the cavern with the sullen sound of thunder. Torrents leaping from the mountain tops, vanish in spray before they strike the bottom. The clouds roll through the gorge, and knock against the walls that hem them in; and then catching the down-sweeping gust, spring over their tops, revealing for a moment the head of a black crag far up where you thought the sky to be, and then dashing over its face wrap it again in deeper gloom. All around is horribly wild—the howl of the storm—the hissing of the blast around the cliffs—the roar of countless cataracts, and the hoarse voice of

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the distracted waters that rush on, and the awful solitude and strength that hem you in—make the soul stagger and shrink back in unwonted fear and awe. Nature and God seem one—Power and Sublimity their only attributes, and these everlasting peaks their only dwelling-place. I would let the carriage, that looked like a mere toy among these giant forms of nature, disappear among the rolling mist, and then stand on a beetling crag and listen. It was the strangest, wildest music my soul ever bowed to, and the voices that spoke so loudly around me had such an accent and power that my heart stood still in my bosom. I grew nervous there alone, and felt as if I had not room to breathe. Just then, turning my eye up the gorge, the clouds parted over a smooth snow-field that lay, white and calm, leagues away against the heavens. Oh, it was a relief to know there was one calm thing amid that distracted scene—one bosom the tempest could not ruffle: it told of a Deity ruling serene and tranquil above his works and laws.

As we approached the summit, the snow increased in depth. In one place the road passed directly through an old avalanche cut out like a tunnel. These avalanches have paths they travel regularly as deer. The shape of the mountains decides the direction they shall take, and hence enables the traveller to know when he is in danger. They also always give premonitions of their fall. Before they start there is a low humming sound in the air, which the practised ear can detect in a moment. If you are in the path of avalanches when this mysterious warning is passing through the atmosphere, you cannot make too good use of your legs. A few days before we passed, the diligence was broken into fragments by one of these descending masses of snow. As it was struggling through the deep drifts right in front of one of those gorges where avalanches fall, the driver heard this low ringing sound in the hills above him. Springing from his seat, he threw open the door, crying, "Run for your life! an avalanche! an avalanche!" and drawing his knife he severed the traces of the horses, and bringing them a blow with his whip, sprang ahead. All this was the work of a single minute; the next minute the diligence was in fragments, crushed and buried by the headlong mass.

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The top of the Simplon is a dreary field of snow and ice, girded round with drearier rocks. The hospice is large and comfortable, and does credit to its founder, Bonaparte; and the Prior is a fat, very handsome, and good-natured man. I had a regular romp with one of the San Bernard dogs, who would run and leap on me like a tiger, barking furiously as he came, but harmless as a kitten in his frolics. To amuse us, the Prior let out four of them from their confinement. No sooner did they find themselves free, than they dashed down the steps of the hospice, and bounding into the snow, made the top of the Simplon ring again with their furious barkings. After we had wandered over the building awhile, and made enquiries respecting lost travellers in winter, the good Prior set before us some bread and a bottle of wine, from which we refreshed ourselves and prepared to depart. We had scarcely begun to descend towards the Vallais, when I discovered, straight down through the gorge, a little village with its roofs and church spire, looking like a miniature town there at the end and bottom of the abyss. Confident there was no town between the top of the Simplon and Brieg, lying nearly twenty miles distant at the base, and thinking this could not be that town, sunk there apparently within rifle-shot of where I stood, I enquired of the vetturino what place it was. "Brieg," he replied. "Brieg?" I exclaimed: "why that is six hours' drive from here, and I can almost throw a stone in that place." "You will find it far enough bofore we get there," he replied, and with that we trotted on. Backwards and forwards, now running along the edge of a gulf deep into the mountains and under overhanging glaciers, till it grew narrow enough to let a bridge be thrown across; and now shooting out on to some projecting point that looked down on shuddering depths, the road wound like a snake in its difficult passage among the rocks. Houses of refuge occur at short intervals to succour the storm-caught traveller; and over the road, as it cuts the breast of some steep hill that shows an unbroken sheet of snow, up—up, till the summit seems lost in the heavens, are thrown arches on which the avalanches may slide over into the gulf below. Over some of these arches torrents were now roaring from the melting mass above Calm glaciers on high, and angry torrents below; white snow-fields covering thousands of

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acres on distant mountain-tops, and wrecks of avalanches, crushed at the base of the precipice on which you stand; fill the mind with a succession of feelings that can never be recalled or expressed. It seems as if nature tried to overwhelm the awe-struck and humbled man in her presence, by crowding scene after scene of awful magnificence upon him.

We stopped at Brieg all night in a most contemptible inn. It was some fête day or other of the thousand and one Catholic saints, and the streets were strewed with evergreens, while nearly every second man had a sprig in his hat. The streets were filled with peasantry sauntering lazily about in the evening air, and I leaned from my window and watched them as supper was cooking. There a group went loitering about singing some careless song I could not understand, while nearer by were two peasants, a young man and maiden, with their arms around each other's waists, strolling silently along in the increasing twilight.

At Brieg you enter on the Vallais and follow the Rhone on its tranquil course for Lake Leman. Its waters were yet turbid from their long struggle in the mountains, and flowed heavily through the valley. Along this we trotted all day, and stopped at night at Sion. If Mount Sion in Jerusalem is not a better place than this, the Arabs are welcome to it. The falls of Tourtemagne, which you pass on the road, are very beautiful, from the curve and swing of the descending water, caused by the peculiar shape of the rocks: and those of Sallenche grand and striking. The long single leap of the torrent is 120 feet, and as you stand under it, the descending water has the appearance of the falling fragments of a rocket after it has burst. The spray that boils from its feet rises like a cloud, and drifting down the fields, passes like a fog over the road.

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II.

PASSES OF THE FORCLAZ AND COL DE BALM.

From Martigny, where we arrived at noon from Sion, a mule path leads over the Forclaz, from which one can look back on the whole valley of the Rhone, one of the most picturesque views in Switzerland. After following a while the route of Bonaparte's army, on its march from Martigny across the San Bernard, we turned off to the right, and began to ascend the Forclaz. Here I first tested the world-renowned qualities of the mule, amid the Alpine passes; and I must say I did not find the one I was on so very trustworthy. Passing along the brink of a precipice, I thought he went unnecessarily near the edge, but concluding he knew his own business best, I let him take his own way. Suddenly his hinder foot slipped over—he fell back, struggled a moment, while a cry of alarm burst from my companions behind—rallied, and passed on demurely as ever. For a few moments it was a question of considerable doubt whether I was to have a roll with my mule some hundred feet into the torrent below, with the fair prospect of a broken neck and a mangled carcase, or cross the Forclaz. I learned one lesson by it, however, never to surrender my own judgment again, *not even to a mule.* We at length descended into the very small hamlet of Trient, nestled down among the pines. After refreshing ourselves after a most primitive fashion, with some plain white pine boards, nailed together something after the manner of a workman's bench for a table, I told our guide I must cross the Col de Balm. He replied it was impossible. "No one," said he, "has crossed it this year except the mountaineer and hunter. The path by which travellers always cross it is utterly impassable; not even a chamois hunter could

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follow it; besides, it rained last night, which has made the snow so soft, one would sink in leg-deep at every step, and *I* cannot attempt it." This was a damper, for I had thought more of making this pass than any other in the Alps. Still, I was fully resolved to do it, if it was in the reach of possibility, because from its summit was said to be one of the finest views in the world. So walking around the hamlet, I accosted a hardy-looking Swiss, and asked him if he could guide me over the Col de Balm. He replied that the ordinary route was impassable, being entirely blocked with snow; but that there was a gorge reaching nearly to the top of the pass, now half filled with the wrecks of avalanches, which he thought might be travelled. At least, said he, I am willing to try, and if we cannot succeed, we can return. I took him at his word, and returning, told my friends that I was going to cross the Col de Balm, but that I was unwilling to take the responsibility of urging them to accompany me, for I was convinced the passage would be one of great fatigue, if not of danger. I then called the guide, and told him to meet me with the mules about fifteen miles ahead, at Argentiere. He looked at me a moment, shook his head, and turned away, saying, "*Je vous conseille de ne pas aller.*" "*Je vous conseille de ne pas aller.*" I hesitated a moment, for my guide book said, "Always obey your guide," and farther on stated, that on this very pass a young German lost his life by refusing to obey *his*. I did not want to be rash, or expose myself unnecessarily to danger, but one of the finest views in the world was worth an effort; so stripping off my coat and vest, I bade my fearful guide good-bye, and taking a pole in my hand for a cane, started off. My friends concluded to follow. Immediately on leaving the valley we entered on the debris of avalanches, which fortunately bore us. It was a steady pull, hour after hour, mile after mile, up this pathless mass of snow, that seemed to go like the roof of a house, at an unbroken angle of forty-five degrees, up and up, till the eye wearied with the prospect. My friends gave out the first hour, while I, though the weakest of the party, seemed to gain strength the higher I ascended. The cold rare atmosphere acted like a powerful stimulant on my sensitive nervous system, rendering me for the time insensible to fatigue. I soon distanced my friends, while

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my guide kept cautioning me to keep the centre of the gorge, so that I could flee either to one side or the other should an avalanche see fit to come down just at the time I saw fit to pass. I pressed on, and soon lost sight of every living thing. The silent snow-fields and lofty peaks were around me, and the deep blue heavens bending brightly over all. I thought I was near the top, when suddenly there rose right in my very face a cone covered with snow of virgin purity. I had ascended beyond the reach of avalanches, and stood on snow that lay as it had fallen. I confess I was for a moment discouraged and lonely. Near as this smooth, trackless height appeared, a broad inclined plain of soft snow was to be traversed before I could reach it. I sat down in the yielding mass and hallooed to the guide. I could hear the faint reply, far, far down the breast of the mountain, and at length caught a glimpse of his form bent almost double, and toiling like a black insect up the white acclivity. I telegraphed to him to know if I was to climb that smooth peak. He answered yes, and that I must keep to the right. I must confess I could see no particular choice in sides, but pressed on. The clean drifts hung along its acclivities just as the wintry storm had left them, and every step sunk me in mid-leg deep. This was too much: I could not ascend the face of that peak of snow, direct; it was too steep; and I was compelled to go backwards and forwards in a zigzag direction to make any progress. At length, exhausted and panting, I fell on my face, and pressed my hot cheek to the cold snow. I felt as if I never could take another step; my breath came difficult and thick, from the straining efforts I was compelled to put forth at every step, while the perspiration streamed in torrents from my face and body. But a cold shiver just then passing through my frame, admonished me I had already lain too long; so whipping up my flagging spirits, I pushed on. A black spot at length appeared in the wide waste of snow. It was the deserted house of refuge, and I hailed it with joy, for I knew I was at the top. But, oh! as I approached the thing, dreary enough at best, and found it empty, the door broken down by the fierce storm, and the deserted room filled with snow-drifts, my heart died within me, and I gave a double shiver. I crept to the windward side of the dismal concern to shield myself from the freezing blast,

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which swept by without check, and seemed wholly unconscious that I had clothing on; and crouched meekly in the sunbeams. But as I looked up, about and beneath me, what a wild, ruinous world of peaks and crags, and riven mountains, rose on my wondering vision!

Farther on, and lo, the sweet vale of Chamouni burst on the sight, lying in an irregular waving line along the Arve, that glittered like a silver chain in the light of the sun. Right out of its quiet bosom towered away in awful majesty the form of Mont Blanc. Oh, what a chaos of mountain peaks seemed to tear up the very sky around him. The lofty "needles," inaccessible to any thing but the wing of the eagle, shot up their piercing tops over glaciers that, rolled into confusion, went streaming, an ice-flood, into the plains below. How can I describe this scene. It seemed as if the Deity had once taken the chain from his wildest laws, to see what awful strength they could put forth, and what a chaos of mountains they could tumble together. High over all, with its smooth round top, stood Mont Blanc, like a monarch with his mountain guard around him. Yet how silent and motionless were they all, as if in their holy Sabbath rest. No wonder Coleridge lifted his hymn in the Vale of Chamouni. Yet he should have looked on it from this spot. From no other point do you get the relative height of Mont Blanc. From the valley you look up, and all the peaks seem nearly of a height: but here you look across and see how he stands like Saul among the Israelites—head and shoulders above all his brethren. The great difficulty in standing here is, the soul cannot expand to the magnitude of the scene. It is crushed and overwhelmed, and almost stupified.

I plucked some flowers that lifted their modest heads from the margin of the snow, and began to descend towards Chamouni But as I went leaping down the white slope with a shout, I suddenly found myself hanging by the arms, while the dull sound of a torrent that swept my feet made any but pleasant music in my ear. I had broken through the snow crust, and catching by my arms, was left dangling over a stream, the depth and breadth of which I had no desire to measure. The sudden change from my headlong speed and boisterous shouts, to the meek, demure look

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and manner with which I insinuated myself away from that unpleasant neighbourhood, set my companions into convulsions of laughter.

A cloud that came drifting along the sky caught on Mont Blanc, and wrapped it from my sight. Ah, thought I, good night to Mont Blanc! But the sweet valley was left basking in the light of the setting sun.

Hark! a low rumbling sound rises on the air, swelling to the full-voiced thunder. I turned, and lo! a precipice of ice had loosened itself from the mountain, and falling over, plunged, with a crash that shook the hills, into the plain below. I stood awe-struck and silent. It was the first avalanche I had heard, and its deep voice echoing amid those mountain solitudes awoke strange feelings within me. The mass from which it had split was of a pale blue, contrasting beautifully with the dull white of the surrounding glacier.

At Argentiere I found the guide and mules. Mounting, I rode slowly on, thinking of that Being who planned the globe, and heaved on high all its strong mountains, when a sudden cry from the guide attracted my attention. He stood pointing to Mont Blanc. I looked up, and to my surprise, the cloud had rained itself away, and the top of the mountain was drawn with its bold outline against the clear heavens. The sun had set to me, but Mont Blanc was still looking down on his retiring light. And now over all its white form spread a pale rose colour, deepening gradually into a pink—the peaks around taking the same ruddy glow, while the giant shadows stretched their misshapen, black proportions over the vast snow-fields between. There they stood, a mass of rose-coloured snow mountains, towering away in the heavens: they had suddenly lost their massive strength and weight, and light as frost work, and apparently transparent as a rose-tinted shell, they seemed the fit home of spiritual beings. And then what serenity and silence over them all. There was none of the life and motion of flashing sunbeams; none of the glitter of light itself on mountain summits, but a deep quiet that seemed almost holy, resting there, as if that rose-tinted top was bathed in the mellow radiance that one might dream of as belonging to a sunset in heaven. My eye wandered down the now ethereal form

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of Mont Blanc till it rested on a wreath of fir-trees, whose deep green contrasted strangely with that pure rose-colour. I stood bewildered—it seemed a magic land. But the glorious vision, like all beauty, was as transient as the hour that gave it birth. Fainter and fainter again grew the tints till all passed away, and Mont Blanc stood white and cold and ghost-like against the evening sky. This was more than I expected to see, and what few travellers *do* see. Mont Blanc is chary of such exhibitions of himself.

I lay down at night with my fancy too full of wild images to let me sleep soundly. Feverish and restless; at midnight I arose and pushed open my window. All was silent as the great shadows around, save the sound of the torrent that rolled its turbid stream through the valley. The moon was hanging her crescent over the top of Mont Blanc, that stood like a model in the clear heavens, a fit throne for the stars that seemed flashing from its top.

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III.

ASCENT OF THE MONTANVERTE, VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

THE day after I made the pass of the Col de Balme I ascended the Montanverte to the *Mer de Glace*. I will not weary you with a description of this frequently described yet ever strangely wild scene. I mention it only to show the simple process by which an Alpine guide sometimes descends a mountain. In climbing up our zigzag path in our previous ascent, I noticed an inclined plane of snow going straight up the mountain—the relics of the track of avalanches which had fallen during the winter and spring. In returning, the path came close to the top of this inclined plane, which went in a direct line to the path far below. A slide down this I saw would save nearly half a mile, so I sprang on to it, expecting a long, rapid, though perfectly safe descent down the mountain. But the surface was harder than I supposed, and I no sooner struck it than I shot away, like an arrow from a bow. I kept my feet for some time as I tacked and steered, or rather "*was* tacked and steered," straining every muscle to keep my balance, and striking my Alpine stock now on the right hand and now on the left; till exhausted, I fell headlong down the declivity, and went rolling, over and over, till I finally landed, with dizzy head and bruised limbs, amid broken rocks at the bottom. When I had gathered up my senses, I looked round for my companions, and lo, there was my friend, an English gentleman who had started at the same time, about midway of the slope. As he found himself shooting off so rapidly, he wheeled his back down the hill and fell on his hands. This was

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not sufficient, however, to arrest his progress, and he came on bear fashion, though at a slower rate. Despite my bruises, I lay amid the rocks and laughed. Our guide stood at the top, convulsed with laughter, till he saw us all safely landed, and then leaped on the inclined plane himself. Throwing one end of his Alpine stock behind him, he leaned almost his entire weight on it. The iron spike sinking in the ice and snow, checked the rapidity of his descent, and steered him at the same time, and he came to the bottom in a slow and gentle slide. So it is in this world: there is no man who cannot find those who will teach him on *some* points.

When I reached the English hotel again I found I had overtasked myself: I began to suspect as much before I had half reached the top of Montanverte. After my exhausting tramp in the soft snow over the Col de Balme I should have lain by a day, but my toilsome day's work and wet feet both had not left me any worse, but on the contrary better—so I concluded to take it on foot up the Montanverte. I believe I should have refused to ride, well or sick, when I came to know how matters stood about a guide and mules. We had hired a guide and mules at Martigny by the day; supposing, of course, we could use them at Chamouni. Acting on this belief, my companions, who had resolved to ride, ordered out their mules; when, to their astonishment, they were told that neither our guide nor our mules could be permitted to ascend the mountain. A *Chamouni* man and *Chamouni* mules must go up the Montanverte or none. This is one of the many niggardly, petty contrivances one meets at every turn in Switzerland to wring money from the pockets of travellers.

I should have done better to have rode even on those conditions, for I was completely fagged out at night, and with more bones aching than I before supposed I carried in me. But after tossing awhile on my feverish couch, I at length fell asleep. How long I was in the land of oblivion I know not, but I awoke to recollection with the most vivid consciousness of possessing ten toes. Such exquisite pain I never before experienced. I turned and twisted on my couch—gathered up my legs like a patriarch to die—held them in my hands—but all in vain: I could think of nothing but torture by slow fire. Every toe I possessed seemed

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to have been converted into a taper, which had been lighted, and was slowly burning away. At length I could endure the agony no longer, and rung the bell till I waked up one of the head servants of the house. As he knocked at the door I bade him come in with an emphasis that only made his entrance more studied and careful. "What is the matter, sir?" he enquired in the most provokingly quiet tone. "Matter!" I exclaimed, as I thrust both feet out of the bed, "I want *you* to tell *me* what is the matter. You know all the strange diseases of this infamous country, and I want you to know what has got into my feet." He looked at my swollen, angry toes a moment, and replied with a most bland smile, "Oh, you have blistered your feet—they are snow blistered." Saying this he left the room, and in a few moments returned with some brandy in a saucer, into which he dropped several drops of tallow from his candle, and then rubbed my feet with the mixture. In a few minutes I was relieved, and soon after fell into a quiet slumber; from which I awoke to a half-dreamy state, with a dim consciousness there was music around me. At length, clear, mellow notes of a horn came swelling on my ear. I started up, and looking from my window, saw a shepherd driving his goats to their mountain pasturage. It was early dawn, and as the Alpine strain he blew echoed up the vale of Chamouni, I turned to my pillow again, while my early dreams of the land of the Swiss, with all the distinctness and freshness of their spring-time, came back on my memory.

I have given the above particular account of my blistered feet, and their cure, for the sake of those who may make pedestrian excursions in the Alps. With the first symptoms of sore feet, the application of brandy with tallow dropped in should be made, and much suffering will be escaped.

Taking one evening a stroll down the vale of Chamouni, just as the sun was tinging the Alpine summits with his farewell glories, I came upon one of those unfortunate beings from whom the light of reason has fled. Her hat was loaded down with wild flowers, and grass, and sprigs of every description, while she was toying with a bunch of flowers she held in her hand. As I stood leaning against a wall, she came up and offered me some, talking at the same time in a patois made up apparently of a half dozen lan-

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guages, scarcely a word of which I could understand. I declined her flowers at first, but she pressed them on me till I took one, and placing it among my collection, preserved it as a memento of Chamouni.

The register of the English Hotel is loaded down with names interspersed with every variety of remark, in poetry and prose: some grave, some gay, some sentimental, and some comical. The following description of the ascent of Mont Blanc pleased me so much I copied it.

They talk of Helvellyn, Ben Lomond: all stuff!
Mont Blanc is the *daisy* for me sure enough,
For next to the Peek, in the county Mayo,
It bates all the mountains or hills that I know.
Who'd see Mont Blanc fairly must make the ascent,
Although owld —— to look up was content:
I can tell owld T—— that as I mounted higher,
For one aigle he saw, I found three Lammergeyer.
I was up on the top, where, (I tell you no lie)
I could count every rafter that *howlds* up the sky.
I wish to tell truth, and no more, tho' no less,
And its *tirrible* height to *corrictly* express:
I should say if I had but a common balloon,
I could get in one hour with all *aise* to the moon.
If ever you wish on that trip to set out,
You should start from the top of Mont Blanc without doubt:
You'd find the way sure, and the *chapest* to boot,
Since you'd make such a *dale* of the journey *on foot;*
Yet with *one* good, or *two* middling spy-glasses,
You could see from Mont Blanc every action that passes.
I *persaved* the last quarter quite plain through a fog,
Growing out of the *first* like a great moving bog.
In a country so subject to change, I'll be bail,
Some hints could be got of a fair *sliding scale;*
That Peel should there go to enquire, I advise,
For I heartily wish him a flight to the skies.
But again to my subject: I say and *repate* it,
Mont Blanc *bates* all things that were ever created.

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As I was determined new wonders to seek,
I went by a route that was somewhat unique:
By the great sea of ice, where I saw the big hole
Where Captain Ross wintered not far from the pole:
The Tropic of Cancer first lay on one side
Like a terrible crevice some forty feet wide:
Farther on I saw Greenland, as green as *owld* Dan,
But "Jardin," the guides called it, all to a man.
I didn't dispute, so we kept under weigh,
Till we come to the *ind* of the great icy *say*,
We saw the great mules "that congealed in a pop,"
When Saussure and Belmet would ride to the top;
Now nothing remains but the petrified bones,
Which mostly resembles a pair of big stones.
I brought my barometer, made by one Kayting,
For fear the weather would want *rigulating;*
But the weight of the air at the top so *incrased*,
That the mercury sunk fourteen inches at *laste*.
Thin the *cowld* was so hot—tho' we didn't perspire—
That we made water boil without any fire.
We fired off a gun, but the sound was so small,
That we doubted if truly it sounded at all;
Which smallness was caused (I *towld* my friend Harrison)
Alone by the size of Mont Blanc in comparison.
But to describe all the sights would require
Not powers like mine, but genius far higher:
Not Byron in verse, nor Scott in his prose,
Could give the *laste* notion of Blanc and his snows.
Indeed none should try it but one of the "Lakers,"
Who, if not great wits, are yet great *undertakers:*
And then, of all these, none could do it so well
As the wonderful author of great Peter Bell;
For he to the summit could easily float
Without walking a step—"in his good little boat."
Next to him the great Southey, whose magical power
Paints the fight of the cat in the awful mice tower;
Whose description in words of sublimity set,
Says "the summer and autumn had been so wet."

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'Tis spirits like these who are fit to attempt
The labour from which such as I are exempt.
PAT'K MCSWEENY.

But the last night in Chamouni came; and as I stood and leaned out of my window in the moonlight, listening to the turbid Arveron rolling its swollen current through the vale, suddenly a dull, heavy sound, like the booming of distant cannon, rose on the night air. An avalanche had fallen far up amid the Alpine solitudes. Nothing can fill the soul with such strange, mysterious feelings as the sound of avalanches falling at midnight, and alone, amid the Alps.

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IV.

PASS OF THE TETE NOIRE.

It may be from early association, or it may be that every one has made a hero of Mont Blanc, but there is something about that majestic form and those splintered pinnacles, standing like so many helmeted sentinels around him; and all that prodigality of snow-fields and glaciers, that has left its impress on my memory and heart for ever. And then that strangely silent, white, mysterious summit, bending its beautiful outline so far in the heavens, seems to be above the turmoil at its base, and apparently wrapped in its own majestic musings. I would have given any thing to have placed my feet upon it and looked down on the world below, but it was too early in the season to think of doing it—indeed, it could not be done even by the chamois hunter, for fresh snow had fallen every few days throughout the season. A French lady, delicate and pale, wept in grief that she could not make the ascent.

The afternoon we mounted our mules for the Tête Noire was dark and overcast, and there was every appearance of an Alpine storm. We had scarcely left the narrow valley and entered the mule path among the mountains, before the blast began to sweep by in gusts, till the fir trees rocked and roared over our heads. Having ascended at length above the region of trees, I turned to catch a last view of Mont Blanc and his glorious mountain guard before I entered the gloomy pass. There he stood with his snowy helmet on, looking down on the vast glaciers that went streaming into the valley below, and on the silent snow-fields stretching away in every direction, and around on the wild chaos of mountains that nature seemed to have piled there in some awful hurry of passion. The scene was indescribable, for the feelings it

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awakened had no fixed character. An object of beauty would stand beside an object of terror. A calm and soft snow-field that looked in the distance as if it might be a slumbering place for spirits, went creeping up to as savage a cliff as ever frowned over an abyss; while the gentle mist, "like children gone to their evening repose," slept here and there in chasms that seemed fit only as a place of rendezvous for the storm. Strangely wild and majestic towered away those peaks on the vision. I gazed and gazed, reluctant to say farewell to the wondrous scene.

Just then, a body of mist riding the mountain blast, swept over us, veiling every thing in impenetrable gloom, while the rain began to descend in torrents. Sheltering ourselves under the projecting roof of a Swiss hut that stood a little removed from the path, we waited awhile for the shower to pass over, but it was like waiting for a river to run by—the clouds condensed faster and faster, and the day grew darker and darker, till sudden night seemed about to involve every thing. A feeling of dread crept over me as we wheeled out again into the rain, and turned the drooping and dripping heads of our mules towards the pass. I felt as if we were on the threshold of some gloomy fate, and I defy any one to keep up his spirits when hanging along the cliffs of an Alpine pass in the midst of a pelting Alpine storm. We spurred on, however; now crawling over barren and desolate rocks, now shooting out on to some projecting point that balanced over a deep abyss filled with boiling mist, through which the torrent struggled up with a muffled sound,—and now sinking into a black defile through which the baffled storm went howling like a madman in his cell. As I stood on a ledge, and listened to the war of the elements around, suddenly through a defile that bent around a distant mountain, came a cloud as black as night. Its forehead was torn and rent by its fierce encounter with the cliffs, and it came sweeping down as if inherent with life and a will. It burst over us, drenching us with rain, while the redoubled thunder rolled and cracked among the cliffs like a thousand cannon-shot. Every thing but my mule and the few feet of rock I occupied would be hidden from my sight, and then would come a flash of lightning, rending the robe of mist, as it shot athwart the gloom, revealing a moment some black and heaven-high rock; and then

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leaving all again as dark and impenetrable as ever. The path often led along the face of the precipice, just wide enough for my mule; while the mist that was tossing in the abyss below, by concealing its depth; added inconceivably to its mystery and terror. Thus, hour after hour, we toiled on, with every thing but the few feet of rock we occupied shrouded in vapour, except when it now and then rent over some cliff or chasm. I was getting altogether too much of sublimity, and would have gladly exchanged my certainly wild enough path for three or four miles of fair trotting ground. But in spite of my drenched state, I could not but laugh now and then as I saw my three companions and guide straggling along in Indian file, and taking with such a meek, resigned air, the rain on their bowed shoulders.

As we advanced towards the latter end of the pass, I was startled as though I had seen an apparition. The mist, which for a long time had enshrouded every thing, suddenly parted over a distant mountain slope high up on the farther side of the gulf, and a small Swiss hamlet, smiling amid the green pasturages, burst on the vision. I had hardly time to utter an exclamation of surprise before it closed again as before, blotting out every thing from view. I could hardly believe my own senses, so suddenly had the vision come and departed, and stood a long time waiting its re-appearance. But it came no more—the stubborn mist locked it in like the hand of fate. That little eagle-nested hamlet, with its sweet pasturages, came and went like a flash of lightning, yet so distinct was the impression it made, that I could now almost paint it from memory.

Reaching the lower slope of the mountain, we passed a little village utterly prostrate by an avalanche. The descending mass of snow swept clean over it, carrying away church and all. It looked as if some mighty hand had been spread out over the dwellings, and crushed them with a single effort to the earth. It was one scene of ruin and devastation, yet strange to say, though the avalanche fell in the night, only two or three persons were killed. In riding along it was fearful to see where an avalanche had swept, bending down strong trees, as though they were reeds, in its passage.

Soaked through, worn out and depressed, I was glad when the

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gloomy path around the Tête Noire (black head) opened into daylight; and the blazing pine fire that was soon kindled up in a dry room, was as welcome as the face of a friend. The only relic I brought away from this pass was an Alpine rose, which my guide plucked from among the rocks, where it lay like a ruby amid surrounding rubbish.

In looking over this description, I see I have utterly failed in giving any adequate conception of the scenery. One would get the impression that there was a single defile, dark and narrow, and nothing more. But when it is remembered that we started at nine, and emerged from the dark forest of Tête Noire at three; one can imagine the variety of scenery that opened like constant surprises upon us. Now we would be climbing a steep mountain—now plunging into a dark gorge filled with boiling mist—now hanging along a cliff, that in its turn hung over an almost bottomless chasm—now stretching across some sweet pasturage—now following a torrent in its desperate plunge through the rocks, and now picking our careful way through as gloomy a forest as ever enclosed a robber's den. I do not know how it may appear in pleasant weather, but the pass of the Tête Noire in the midst of an Alpine storm *is not a pleasure jaunt.*

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V.

BATHS OF LEUK.

In coming from the Simplon up the Vallais to Geneva, one passed the baths of Leuk, a little removed from the Rhone. This hamlet, elevated 4500 feet above the level of the sea, is shut in by a circular precipice that surrounds it like a mighty wall, up which you are compelled to climb in steps cut in the face of the solid rock. Its hot springs are visited during the summer months by the French and Swiss for their healing effects. It is something of a task, as one can well imagine, to get an invalid up to these baths. The transportation is entirely by hand, and the terms are regulated by the director of the baths. These regulations are printed in French, and one relating to corpulent persons struck us so comically that we give a translation of it.

"For a person over ten years of age four porters are necessary; if he is above the ordinary weight, six porters; but if he is of an *extraordinary* weight, and the commissary judges proper, two others may be added, but never more."

There are some dozen springs in all, the principal one of which, the St. Lawrence, has a temperature of 124 deg. Fahrenheit. The mode of bathing is entirely unique, and makes an American open his eyes, at first, in unfeigned astonishment. The patient begins by remaining in the bath the short space of *one hour*, and goes on increasing the time till he reaches *eight hours;* four before breakfast and four after dinner. After each bath of four hours' duration, the doctor requires one hour to be passed in bed. This makes in all ten hours per day to the poor patient, leaving him little time for any thing else. To obviate the tediousness of soaking alone four hours in a private bath, the patients all bathe

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together. A large shed divided into four compartments, each capable of holding about eighteen persons, constitutes the principal bath house. A slight gallery is built along the partitions dividing the several baths, for visitors to occupy who wish to enjoy the company of their friends, without the inconvenience of lying in the water. This is absolutely necessary, for if eight hours are to be passed in the bath and two in bed, and the person enduring all this is to be left alone in the mean time, the life of an anchorite would be far preferable to it. It is solitary confinement in the penitentiary, with the exception that the cell is a *watery* one. All the bathers, of both sexes and all ages and conditions, are clothed in long woollen mantles with a tippet around their shoulders, and sit on benches ranged round the bath, under water up to their necks. Stroll into this large bathing room awhile after dinner, the first thing that meets your eye is some dozen or fifteen heads bobbing up and down, like buoys, on the surface of the steaming water. There, wagging backwards and forwards, is the shaven crown of a fat old friar. Close beside, the glossy ringlets of a fair maiden, while between, perhaps, is the moustached face of an invalid officer. In another direction, gray hairs are "floating on the tide," and the withered faces of old dames peer "over the flood." But to sit and soak a whole day, even in company, is no slight penalty, and so to while away the lazy hours, one is engaged in reading a newspaper which he holds over his head, another in discussing a bit of toast on a floating table; a third, in keeping a withered nosegay, like a water-lily, just above the surface, while it is hard to tell which looks most dolorous, the withered flowers or her face. In one corner two persons are engaged in playing chess; and in another, three or four more, with their chins just out of water, are enjoying a pleasant "tête-à-tête" about the delectability of being under water, seething away at a temperature of nearly 120 deg., eight hours per day. Persons making their daily calls on their friends are entering and leaving the gallery, or leaning over engaged in earnest conversation with those below them. Not much etiquette is observed in leave-taking, for if the patient should attempt a bow he would duck his head under water. Laughable as this may seem, it is nevertheless a grave matter, and no one would

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subject to it except for health, that boon for which the circle of the world is made, the tortures of amputation endured, and the wealth of the millionaire squandered. The strictest decorum is preserved, and every breach of propriety punished by the worthy burgomaster with a fine of two francs or thirty-seven and a half cents. A set of regulations is hung against the walls specifying the manner with which every patient is to conduct himself or herself.—As specimens, we give articles 7 and 9, which will also be found in Mr. Murray's guide book.

"Art. 7. Personne ne peut entrer dans les bains sans être revetue d'une chemise longue, et ample, d'une étoffe grossière, sous peine de 2 fr. d'amende."

"Art. 9. La même peine sera encouir par ceux qui n'en entreraient pas, ou n'en sortiraient pas d'une manière décente."

Translation. Art. 7. No one is permitted to enter these baths without being clothed in a long, ample, and thick "*chemise*," under the penalty of a fine of 2 francs.

Art. 9. The same penalty will be incurred by those who do not enter or depart in a becoming manner.

Great care is taken that every thing should be done "decently and in order," and there is nothing to prevent people from behaving themselves while sitting on benches *under* water as well as *above* water.

About a mile and a half from these baths is the little village of Albinen, perched on the top of the precipice that hems in the valley of Leuk on every side like a huge wall. The only direct mode of communication between the inhabitants of Leuk and this village is by a series of nearly a dozen ladders going up the face of the precipice. They are of the rudest kind, and fastened to the rock with hooked sticks. Yet the peasants ascend and descend them all times of the day and night and at all seasons of the year. The females have added to their usual dress the pantaloons of the men. This has become so universal, that in climbing the mountains around, they tuck up their dresses, and appear at a little distance like boys. Thus do these rude peasantry, following the instincts of nature and modesty, combine convenience and propriety, and retain their fashions from one generation to another. It is said that pantalets had their origin here.

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VI.

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON. GENEVA. JUNCTION OF THE RHONE AND ARVE.

THE night after we left Martigny, we slept on the shores of Lake Geneva, in close view of Chillon. This Castle has become immortal by accident. In passing round Lake Geneva, in 1816, Byron got caught in a rain-storm, and remained two days in the little village of Ochy, in a mere hut of an inn. Having nothing else to do, he wrote in the mean time, "The Prisoner of Chillon," the characters of which poem lived only in his own imagination. At that time he was even unacquainted with the story of Bonnivard, which might have been made the basis of a very beautiful poem. When he afterwards heard of it, he wrote a sonnet on the noble prior of Victor, in which he says:

"Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar; for 'twas trod
Until its very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God."

I regard the "Prisoner of Chillon" one of the most beautiful pieces Byron ever wrote. It has all his passion and fancy, without any of his wickedness. It is tender, touching and beautiful, and ought to make any place immortal. Yet we confess that the old castle standing on a rock in the lake did not owe its chief charm to us from this poem. We thought of the patriot Bonnivard, who suffered here for endeavouring to make Geneva free. A freeman, and loving freedom more than life, he withstood, though only Prior of St. Victor, the tyrannical Duke of Savoy and

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his own heartless Bishop. Driven from Geneva, he was betrayed into the hands of the Duke, and cast into a dungeon of this castle, below the surface of the lake. Chained to a column of stone, the bold-hearted Prior passed six long years in solitary confinement. The ring still remains in the pillar to which his chain was attached, and the solid pavement is worn in, by the constant tread of his feet as he paced to and fro in his dungeon. The only music that greeted his ear, year after year, was the low dashing of the waters against his prison walls, or the shock of the waves as the tempest hurled them on the steadfast castle. Year after year he trod the self-same spot, while the iron rusted on his stiffening limbs, and hope grew fainter and fainter round his heart. He struggled to free others, and got a chain upon his own limbs. But he had one consolation, that which cheers the martyr in every age and in every noble cause: that was—

> "Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
> The eternal years of God are hers."

At length, one day, as he was slowly pacing to and fro in his silent dungeon, he heard a murmur without, like the coming of a storm. The castle quivered on its strong foundations, but it could not be from the waves against its sides. He listened again; there were human voices in the air, and the shout of a multitude shook the very rock on which he stood. A deeper paleness spread over Bonnivard's cheek, and then a sudden flush shot to his temples as hope kindled in his heart. Blows are mingled with the shouts—the crash of falling timbers is heard—the outer gate is forced, and like the blast of a trumpet rings over the storm the name of "BONNIVARD! BONNIVARD!" Nothing can withstand the excited throng. Bolts and bars rend before them—the gates shake, totter and fall. At length they reach Bonnivard's dungeon, against which blows are rained like hail stones. The massive gate quivers and yields and falls, and a thousand voices rend the very walls with the shout—"BONNIVARD, YOU ARE FREE!" What said the patriot then? Forgetful of himself—of his own freedom—thinking only of his country, he cried out—

"And Geneva?"

"IS FREE TOO!" came back like the roar of the sea. The

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Swiss had wrested from the hands of Charles V. of Savoy the whole Pays du Vaud. Chillon held out to the last; but besieged by 7,000 Swiss by land, and the Genevese gallies by sea, it was at length taken. It was like waking up from a dream to Bonnivard. When he descended into his dungeon, Geneva was subject to the Duke of Savoy, and was a Catholic State. When he came forth, Geneva was free, a republic, and professing the reformed faith.

Byron has made free use of the poet's privilege to exaggerate, in speaking of the depth of the lake. He says:—

> "Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls—
> A thousand feet in depth below
> Its massy waters meet and flow:
> Thus much the fathom line was sent,
> From Chillon's snow-white battlement."

A poet should never go into statistics of this sort, for other folks can measure as well as he, though they may not write poetry. There is no place in the region of the castle more than 280 feet deep.

I will not weary one with the mere names of the beautiful places and views around this sweet lake. The sentimentalist would talk of Clarens and Rousseau and his Julie; the sceptic, of Voltaire and Ferney: but we visited neither place, having no sympathy with the morbid, sickly, and effeminate sentimentality of the one, or with the heartless scoffing wit of the other. The garden in which Gibbon finished his history of Rome is shown at Lausanne. He first conceived the idea of his history while sitting on a broken column in the Coliseum, and ended it on the banks of Lake Geneva. He says: "It was on the day or rather the night of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last line of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a berceau or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waves, and all nature was silent." This remarkable passage throws open the feelings of the inner man at the close of his arduous work. Is it not strange that a man of

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such intellect and sentiment should see no God in history or nature? In the ruins of Rome at his feet, surmounted every where by the cross, he could see nothing but the work of human passions and human cunning. So in the placid lake, smiling in the moonlight; and in the towering Alps folding their mighty summits away on the nightly heavens, he could behold nothing but the aspect of nature. To him the world had no plan or purpose, and the busy centuries no mission or meaning. The heavens and the earth were a mere poem—the history of man a short episode—and both an accident. How a man with such views could give himself up to the contemplations Gibbon did, and escape suicide, is a mystery to me. I could not live in such a planless, aimless creation. Give me no steady centre to these mighty mutations—no stable throne amid these rocking kingdoms and shaking orbs—no clear and controlling mind to this wild chaos of ideas and passions—no great and glorious result to all this mysterious and awful preparation,—and Reason herself would become as wild and confused and aimless as they. A great mind, without a God, is to us the most melancholy thing in the universe.

Lake Geneva lies in the shape of a half-moon with the horns curved towards the South, and is the largest lake in Switzerland, being 55 miles long. It has one strange phenomenon. In different parts of the lake, but more frequently near Geneva, the water suddenly rises, at times, from two to five feet. It never remains in this position more than 25 minutes, when it again falls back to its original level. These are called *seiches*, and the only explanation given of them is the unequal pressure of the atmosphere on the surface at different times. This, however, is mere conjecture.

But the shores constitute the beauty of Lake Geneva. Sloping down to the water's edge, covered with villas, villages, and cultivated fields, and hallowed by such sweet as well as stirring associations, it seems more like a dream-land than a portion of our rough earth. There is an atmosphere, an influence, a something around it that takes the heart captive at once, and the lips will murmur

> "Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake
> With the wild world I dwell in, is a thing

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Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring:
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from destruction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved
That I with stern delights should e'er have been thus moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk yet clear,
Mellowed and mingled, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura, whose capt heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good night carol more.

At intervals some bird from out the brakes
Starts into life a moment, then is still;
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy,—for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away."

Yet quiet and dreamy as these shores appear, stern practical men have lived upon them, and the name of Calvin goes down with that of Geneva and Switzerland in the history of the world. Calvin and Rousseau! what a strange connection; yet they are linked together in the history of Geneva. The church still stands where the itinerant preacher and foreigner first thundered forth his denunciations against the dissolute town. Elevated to the control of the republic, he was just the man to sway its turbulent democracy. Stern, fearless, and decided, he marked out his course of policy, and made every thing bend to it. Take even some of the most arbitrary of his enactments, and they show the clear-sightedness of the man. Among them we find that only five dishes were allowed for a dinner to ten persons. Plush breeches were forbidden to be worn; violation of the Sabbath was punished by a public admonition from the pulpit, and adultery with death; while the gamester was exposed in the pillory, with a pack of cards suspended round his neck. These things

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awaken a smile or sneer in these more liberal days, but whoever shall write the last history of republics will prove that such apparently bigoted enactments, sprung out of the clearest practical wisdom. A republic without the severity of Puritan manner, we believe is impossible for any length of time; that is while men are so depraved they will use their liberty for the gratification of their passions. The (so called) "straight-laced Puritan" is, after all, the only man who knows any thing of the true genius of a republic among men such as we find them. Calvin and Rousseau! which, after all, was the true republican? the sentimental dreamer or the stern Presbyterian? These two names stand in Geneva like great indexes, pointing out the characters of the 30,000 persons who annually pass through it, by showing which way their sympathies flow. One portion looks on Calvin to sneer, the other on Rousseau to sigh.

The deep blue tint of the waters of the Rhone as it leaves the lake has often been commented upon. As it rushes under the bridges of the town, it looks as if a vast quantity of indigo had been emptied into it, tinging it as we have seen water in no other part of the world. About a mile and a half from town, this stream of "heavenly dye" receives the turbid waters of the Arve into its bosom. The Arve is a furious stream, and comes pouring down from Mont Blanc, loaded with the debris of the mountains, till it looks like a river of mud. When the clear blue Rhone first meets this rash innovator of its purity, it refuses to hold any companionship with it, and retires in apparent disgust to the opposite bank, and for a long way the waters flow on with the separating line between the muddy white and pellucid blue, as clearly drawn as the shore itself. But the Arve finally conquers, and fuses all its corrupt waters into the Rhone, which never after recovers its clearness till it falls into the sea. We followed the bank along for some distance, watching with the intensest interest this struggle between corruption and purity. There was an angry, rash, and headlong movement to the turbid Arve, while the stainless waters of the Rhone seemed endeavouring, by yielding, to escape the contagious touch of its companion. What a striking emblem of the steady encroachment of bad principles and desires when once admitted into the heart, or of the corrupting influence of

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bad companionship on a pure mind. The Arve, for the time being, seemed endowed with consciousness, and a feeling of anger involuntarily arose within me at its unblushing effrontery in thus crowding back the beautiful Rhone from its own banks, and forcing it to receive its disgusting embrace. The world is full of histories of which the Rhone and Arve are the type.

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VII.

FREYBOURG ORGAN AND BRIDGES.—SWISS PECULIARITIES.

NOTHING strikes the traveller more than the peculiar customs attached to the separate cantons of Switzerland. Although bordering on each other, and each but a few miles across, yet they retain from generation to generation their own peculiar dress and money. The traveller becomes perfectly confused with the latter. The dress of the female peasantry is not only dissimilar in the different cantons, but odd as it well can be. In one, the head-dress will be an immensely broad-brimmed straw hat, without any perceptible crown; in another a man's hat; in a third a diminutive thing perched on the top of the head; and in a fourth a black crape cap, with a wing on each side projecting out like huge fans. The latter you find in Freybourg, and this reminds us of the two magnificent wire bridges in the town itself, and the immense organ. The latter has 7800 pipes, some of them 32 feet long, and 64 stops. It is an instrument of tremendous power, and though the traveller is compelled to pay eleven francs to hear it on a week-day, it is worth the money. At first, one imagines a trick is played upon him, and that a full orchestra accompanies the organ. The mellow tones melt in and float away with the heavier notes, as if a band of musicians were playing out of sight. Many refuse to believe it is not a deception till they go up and examine every part of the instrument. The effect is perfectly bewildering. There is the trombone, the clarionet, the flute, the fife, and ever and anon, the clear ringing note of the trumpet. The performance is closed with an imitation of a thunder storm, in which the wonderful power of the instrument is fully tested. At first you

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hear the low distant growl swelling up, and then slowly dying away. The next peal breaks on the ear with a more distinct and threatening sound. Nearer and nearer rolls up the thunder-cloud, sending its quick and heavy discharges through the atmosphere, till clap follows clap with stunning rapidity, rolling and crashing through the building till its solid arches tremble as if the real thunders of heaven were bursting overhead. I did not dream that a single instrument could possess so much power.

There are two suspension bridges in Freybourg; one remarkable for its great length, the other for its extreme beauty. The latter connects the top of two mountains, swinging over a frightful gulf that makes one dizzy to look down into. There are no buttresses or mason-work in sight at a little distance. Shafts are sunk in the solid rock of the mountains, down which the wires that sustain it are dropped. There it stretches, a mere black line nearly 300 feet in the heavens, from summit to summit. It looks like a spider's web flung across a chasm; its delicate tracery showing clear and distinct against the sky. While you are looking at the fairy creation suspended in mid-heaven, almost expecting the next breeze will waft it away, you see a heavy wagon driven on it. You shrink back with horror at the rashness that could trust so frail a structure at that dizzy height. But the air-hung cobweb sustains the pressure, and the vehicle passes in safety. Indeed, weight steadies it, while the wind, as it sweeps down the gulf, makes it swing under you.

The large suspension bridge is supported on four cables of iron wire, each one composed of 1,056 wires. As the Menai bridge of Wales is often said to be longer than this, we give the dimensions of both as we find them in Mr. Murray: Freybourg, length 905 feet, height 174 feet, breadth 28 feet; Menai, length 580 feet, height 130 feet, breadth 25 feet. A span of 905 feet, without any intermediate pier, seems impossible at first, and one needs the testimony of his own eyes before he can fully believe it.

But to the customs of the Swiss. I do not speak of them here because I have witnessed them all thus far on my route, or in any part of it, but because they seem to fill out a chapter best just here. Of some of these customs I speak as an eye-witness—of others simply as a historian. There is one connected with edu-

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cation which exerts a wonderful influence on society. In the large towns the children of similar age and sex are gathered together by their parents in little societies called *societies des dimanches*. These little clubs are composed of twelve or fourteen children, selected by the parents with a view to their adaptedness to amuse and benefit each other. They meet in turn at the houses of the different parents every Sabbath evening. Their nurses are with them, and the time is spent in amusements common to children. As they grow older these amusements are combined with instruction. This kind of intimacy creates strong friendships which last long after they are dispersed and scattered over the world, and even through life. Girls thus linked together in childhood retain their affection in maturer life, and even in womanhood distinguish each other by the tender appellations of "*ma mignonne*," "*mon cœur*," "*mon ange*." This is one great reason why Swiss society is so exclusive, and it is so difficult for a stranger to press beyond its mere formalities. The rank of the husband in Switzerland depends altogether upon that of his wife. Immediately on their marriage he steps into *her* rank, be it above or below that which he formerly occupied.

There has been much written about Swiss melodies, and the custom of singing in the open air, in that clear high falsetto is singularly wild and thrilling. The cow herds and dairy maids seem never weary of mingling their voices together in the clear mountain air of the Alps. The effect of it on the traveller is often astonishing. Southey, in speaking of it, says, "Surely the wildest chorus that was ever heard by human ears: a song not of articulate sounds, but in which the voice is used as a mere instrument of music, more flexible than any which art could produce; sweet, powerful and thrilling beyond description." The Alp horn, which is merely a tube of wood five or six feet long, bound about with birch bark, is capable of the most melodious sound, when softened and prolonged by the mountain echoes, I ever heard.

Nothing in my boyhood captivated my imagination more than the custom which was said to prevail in Switzerland, of the peasantry calling out to each other, as the last sunlight left the highest Alpine peak,—"Praise the Lord." But it loses some of its poe-

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try heard on the spot. It is confined to the more rude and pastoral districts in the Catholic cantons. Having no church near to ring the accustomed vesper bell, its place is supplied by the Alp horn. A cowherd stationed on the highest peaks reclines along some rock, and as the golden sunlight leaves the last heaven-piercing snow-summit, he utters through his mellow horn the first five or six notes of the psalm commencing "Praise ye the Lord." The strain is caught up and prolonged by the mountain echoes and answered from other distant peaks, till the soul-thrilling cadences seem to die away on the portals of heaven. The tones of the horn are indescribably sweet and subduing, awaking all the dormant poetry of a man's nature. But the *custom* which once seemed to me to be the very embodiment of religion and poetry together, appeared, after all, a very business-like and prosaic matter. It being necessary to carry out the Catholic observance, a horn is substituted for the vesper bell, which one hears ringing every evening in Catholic countries for the same purpose. There is just as much religion in the call of the muezzin from the minaret of some Moslem tower, which one hears at every turn in Turkey. Nay this very custom, which has been more spoken of, more poetized, perhaps, than all others, prevails in some parts of our own country. I remember being in my grown-up boyhood once in an Indian missionary station of the Methodist denomination, where a similar expedient was adopted. Strolling at evening along the banks of a stream, I suddenly heard the prolonged blast of a horn sounding very much like a dinner horn. Its long continuance at that time of night awakened my curiosity, and on inquiring the cause of it, I was informed it was to call the Indians to prayer meeting. A conch shell had supplied the place of a bell. Bending my own steps thither, I arrived just in time to find a low school-house crowded with dusky visages, while the whole multitude was singing at the top of their voices "Old ship Zion." Here was the Alpine custom on which so much sentiment has been expended, but combined with vastly more sense and religion.

At the sound of this vesper bell, alias Alp horn, the peasants uncover their heads, and falling on their knees repeat their evening prayers, and then shut up their cattle and retire to their homes.

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The "*Ranz des Vaches,*" which is commonly supposed to be a single air, stands in Switzerland for a class of melodies, the literal meaning of which is *cow-rows*. The German word is Kureihen—rows of cows. It derives its origin from the manner the cows march home along the Alpine paths at milking time. The shepherd goes before, keeping every straggler in its place by the tones of his horn, while the whole herd wind along in Indian file obedient to the call. From its association it always creates home-sickness in a Swiss mountaineer when he hears it in a foreign land. It is said these melodies are prohibited in the Swiss regiments attached to the French army because it produces so many desertions. One of the "*Ranz des Vaches*" brings back to his imagination his Alpine cottage—the green pasturage—the bleating of his mountain goats—the voices of the milk-maids, and all the sweetness and innocence of a pastoral life; till his heart turns with a sad yearning to the haunts of his childhood and the spot of his early dreams and early happiness.

The Swiss retain their old fondness for rifle shooting, and there is annually a grand rifle match at some of the large towns, made up of the best marksmen in all Switzerland. There are also yearly contests in wrestling called Zwing Feste, the most distinguished wrestlers at which are from Unterwalden, Appenzel and Berne. Goitre and Cretinism prevail in some parts of the Alps to a fearful extent, and have prevailed for ages if we can believe Juvenal, who asks—

"Quis tumidum guttur miratur in Alpibus?"

Goitre, it is well known, is a swelling of the thyroid gland or adjoining parts in front of the neck. It increases with years and hangs down on the breast in a most disgusting and shocking manner. The painful spectacle almost destroys one's pleasure in travelling in many parts of the Alps. Cretinism inhabits the same localities, and is still more painful, for it affects the mind. The limbs become shrivelled and shrunk, the head enlarged, and the afflicted being an idiot. He sits in the sun all day long, and as you approach clamours piteously for money. Dr. McClelland made experiments over a territory of more than a thousand square miles, to test the effect of certain localities on this disease. Mr.

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Murray quotes from him the following statement showing the proportion between the healthy and sick: as the result of his observation,

Granite and gneiss—goitre 1-500; cretins none.

Mica slate and hornblende slate—goitre none; cretins none.

Clay slate—goitre 1-136; cretins none.

Transition slate—goitre 1-149; cretins none.

Steatic sandstone—goitre none; cretins none.

Calcareous rock—goitre 1-3; cretins 1-32.

Thus it is seen that low and moist places are more subject to these diseases, while the high and dry portions are comparatively exempt. Confined vallies and ground frequently overflowed are also unfavorable localities. The goitre is hereditary, but does not make its appearance till puberty. It is more common among the females than males.

How singular it is that among the most glorious scenery on the earth, we find man subject to a disease that deforms him the most. And what is still more singular, it is among the most beautiful vallies in all the Alps that the inhabitants are peculiarly subject to these diseases. Thus beauty and deformity go hand in hand over the world.

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VIII.

INTERLACHEN, PASS OF THE WENGERN ALP, BYRON'S MANFRED.

INTERLACHEN is as sweet a valley as ever slept in the bosom of nature. At a little distance from it, Lake Thun, with its placid sheet of water, stretches up towards Berne, serving as a mirror to the snow-peaks of Stockhorn, Wiesen, Eigher and Monch, that rise in solemn majesty from its quiet shore. An English yacht has been turned into a steamboat, whose tiny proportions remind one more of a slender model in a toy-shop than a real practical steamboat.

Interlachen seems out of the world, and its retired position and magnificent scenery have converted it into an English colony; for two-thirds of the summer visitors are Englishmen. All the houses seem "pensions" or boarding houses, and with their white-washed walls and large piazzas burst on you at every step from amid the surrounding trees. Set back in the bosom of the Alps, with the Jungfrau rising in view—its endless rides and shaded walks make it one of the sweetest spots in the world. And then in summer, the contrast between the richly clad visitors that swarm it in every direction, and the rustic appearance of the peasantry and the place itself, make it seem more like a dream-land. Near by are the ruins of the castle of Unspunnen, the reputed residence of Manfred. Standing as it does in the very midst of the scenery in which that drama is laid, Byron doubtless had it in mind when he wrote it. Near by, in the quiet valley, there are every year gymnastic games among the peasantry, such as wrestling, pitching the stone, &c. These games owed their origin to a touching incident in the history of Burkhard, the last male de-

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scendant of the family who owned the castle. A young knight belonging to the court of Berchtold of Zahringen fell in love with Ida, the only daughter of the proud Burkhard; but as a deadly feud had long subsisted between the two families, the old baron sternly refused his consent to the marriage. The result was that the young Rudolph scaled the castle walls one night, and, carrying off the willing Ida, made her his bride. A bloody war commenced, which was carried on without advantage to either party. At length, one day, as the old baron was sitting moodily in his room, pondering on his desolate condition, the door gently opened, and young Rudolph and Ida stood before him, holding their beautiful and fair-haired boy by the hand. Without attendants, alone and unarmed, they had thrown themselves in simple faith, on the strength of a father's love. The silent appeal was irresistible. The old man opened his arms, and his children fell in tears on his bosom. He received them into his castle, made Rudolph heir to his vast possessions, and said, "Let this day be forever celebrated among us." Rustic games were established in consequence, and now, with every return of the day, the sweet valley of Interlachen rings with the mirth of the mountaineer.

It was a dark and gloomy morning when we started for Lauterbrunnen. An Alpine storm swept through the valley, and the heaving, lifting clouds buried the snow-peaks around in impenetrable mist, leaving only the black bases in sight. The rain fell as if the clouds themselves were falling.

In the midst of this storm we plunged into the savage gorge of the Lutschine, and entered upon a scene of indescribable grandeur and gloom. Perpendicular cliffs rose on each side, against which the angry clouds were dashing in reckless energy, while the black torrent of the Lutschine went roaring by, flinging its spray even to our carriage wheels. As we emerged into the valley of Lauterbrunnen, a peasant girl came to the side of the carriage, with a little basket of strawberries in her hand, and trotted along by our side, singing one of those strangely wild Alpine chorusses, made doubly so by the clear, ringing falsetto tone in which they are sung. At Lauterbrunnen we breakfasted in a cold room. I ate with my cloak on, stopping now and then to warm my hands over the tea-pot. Suddenly a burst of sunlight

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told us the storm had broken. A general "hurra!" hailed the cheering omen, and in a moment all was bustle and preparation for a march over the Wengern Alp.

Nearly 20 miles were before us, and to be made at the rate of about two and a half miles per hour. I let my companions march on, while I paid a hasty visit to the falls of Staubach, (dust-fall) so named because the water, falling from the height of 800 or 900 feet, is dashed into mist before it reaches the bottom. It comes leaping right over the top of the mountain in its bold, desperate plunge for the valley. Byron, in describing it, says, "The torrent is in shape, curling over the rock, like the *tail* of a white horse streaming in the wind; such as it might be conceived would be that of the pale horse on which Death is mounted in the Apocalypse. It is neither mist nor water: but something between both. Its immense height gives it a wave or curve—a spreading here and a condensation there—wonderful and indescribable." After getting pretty well soaked in its spray, I plucked a blue flowér near its foot, and turned to join my companions, who were now slowly winding up the opposite mountain in a narrow mule-path, that seemed itself to have a hard struggle to master the bold hill. Up and up we panted, now rejoicing in the clear sunlight, and now drenched in rain as a cloud dashed over us. Reaching at length a long slope of pasturage land, I ran to the edge of a precipice and looked down on the valley of Lauterbrunnen, now dwindled to a green ditch—and across on Staubach, that seemed merely a silver thread dangling over the rock. The echo of the woodman's axe came at intervals across the valley, whose shining steel I could see through my glass, coming down for a second blow ere the sound of the first could reach me.

Pressing slowly up the ascent, my steps were suddenly arrested by one of the sweetest, clearest tones I ever heard. Rich, mellow and full, it rose and fell in heart-piercing melody along the mountain. It was the Alpine horn. This instrument, which I have described before, is a great favourite of the Swiss. A young mountaineer lay stretched on a rock, across which the horn rested, and saluted us as we approached with one of the wildest yet softest strains I ever listened to. He had selected a

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spot where the echo was the clearest and the longest prolonged, and I stood in perfect raptures as the sound was caught up by peak after peak, and sent back in several distinct echoes. Long after the mountaineer had ceased blowing would the different peaks catch up the simple notes and throw them onward, refined and softened till it seemed like a concert of unseen beings breathing their mellowest strains in responsive harmony. I looked on those awfully wild precipices that scoffed the heavens with their jagged and broken summits, with increased respect every moment, from the sweet rich tones they were thus able to send back. But I must confess they were the roughest looking choristers I ever saw perform. It seemed really a great feat to make such music, and I thought I would try my skill; so putting my mouth to the instrument I blew away—Heavens! what a change!—every mountain seemed snarling at me, and the confused echoes finally settled down into a steady growl. I gave back the horn to the young mountaineer, while the peaks around suddenly fell fifty per cent. in my estimation.

A July sun pretended to be shining, but we soon after came on fresh snow that had fallen the night before. Byron pelted Hillhouse on this spot with snow-balls—*I* pelted my guide, though the poor fellow had not the faintest idea, as he dodged and ducked his head to escape the balls, that I was making him stand as representative of Hillhouse. Before us rose the Jungfrau, clothed with snow of virgin purity from the base to the heaven-piercing summit. A deep ravine separates the path of the traveller from the mountain, which from its colossal size so destroys the effect of distance, that although miles intervene, it seems but a few rods off.

Reaching the chalet near the summit, we stopped to rest and to hear the roar of avalanches, that fell every few minutes from the opposite mountains. I wish I could convey some idea of the stupendous scenery that here overwhelms the amazed spectator. Look up and up, and see the zenith cut all up with peaks, white as unsullied snow can make them, while ever and anon adown their pure bosoms streams the reckless avalanche, filling these awful solitudes with its thunder, till the heart stops and trembles in the bosom. I never before stood so humbled in the presence

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of nature. Sometimes you would see the avalanches as they rushed down the mountain, and sometimes you caught only their roar, as they fell from the opposite side of some cliff, into a gulf untrod by foot of man or beast.

Byron says, in his journal of the view from the summit, "On one side our view comprised the Jungfrau with all her glaciers, then the Dent d'Argent, shining like truth; then the little giant and the great giant; and last, not least, the Wetterhorn. Heard the avalanches falling every five minutes nearly. The clouds rose from the opposite valley curling up perpendicular precipices, like the foam of the ocean of hell during springtide—it was white and sulphury, and immeasurably deep in appearance."

The keeper of the chalet had a small Mortar, which he fired off at our request. Ten distinct echoes came back. From deep and awful silence these innumerable peaks seemed aroused into sudden and almost angry life. Report after report, like the rapid discharge of a whole bank of artillery, thundered through the clear air. At length the echoes one by one sunk slowly away, and I thought all was over. Fainter and fainter they grew till nothing but a low rumbling sound was heard in the distance, when suddenly, without warning or preparation, there was a report like the blast of the last trumpet. I instinctively clapped my hands to my ears in affright. It came from the distant Wetterhorn, and rolled and rattled and stormed through the mountains, till it seemed as if every peak was loosened from its base, and all were falling and crushing together. It was absolutely terrific. Its fearful echo had scarcely died away before the avalanches which the sudden jar had loosened began to fall. Eight fell in almost as many minutes. The thunder of one blended in with the thunder of another, till one continuous roar passed along the mountains. The tumult ceased as suddenly as it commenced and the deep and awful silence that followed was painful; and my imagination painted those falling masses of snow and ice as half-conscious monsters, crushed to death in the deep ravines.

But every flight has its fall; and I was brought back to matters of fact most effectually by the very respectful request of the man who fired the mortar for his pay. On asking how much he demanded I found that the avalanches had cost a trifle over *three*

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cents apiece, to say nothing of the echoes and the hurly burly in general. This was getting them dirt cheap, and I burst into a laugh that might have started another avalanche without any great violation of avalanche principles.

But, seriously, this multiplication and increased power of a single echo was something entirely new to me, and I could not have believed it possible had I not heard it. Speaking of it afterwards to a German professor, he remarked that the same thing once happened to him in the Tyrol. He was travelling with an English nobleman, and had come to a quiet lake amid the mountains on the shores of which the nobleman sat dropping pebbles into the clear water and watching their descent to the bottom. The professor had heard of the wonderful echo in this spot; so, carefully drawing a pistol from his pocket, he suddenly fired it behind the Englishman. The report that followed was like the breaking up of the very foundations of nature. The nobleman clapped his hands to his ears and fell on his face, thinking an avalanche was certainly upon him.

About two miles from this chalet is the summit of the pass, 6280 feet above the level of the sea, or higher than the highest mountain in the United States;—while around rise peaks *seven thousand feet* higher still. The view from this spot is indescribable. The words "sublime," "grand," "awful," &c. cease to have a meaning here to one who has applied them to so much less objects. The mind reaches out for words to express its emotions and finds none. The Jungfrau or Virgin—now no longer virgin since a few adventurous feet have profaned the pure white summit—the Monch—the Great and Little Eighers, or giants, and peaks innumerable tear up the heavens on every side, while a mantle of snow is wrapped over all. Glaciers cling around these heaven high peaks and go streaming in awful splendour into the cavities between, where they flow out into icy seas from which the sunbeams flash back as from ten thousand silver helmets. On this spot, amid this savage and overwhelming scenery, Byron says he composed a part of his Manfred. It is his own soliloquy as he gazes upward, that he puts in the mouth of Manfred.

"Ye toppling crags of ice—
Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down

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In mountainous o'erwhelming, come and crush me!
I hear ye momently above, beneath,
Crush with a frequent conflict, but ye pass
And only fall on things that still would live;
On the young flourishing forest, or the hut
And hamlet of the harmless villager.
The mists boil up around the glaciers; clouds
Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury
Like foam from the roused ocean of deep hell."

There is no work of the fancy here, no creation of the poet—it is simple description—the plain English of what passes before the traveller who stands here in early summer. The awful silence that follows the crash of an avalanche adds tenfold sublimity and solitude to the Alps.

After having gazed our fill we mounted our animals and began to descend. But the snow-crust would give way every few steps, when down would go horse and rider. After having been thrown two or three times over the head of my animal, I picked myself up for the last time, and with the sullen unamiable remark that he might take care of himself, made my way on foot. Coming at length to solid ground I looked back to see how he got along, and could not but laugh at the sorry figure he cut in the snow. The crust would bear him for several steps, when down he would go to his girth. Extricating himself with great care he would step gingerly along with nose close to the surface and half crouched up as if he expected every moment another tumble. His expectations I must say were seldom disappointed, till at length when he came to where I stood he looked as meek and subdued as a whipped hound.

Mounting, we rode away for the valley of Grindelwald.

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IX.

HE GRAND SCHEIDECK: AN AVALANCHE.

THE little valley of Grindelwald received us as we descended the Wengern Alp. Before entering it, as we passed down the mountain, up to our hips in snow, one of those picturesque scenes which so often occur in Switzerland burst upon us. From a deep valley directly beneath us, smiling in all the freshness of summer vegetation, came the tinkling of hundreds of bells. The green pasturage was literally covered with herds of cattle, and flocks of goats. All around, rose the gigantic snow peaks and hung the fearful precipices, while there on that green secluded spot was the perfect impersonation of repose and quiet. The music of those countless bells rung and mingled in the clear mountain air in endless variations, and were sent back by the giant peaks, redoubled and multiplied, till there was a perfect storm of sound. As I passed down through the snow, the echoes grew fainter and fainter, till the mountains held them all in their own bosom—yet that scene of quietness and beauty has left its impression forever on my heart.

As I descended into the valley of Grindelwald, and saw the brown huts sprinkled all over the distant slopes, I felt how hard it must be to conquer Switzerland. When an army had wound over the narrow and difficult pass, and driven back the hardy mountaineers, and burned up their homes, still they had not conquered them. Hid amid hollows and fastnesses, unknown to their enemies, they could put them at defiance forever.

While tea was preparing, I walked through the valley and past the parsonage, into which the minister and his two daughters

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were just entering, from their evening walk. The valley lay in deep shadow, while the last sunbeams still lingered on a distant glacier, that shone like burnished silver in the departing light. That sweet parsonage, in that quiet spot, amid the everlasting Alps and the roar of its torrents and avalanches, seemed almost beyond the reach of heart-sickening cares and disappointments. I grew weary of my roving, and felt that I had found at last *one* pot out of human ills. Just then, I remembered that the pastor and his two daughters were clad in deep mourning. "Ah!" I sighed, as I turned away, "death has been here, turning this quiet spot into a place of tears. He treads an Alpine valley with as firm a step and unrelenting a mien as the thronged street; and man may search the world over, and he will only find at last a spot on which to grieve."

While at tea, three peasant girls came into the room and began one of their Alpine choruses, in that high, clear falsetto you hear nowhere but in Switzerland. These chants are singularly wild and thrilling, and in the present instance were full of sweetness; but their effect was lost the moment I remembered it was all done for *money*.

The day had been one of toil, snd the night was disturbed and restless. Unable to sleep, I rose about midnight and looked out of my window, and lo! the moon hung right over a clear, cold glacier, that seemed almost within reach of my hand. The silent, white and mighty form looked like a monster from the unseen world, and I fairly shuddered as I gazed on it. It seemed to hang over the little hamlet like a cold and silent foe. In the morning, I went *under* it. These masses of ice melt in the summer, where they strike the valley, and the superincumbent weight presses down, urging up rocks and earth that no power of man could stir. This slowly descending glacier had done its share of this work, and had thrown up quite a hill, where it had plunged its mighty forehead in the earth; but had encountered in its passage one rock that seemed a mere projection from the solid stratum below, and hence could not be moved. The glacier had therefore shoved slowly over it, leaving a cave running from the foot up to where the rock lay imbedded in it. I entered this cave, and the green and blue roof was smooth as polished silver, while a pool at

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the bottom, acting as a mirror to *this* mirror, perfectly bewildered the eye in looking into it.

There are two glaciers that descend entirely into the valley, and push their frozen torrents against the bosoms of the green pasturages. Their silvery forms fringed with fir trees, while their foreheads are bathed in the green meadow below, furnish a striking contrast to the surrounding scenery. One can ascend for nearly four miles along the margin of the lower glacier on his mule, and will be amply repaid for the trouble. It was on this glacier that the clergyman of Vevay, M. Mouron, was lost —the account of which is in almost every book of travels. It was supposed at first that his guide had murdered him ; but after twelve days search his body was found at the bottom of a crevice in the ice, said to be *seven hundred feet* deep. A guide was let down to the bottom by a rope, with a lantern round his neck, and after descending twice in vain, the third time was drawn up with the body in his arms. He was much broken and bruised, but it was impossible to tell whether he was killed instantly by the fall, or whether he lay crushed in that awful chasm, breathing his life away in protracted gasps.

Mounting our horses, we started for the grand Scheideck, nearly eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. As we approached that "peak of tempests"—the Wetterhorn—whose bare cliff rose straight up thousands of feet from the path to the regions of eternal snow, one of the guides exclaimed—"*Voila ! voila !*" and another in German, "*Sehen sie ! sehen sie !*" while I screamed in English, *Look ! look !* And it was time to look ; for from the topmost height of the Wetterhorn suddenly arose something like white dust, followed by a movement of a mighty mass, and the next moment an awful white form leaped away, and, with almost a single bound of more than two thousand feet,* came directly into our path, a short distance before us. As it struck the earth, the crushed snow rose like vapour from the foot of a cataract, and rolled away in a cloud of mist over a hill of fir trees, which it sprinkled white in its passage. The shock was like a

* The guide said between two and three thousand feet. I have tried in vain to ascertain the exact distance from the top to the path.

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falling rock, and the echo sounded along the Alpine heights like the roll of far off cannon, and died away over their distant tops. One of the guides, belonging to a Scotch gentleman who had that morning joined our party, was an old traveller in the Alps, and he said that in all his wanderings he had never seen any thing equal to it. That serene peak, resting far away up in the clear, rare atmosphere—the sudden commotion, and that swift descending form of terror, are among the distinct and vivid things of memory.

As we rounded the point where this avalanche struck, we came nearly under the most awful precipice that I ever saw or dreamed of. How high that perpendicular wall of Alpine limestone may be I dare not hazard a conjecture, but it makes one hold his breath in awe and dread to look upon it. The highest church spire in America would have been a miniature toy beside it. Crawling along like mere insects past the base of this "peak of tempests," as its name signifies, we began to ascend the last slope of the grand Scheideck. When about half way up I stopped for a long time, hoping I might see another avalanche spring away from its high resting place. I was fairly out of harm's way, and hence could enjoy the bold leap of a snow precipice from the cliffs of the Wetterhorn. I was the more anxious, as avalanches are generally, to *the eye*, mere slender torrents streaming down the mountain side. The distance dwindles the roaring, thundering mass to a mere rivulet, but this was massive and awful enough for the gods themselves. But I waited in vain. The bright sun fell full on the dazzling top, but not a snow-wreath started, and I turned away disappointed towards the top of the pass.

The descent into Meyringen was charming. After having passed through the Schwartzwald (dark wild), we came upon a perfectly level, smooth and green pasturage. A gentle rivulet skirted one side of it, while at one end stood a single Swiss cottage. I left the path that went into the hills from the farther corner, and rode to the end and looked back. From my horse's feet, up to the very cliffs that frown in savage grandeur over it, went that sweet greensward; while at the left rose a glacier of the purest white that fairly dazzled the eyes as the sunbeams fell in their noontide splendour upon it. That beautiful, quiet plat

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of ground—the dark fir trees environing it—the cliffs that leaned above it, and that spiritually white glacier contrasting with the bright green below, combined to form a group and a picture that seemed more like a vision than a real scene. I gazed in silent rapture upon it, drinking in the beauty and strangeness of that scene, till I longed to pitch my tent there forever. That level greensward seemed to rest like a fearless, innocent child in the rough embrace of the great forms around it. It was to me the gem of Alpine vallies.

There is no outward emblem of peace and quietness so striking as one of these green spots amid the Alps. The surface of a summer lake stirred by no breeze—the quiet night and quieter stars are not so full of repose. The *ccntrast* is not so great. Place that quiet lake amid roaring billows, and the repose it symbolised would be doubly felt. So amid the Alps. The awful scenery that folds in one of these sweet spots of greensward makes it seem doubly sweet and green. It imparts a sort of consciousness to the whole, as if there was a serene trust, a feeling of innocence in the brightly smiling meadow. It seems to *let itself be embraced* by those rude and terrific forms without the least fear, and smiles back in their stern and savage faces, as if it *knew* it could not be harmed. And the snow peaks and threatening precipices look as if proud of their innocent child, guarding it with savage tenderness. What beauty God has scattered over the earth! On the frame-work of the hills, and the valleys they enclose—on cliff and stream, sky and earth, He has drawn the lines of beauty and grandeur with a pencil that never errs. But especially amid the Alps does he seem to have wrought with sublimest skill. All over its peaks and abysses has he thrown the mantle of his Majesty; while its strong avalanches, falling all alone into solitudes where the foot of man has never trod, and the wing of the eagle never stooped, speak "eternally of Him." "The ice hills," as they leap away from their high resting place, "thunder God!"

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X.

VALLEY OF MEYRINGEN.—PASS OF BRUNIG.

As we descended into Meyringen, a Swiss peasant girl came running up to me with an Alpine rose in her hand. If it had been a spontaneous gift, I could have mused over it for an hour; but given, as it was, for money, destroyed its value, and I placed it in my pocket to preserve for an American friend, to whom I never designed to mention the circumstance under which it was obtained. I stopped a moment to look at the Seilbach (rope fall), as it hung in a long white thread from the cliff; and at the roaring torrent of the Reichenbach, and then passed into the valley, which was resting below in all the quietness of a summer scene.

One has peculiar feelings in entering an Alpine valley by one of these fearful passes. The awful cliffs that have frowned over him—the savage gorges up which his eye has strained—the torrents and avalanches and everlasting snow that have rolled, and fallen, and spread around him, have thrown his whole nature into a tumult of excitement. And this stupendous scenery has gone on changing, from grand to awful, till feelings of horror have become mingled with those of sublimity; so that when his eye first rests on one of these sweet valleys smiling in the sunlight, with flocks and herds scattered over its bosom, and peasants' cottages standing amid the smooth greensward, the transition and contrast are so great, that the quietness and repose of Eden seem suddenly opened before him. From those wild and torn mountains, that have folded in the path so threateningly, the heart emerges into one of these valleys, like the torrent along whose course he has trod in awe. The foaming cataracts and dark ravines are all

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passed, and the placid stream moves, like a smile, through the quiet landscape.

But this valley, so bright the first day we entered it, became dreary enough before we left it. One of those dark, driving Alpine storms set in, and for three days we could not place foot out of doors. The chief beauty of the valley consists in the two steep parallel ranges of hills enclosing it, now and then changing into cliffs, along which white cascades hang, as if suspended there, while far distant snow peaks rise over one another in every direction. The Lake of Brienze peeps modestly into the farther end of it, enclosed by its ramparts of mountains. Taking a carriage to the head of the lake, we there hired a boat to Griesbaek falls. A man and his wife rowed us. After clambering up and down the falls, and under them, and seeing logs which one of the party threw in above, leap away from their brink, we went in to see the "Old Schoolmaster," and hear him and his children and grandchildren sing Alpine songs, while the white waterfall played a sort of bass accompaniment. The singing was very fine—the best we heard in Switzerland, and after having purchased some nick-nacks and music, and paid beforehand for a farewell on the Alp-horn, which is said to sound very finely from this position, we embarked once more upon the lake. The "Old Schoolmaster" told us it was far better to hear the Alp-horn when we had got out on the lake. Never supposing he would deceive us, we laid by on our oars for a long time, but in vain. He had fairly Jewed us.

The cliffs around this valley send down fearful torrents in the spring, one of which—the Alpbach—has once buried a large part of the village twenty feet deep with mud and stones. The church was filled eighteen feet deep, and the black line, indicating the high water mark, is still visible on the walls. The last leap of the Alpbach is right over a precipice clear into the valley. From the peculiar manner in which the sun strikes it, a triple rainbow is formed—one of them making a complete circle around your feet. To see this last, it is necessary to enter the mist, and take a beautiful drenching; but I was repaid for it, by seeing myself, *once* in my life, with a *real* halo around me, and that too around my *feet*. The beautiful ring held me in its embrace like an en-

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chanted circle, until the drenching mist, having finally penetrated to my skin, broke the charm. I went shivering home, protesting against rainbows being put in such inconvenient places.

The pass of the Brunig is a mere bridle path, but it presents nothing striking to the traveller, except the charming view of the valley of Meyringen, from its summit. It is a perfect picture.

The lake of Lungern, which we passed soon after descending the Brunig, presents a most singular appearance. It has been drained twenty feet below its original level, and the steep banks that mark its former height, surround it like some old ruined wall. The Kaiserstuhl, a high ridge, was stretched across the foot of the lake, forming a natural dam, and heaping up the water twenty feet higher than the valley below. A tunnel, 1,300 feet long, was bored through this, with only a thin partition of rock left to hold back the flood. Five hundred men were employed on it, relieving each other constantly, and for several hours at a time: for the impossibility of ventilating the tunnel from above, made the air very foul and dangerous. When the work was completed, and floodgates constructed below to graduate the rush of the water, nine hundred and fifty pounds of powder were placed in the farther extremity of the tunnel. It was midwinter, and the lake frozen over, but multitudes assembled on the morning appointed for the explosion to witness the result. The surrounding hills were covered with spectators, when a cannon shot from the Kaiserstuhl, answered by another from the Laudenberg, announced that the hour had arrived. A daring Swiss entered the tunnel and fired the train. He soon reappeared in safety, while the vast multitude stood in breathless anxiety, waiting the explosion. The leaden minutes wore on, yet no one felt the shock. At length, at the end of ten minutes, just as they had concluded it was a failure, two distinct though dull reports were heard. The ice lay smooth and unbroken as ever, and there was a second disappointment, for all supposed the mine had not burst through the partition. But, at length, there was a shout from below, and a black stream of mud and water was seen to issue from the opening, showing that the work was done. This drainage was to recover a large tract of land, which was a mere swamp. The object was

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secured, but the land is hardly worth the tilling. The geologist, however, will regard the portion laid bare with interest.

As we approached Lucerne, we passed the location of the famous Alpnach slide, made during the time of Bonaparte, for the purpose of bringing timber for ship-building from the mountains. It was eight miles long, and between three and four feet wide, and was made of logs fastened together, so as to form a sort of trough. This trough went across frightful gorges, and in some instances under ground. A rill of water was directed into it to lessen the friction, and prevent the logs from taking fire. A tree, a hundred feet long and four feet in diameter, would shoot this eight miles in six minutes. When one of these logs bolted from the trough, it would shoot like an arrow through the air, and if it came in contact with a tree would cut it clean in two. The whole work is now destroyed.

Coming, at length, to Lake Lucerne, we took a boat and rowers, and set off for the town that stands so beautifully at its foot. I had been for days in the heart of the Oberland, which contains the wildest scenery in the Alps. My meat had been mostly the flesh of the Chamois, while the men and the habitations I had passed seemed to belong to another world. In one instance, I had seen a man carrying boards strapped to his back, between three and four miles to his hut, on the high pasturage grounds. There was no other way of getting them there. These huts or cottages (just as one likes to call them) with their low walls and overhanging roof loaded with stones and rocks, to keep them from being blown off when the fierce Alpine storm is on his march, have an odd look; though they are sometimes very picturesque, from their position.

From such scenery and dwellings the sight of a town and houses was like a sudden waking up from some strange dream.

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XI.

SUWARROW'S PASSAGE OF THE PRAGEL.

At the head of Lake Lucerne stands the little village of Fluellen. It was here that Suwarrow, after forcing the passage of St. Gothard, was finally stopped in his victorious course. The lake stretched away before him, while there was not a boat with which to transport his weary army over. There was no other course left him on his route to Zurich but to ascend the heights of the Kinzig Culm, a desperate undertaking at the best; and cross into the Muotta Thal. This wonderful retreat was made while his army, as it hung along the cliffs, was constantly engaged in resisting the attack of the enemy.

It was forty-six years ago, one night in September, that the peaceful inhabitants of the Muotta Thal were struck with wonder at the sudden appearance among them of multitudes of armed men of a strange garb and language. They had just gathered their herds and flocks to the fold, and were seeking their quiet homes that slept amid the green pasturages, when, like a mountain torrent, came pouring out from every defile and giddy pass, these strange, unintelligible beings. From the heights of the Kinzig Culm—from precipices the shepherds scarce dared to tread, they came streaming with their confused jargon around the cottages of these simple children of the Alps. It was Suwarrow, with twenty-four thousand Russians at his back, on his march from Italy to join the allied forces at Zurich. He had forced the passage of St. Gothard, and had reached thus far when he was stopped by Lake Lucerne, and was told that Korsakow and the main Russian army at Zurich had been defeated. Indignant and incredulous at the report, he would have hung the peasant who informed him, as a

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spy, had not the lady-mother of St. Joseph's Nunnery interceded in his behalf. Here in this great Alpine valley the bold commander found himself completely surrounded. Molitor and his battalions looked down on him from the heights around the Muotta Thal: Mortier and Massena blocked its mouth: while Lecourbe hung on his rear. The Russian bear was denned, and compelled, for the first time in his life, to order a retreat. He wept in indignation and grief, and adopted the only alternative left him, to cross the Pragel into Glarus. Then commenced one of those desperate marches unparalleled in the history of man. The passage of the St. Bernard, by Bonaparte, was a comfortable march compared to it, and Hannibal's world-renowned exploit mere child's play, beside it. While the head of Suwarrow's column had descended the Pragel and was fighting desperately at Naefels, the rear-guard, encumbered with the wounded, was struggling in the Muotta Thal with Massena and his battalions. Then these savage solitudes shook to the thunder of cannon and roar of musketry. The startled avalanche came leaping from the heights, mingling its sullen thunder with the sound of battle. The frightened chamois paused on the high precipice to catch the strange uproar that filled the hills.—The simple-hearted peasantry saw their green pasturages covered with battling armies, and the snow-capped heights crimson with the blood of men. Whole companies fell like snow-wreaths from the rocks while the artillery ploughed through the dense mass of human flesh that darkened the gorge below. For ten successive days had these armies marched and combated, and yet here, on the eleventh, they struggled with unabated resolution. Unable to force the passage at Naefels, Suwarrow took the desperate and awful resolution of leading his weary and wounded army over the mountains into the Grisons.

Imagine, if you can, an awful solitude of mountains and precipices and glaciers piled one above another in savage grandeur. Cast your eye up one of these mountains, 7,500 feet above the level of the sea, along whose bosom, in a zigzag line, goes a narrow path winding over precipices and snow-fields till finally lost on the distant summit. Up that difficult path and into the very

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heart of those fearful snow-peaks has the bold Russian resolved to lead his 24,000 men.

To increase the difficulties that beset him and render his destruction apparently inevitable, the snow fell, on the morning he set out, two feet deep, obliterating all traces of the path, and forming as it were a winding sheet for his army. In single file, and with heavy hearts, that mighty host one after another entered the snow-drifts and began the ascent. Only a few miles could be made the first day, and at night, without a cottage in sight, without even a tree to kindle for a light around their silent bivouacs, the army lay down in the snow with the Alpine crags around them for their sentinels. The next day the head of the column reached the summit of the ridge, and lo! what a scene was spread out before them. No one who has not stood on an Alpine summit can have any conception of the utter dreariness of this region. The mighty mountains, as far as the eye can reach, lean along the solemn sky, while the deep silence around is broken by the sound of no living thing. Only now and then the voice of the avalanche is heard speaking in its low thunder tone from the depth of an awful abyss, or the scream of a solitary eagle circling round some lofty crag. The bold Russian stood and gazed long and anxiously on this scene, and then turned to look on his straggling army that far as the eye could reach wound like a huge anaconda over the white surface of the snow. No column of smoke arose in this desert wild to cheer the sight, but all was silent, mournful and prophetic. The winding sheet of the army seemed unrolled before him. No path guided their footsteps, and ever and anon a bayonet and feather disappeared together as some poor soldier slipped on the edge of a precipice and fell into the abyss below. Hundreds overcome and disheartened, or exhausted with their previous wounds, laid down to die, while the cold wind, as it swept by, soon wrought a snow-shroud for their forms. The descent on the southern side was worse than the ascent. A freezing wind had hardened the snow into a crust, so that it frequently bore the soldiers. Their bayonets were thrust into it to keep them from slipping, and the weary and worn creatures were compelled to struggle every step to prevent being borne away over the precipices that almost momentarily

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stopped their passage. Yet even this precaution was often vain Whole companies would begin to slide together, and despite every effort would sweep with a shriek over the edge of the precipice and disappear in the untrodden gulfs below. Men saw their comrades, by whose side they had fought in many a battle, shoot one after another, over the dizzy verge, striking with their bayonets as they went, to stay their progress. The beasts of burden slipped from above, and rolling down on the ranks below, shot away in wild confusion, men and all, into the chasms that yawned at their feet. As they advanced, the enemy appeared around on the precipices pouring a scattered yet destructive fire into the straggling multitude. Such a sight these Alpine solitudes never saw—such a march no army ever made before. In looking at this pass the traveller cannot believe an army of 24,000 men were marched over it through the fresh fallen snow two feet deep. For five days they struggled amid these gorges and over these ridges, and finally reached the Rhine at Ilanz. For months after, the vulture and the eagle hovered incessantly along the line of march, and beasts of prey were gorged with the dead bodies. Nearly 8,000 men lay scattered among the glaciers and rocks, and piled in the abysses, amid which they had struggled for eighteen days since he first poured down from the St. Gothard, and the peasants say that the bones of many an unburied soldier may still be seen bleaching in the ravines of the Jatser.

No Christian or philanthropist ever stood on a battle field without mourning over the ravages of war and asking himself when that day would come when men would beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks. Yet the evil is not felt in all its dreadful reality there. The movements of the armies—the tossing of plumes—the unrolling of banners—the stirring strains of martial music—the charging squadrons, and the might and magnificence of a great battle field disturb the imagination and check the flow of human sympathy.

If he wishes the feelings of horror and disgust in their full strength, let him go into the solitude and holiness of nature, and see where her pure bosom has been disfigured with the blood of her children. Let him see his fellow beings falling by thousands, not amid the uproar and excitement of battle, but under exhaus-

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tion, heart-sickness, and despair. Let him behold the ranks lying down one after another under the last discouragement to die, while their comrades march mournful and silent by. There is a cold-bloodedness, a sort of savage malice about this that awakens all the detestation of the human bosom.

Yet the Russian could do no better. The scourge of nations had driven him into the strait. The crime and the judgment belong to Bonaparte, who thus directly and indirectly crowded his generation into the grave. Suwarrow's act was that of a brave and resolute man.

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XII.

MACDONALD'S PASS OF THE SPLUGEN.

I WAS standing on a green Alpine pasturage, looking off upon the Splugen Pass which cut its way through the white snow ridge that lay against the distant horizon, when my guide interrupted my musings by pointing to an aged man sitting by his cottage door. "That man," said he, "was one of Macdonald's guides that conducted him and his army over the Splugen." He immediately became an object of great interest to me, and I went and sat down by his side, and drew from him many incidents of that perilous adventure. "It was forty-three years ago," said he, "when that awful march was made. I was then but twenty-five years of age, but I remember it as if it were but yesterday. I have made many passes in the Alps, but never one like that. That Macdonald was an awful man. He looked as if he wanted to fight the very Alps, and believed that snow-storms could be beaten like an army of men."

"I believe," I replied, "that pass was made in the winter, when even foot travellers found it difficult." "Yes; and the wind blew, and the snow drove in our faces, and the avalanches fell as if the very Alps were coming down. The snow, too, was so thick at times, that we could not see the horses or men ten rods before or behind, while the screaming, and yelling, and cursing, made it ten times worse. Why, sir, it did no good to cry *take care*, for no one *could* take care. There we were, up to our arms in snow, amid oxen, and horses, and cannon, and soldiers, and compelled to stand for hours, without getting one rod ahead. Oh, it was dreadful to see the poor soldiers. Often I would hear an avalanche coming from above, and turn to see where it fell,

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when it would come thundering straight on to the army, and cut it clean in two, leaving a great gap in the lines. A few feathers tossing amid the snow, a musket or two flying over the brink, and away went men and all into the gulf below. Oh, sir, those poor soldiers looked as if they never would fight again—so downcast and frightened. It did no good to have courage there, for what could courage do against an avalanche! When God fights with man, it does no good to resist." In this manner, though not in the precise words, the old man rattled on, and it was evident I could get nothing from him except separate incidents which gave life and vividness to the whole picture. The falling of a single comrade by his side, or the struggles of a single war-horse, as he floundered in the mass of snow that hurried him irresistibly towards the gulf, made a more distinct impression on him than the general movements of the army. The deep beds of snow and the walls of ice he and the peasants were compelled to cut through, were more important to him than the order of march, or the discipline of the troops. How different is the effect produced on a powerful and a common mind by such a scene as this! One dwells on the impression made by the whole. The moral and physical grandeur surrounding it—the obstacles, and the resolution that overcome them—the savageness of nature, and the sternness that dared look it in the face; combine to make the impression he carries with him through life. The weak mind, on the other hand, never seems to reach to these generalities—never gets to the outer circle, but is occupied with details and incidents.

To understand this march of Macdonald over the Splugen, a feat greater by far than Bonaparte's famous passage of the St. Bernard, imagine an awful defile leading up to the height of *six thousand, five hundred feet* towards heaven—in summer a mere bridle path, and in winter a mass of avalanches, and you will have some conception of the awful pass through which Macdonald determined to lead fifteen thousand men. The road follows the Rhine, here a mere rivulet, which has cut its channel deep in the mountains that rise frequently to the height of three thousand feet above it. Along the precipices that overhang this turbulent torrent, the path is cut in the solid rock, now hugging the mountain wall like a mere thread, and now shooting in a single arch over

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the gorge that sinks three hundred feet below. Strangely silent snow-peaks pierce the heavens in every direction, while dark precipices lean out on every side over the abyss. This mere path crosses and re-crosses again this gorge, and often so high above it, that the roar of the mad torrent below can scarcely be heard; and finally strikes off on to the bare face of the mountain and clambers up to the summit. This is the old road in summer time. Now imagine this same gorge swept by a hurricane of snow, and filled with the awful sound of the falling avalanches, blending their heavy shock with the dull roar of the giant pines, that wave along the precipices, while half way up from the bottom to the Alpine top, are hanging like an army of insects, fifteen thousand French soldiers; and you will *approach* to some knowledge of this wintry pass, and this desperate march. But if you have never been in an Alpine gorge, and stood, awe-struck, amid the mighty forms that tower away on every side around you, you can have no true conception of a scene like the one we are to describe. Rocks, going like one solid wall straight up to heaven—pinnacles shooting like church spires above the clouds—gloomy ravines where the thunder-clouds burst, and the torrent raves—still glaciers and solemn snow-fields, and leaping avalanches, combine to render an Alpine gorge one of the most terrific things in nature. Added to all this, you feel so small amid the mighty forms around you—so utterly helpless and worthless, amid these great exhibitions of God's power, that the heart is often utterly overwhelmed with the feelings that struggle in vain for utterance.

There is now a carriage road over the Splugen, cut in sixteen zigzags along the breasts of the mountain. This was not in existence when Macdonald made the pass, and there was nothing but a bridle path going through the gorge of the *Cardinel*. Over such a pass was Macdonald ordered by Napoleon to march his army in the latter part of November, just when the wintry storms are setting in with the greatest violence. Bonaparte wished Macdonald to form the left wing of his army in Italy, and had therefore ordered him to attempt the passage. Macdonald, though no braver or bolder man ever lived, felt that it was a hopeless undertaking, and immediately despatched General Dumas to represent to him the insuperable obstacles in the way. Bona-

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parte heard him through his representations, and then replied, with his usual recklessness of other people's sufferings or death, "I will make no change in my dispositions. Return quickly, and tell Macdonald that an army can always pass in every season, where two men can place their feet."

Macdonald, of course, could do no otherwise than obey commands, and immediately commenced the necessary preparations for his desperate undertaking. It was the 26th of November, and the frequent storms had covered the entire Alps, pass and all, in one mass of yielding snow. His army was at the upper Rheinthal or Rhine valley, at the entrance of the dreadful defile of the Via Mala, the commencement of the Splugen pass. The cannon were taken from their carriages and placed on sleds, to which oxen were harnessed. The ammunition was divided about on the backs of mules, while every soldier had to carry, besides his usual arms, five packets of cartridges and five days' provision. The guides went in advance, and stuck down long black poles to indicate the course of the path beneath, while behind them came the workmen clearing away the snow, and behind them still the mounted dragoons, with the most powerful horses of the army, to beat down the track. On the 26th of November, the first company left Splugen, and began the ascent. The pass from Splugen to Isola is about fifteen miles in length, and the advance company had, after the most wasting toil and exhausting effort, made nearly half of it, and were approaching the hospice on the summit, when a low moaning was heard among the hills, like the voice of the sea before a storm. The guides understood too well its meaning, and gazed on each other with alarm. The ominous sound grew louder every moment, and suddenly the fierce Alpine blast swept in a cloud of snow over the mountain, and howled, like an unchained demon, through the gorge below. In an instant all was confusion, and blindness, and uncertainty. The very heavens were blotted out, and the frightened column stood and listened to the raving tempest that made the pine trees above it sway and groan, as if lifted from their rock-rooted places. But suddenly another still more alarming sound was heard—"An avalanche! an avalanche!" shrieked the guides, and the next moment an awful white form came leaping down the mountain, and striking the

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column that was struggling along the path, passed straight through it into the gulf below, carrying thirty dragoons and their horses with it in its wild plunge. The black form of a steed and its rider were seen suspended for a moment in mid heavens, amid clouds of snow, and the next moment they fell among the ice and rocks below, crushed out of the very form of humanity. The head of the column reached the hospice in safety. The other part, struck dumb by this sudden apparition crossing their path in such lightning-like velocity, bearing to such an awful death their brave comrades, refused to proceed, and turned back to the village of Splugen. For three days the storm raged amid the Alps, filling the heavens with snow, and hurling avalanches into the path, till it became so filled up that the guides declared it would take fifteen days to open it again so as to make it at all passable. But fifteen days Macdonald could not spare. Independent of the urgency of his commands, there was no way to provision his army in these Alpine solitudes, and he *must* proceed. He ordered four of the strongest oxen that could be found to be led in advance by the best guides. Forty peasants followed behind, clearing away and beating down the snow, and two companies of sappers came after to give still greater consistency to the track, while on their heels marched the remnant of the company of dragoons, part of which had been borne away three days before by the avalanche. The post of danger was given them at their own request. Scarcely had they begun the dangerous enterprise, when one of the noble oxen slipped from the precipice, and with a convulsive fling of his huge frame, went bounding from point to point of the jagged rocks to the deep, dark torrent below.

It was a strange sight for a wintry day. Those three oxen, with their horns just peering above the snow, toiled slowly on, pushing their unwieldy bodies through the drifts, looking like mere specks on the breast of the mountain, while the soldiers, up to their breasts, struggled behind. Not a drum or bugle-note cheered the solitude, or awoke the echoes of those savage peaks. The foot-fall gave back no sound in the soft snow, and the words of command seemed smothered in the very atmosphere. Silently and noiselessly the mighty but disordered column toiled forward,

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with naught to break the holy stillness of nature, save the fierce pantings of the horses and animals, as with reeking sides they strained up the ascent. Now and then a fearful cry startled the eagle on his high circuit, as a whole company slipped together, and with their muskets in their hands, fell into the all-devouring gorge that yawned hundreds of feet below their path. It was a wild sight, the plunge of a steed and his rider over the precipice. One noble horse slipped just as the dragoon had dismounted, and as he darted off with his empty saddle, and for a moment hung suspended in mid heaven, it is said, he uttered one of those fearful blood-freezing cries the wounded war-horse is known sometimes to give forth on the field of battle. The roar of the lion after his prey, and the midnight howl of the wolf that has missed his evening repast of blood, is a gentle sound compared to it. Once heard, it lives in the memory and brain for ever.

To understand the route of the army better, one should divide the pass into three parts. First comes the dark, deep defile, with the path cut in the side of the mountain, and crossing backwards and forwards over the gorge, on bridges of a single arch, and often two and three hundred feet high. The scenery in this gorge is horrible. It seems as if nature had broken up the mountains in some sudden and fierce convulsion, and the very aspect of everything is enough to daunt one without the aid of avalanches or hurricanes of snow. After leaving this defile, the path goes for a few miles through the valley of Schams, and then winds up the cliffs of La Raffla, covered with pine trees. It then strikes up the bare face of the mountain, going sometimes at an angle of forty-five degrees, till it reaches the summit; which, lying above the region of trees, stands naked and bald in the wintry heavens. This is the old road—the new one goes by a different route, and in summer-time can be traversed with carriages. Such was the road, filled with snow and avalanches, this army of fifteen thousand men marched over in mid winter. They went over in separate columns. The progress and success of the first we have already shown. The second and third made the attempt the second and third of December, and achieved the ascent in safety, the weather being clear and frosty. Many, however, died of cold. Their success encouraged Macdonald to march the whole

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remaining army over at once, and for this purpose he placed himself at their head, and on the 5th of December commenced the ascent. But fresh snow had fallen the night before, covering up the entire path, so that the road had all to be made over again. The guides refused to go on, but Macdonald would not delay his march, and led his weary soldiers breast deep in the snow, up the bleak, cold mountain. They were *six hours* in going less than six miles. They could not make a mile an hour in their slow progress. They had not advanced far in the defile before they came upon a huge block of ice, and a newly-fallen avalanche, that entirely filled up the path. The guides halted before these obstacles and refused to go on, and the first that Macdonald knew, his army had turned to the right-about face, and were marching back down the mountain, declaring the passage to be closed.

Hastening forward, he cheered up the men, and walking himself at the head of the column with a long pole in his hand, to sound the depth of the treacherous mass he was treading upon, he revived the drooping spirits of the soldiers. "Soldiers," said he, "your destinies call you into Italy; advance and conquer—first the mountains and the snow, then the plains and the armies." Ashamed to see their leader hazarding his life at every step where they refused to go, the soldiers returned cheerfully to their toil, and cut their way through the solid hill of ice. But they had scarcely surmounted this obstacle, when the voice of the hurricane on its march was again heard, and the next moment a cloud of driving snow obliterated every thing from their view. The path was filled up, and all traces of it swept utterly away. Amid the screams of the guides, the confused commands of the officers, and the howling of the hurricane, was heard the rapid thunder-crash of avalanches as they leaped away, at the bidding of the tempest, down the precipices. Then commenced again the awful struggle of the army for life. The foe they had to contend with was an outward one, though not of flesh and blood. To sword-cut, bayonet-thrust, and the blaze of artillery, the strong Alpine storm was alike invulnerable. On the serried column and the straggling line, it thundered with the same reckless power. Over the long black line of soldiers, the snow lay like a winding-sheet, and the dirge seemed already chanted for the dead

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army. No one who has not seen an Alpine storm can imagine the reckless energy with which it rages through the mountains. The light snow, borne aloft on its bosom, was whirled and scattered like an ocean of mist over all things. The drifts were piled like second mountains in every direction, and seemed to form instantaneously, as by the touch of a magician's wand. The blinding fury of the tempest baffled all efforts to pierce the mystery and darkness that enveloped the host clinging in despair to the breast of the mountain. The storm had sounded its trumpet for the charge, but no answering note of defiance replied. The heroes of so many battle fields stood in still terror before this new and mightier foe. Crowding together as if proximity added to their security, the mighty column crouched and shivered to the blast that pierced their very bones with its chilling power. But this was not all—the piercing cold, and drifting snow, and raving tempest, and concealed pit-falls, leading to untrodden abysses, were not enough to complete the scene of terror. Suddenly, from the summit of the Splugen, avalanches began to fall, whose path crossed that of the army. Scaling the breast of the mountain with a single leap, they came with a crash on the shivering column, and bore it away to the destruction that waited beneath. Still, with undaunted front and unyielding will, the bold Macdonald struggled on in front, inspiring by his example, as he never could have done by his commands, the officers and men under him. Prodigies were wrought where effort seemed useless. The first avalanche, as it smote through the column, paralyzed for a moment every heart with fear; but they soon began to be viewed like so many discharges of artillery, and the gaps they made, like the gaps a discharge of grape-shot frequently made in the lines on a field of battle. Those behind closed up the rent with unfaltering courage. Hesitation was death. The only hope was in advancing, and the long and straggling line floundered on in the snow, like a huge anaconda winding itself over the mountain. Once, as an avalanche cut through the ranks, bearing them away to the abyss, a young man was seen to wave an adieu to his young comrade left behind, as he disappeared over the crag. The surviving companion stept into the path where it had swept, and before he had crossed it, a laggard block of ice came

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thundering down, and bore him away to join his comrade in the gulf where his crushed form still lay throbbing. The extreme density of the atmosphere, filled as it was with snow, gave tenfold horror to these mysterious messengers of death, as they came down the mountain declivities. A low rumbling would be heard amid the pauses of the storm, and as the next shriek of the blast swept by, a rushing, as if a counter-blast smote the ear; and before the thought had time to change, a rolling, leaping, broken mass of snow burst through the thick atmosphere, and the next moment, crushed, with the sound of thunder, far, far below, bearing along a part of the column to its deep, dark resting-place.

On the evening of the 6th December, the greater part of the army had passed the mountain, and the van had pushed even to Lake Como. From the 26th of November to the 6th of December, or nearly two weeks, had Macdonald been engaged in this perilous pass. A less energetic, indomitable man would have failed, and he himself had escaped utter destruction, almost by a miracle. As it was, he left between one and two hundred men in the abysses of the Splugen, who had slipped from the precipices or been carried away by avalanches, during the toilsome march. More than a hundred horses and mules had also been hurled into those untrodden abysses, to furnish food for the eagle, and raven, and beasts of prey.

This passage of the Splugen, by an army of fifteen thousand men, in the dead of winter, and amid hurricanes of snow and falling avalanches, stands unrivalled in the history of the world, unless the passage of the Pragel by Suwarrow be its counterpart. It is true, Bonaparte spoke disparagingly of it, because he wished his passage over the St. Bernard in summer time, to stand alone beside Hannibal's famous march over the same mountain. With all his greatness, Bonaparte had some miserably mean traits of character. He could not bear to have one of his generals perform a greater feat than himself, and so he deliberately lied about this achievement of Macdonald's. In his despatches to the French government, he made it out a small affair, while he had the impudence to declare that this "march of Macdonald produced no good effect." Now one of three things is true: Bonaparte either was ignorant of his true situation, and commanded the passage

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of the Splugen to be made under a false alarm; or else it was a mere whim, in which his recklessness of the lives and comfort of his countrymen is deserving of greater condemnation than his ignorance; or else he has uttered a falsehood as gross as it is mean. The truth is, Bonaparte thought posterity could be cheated as easily as his cotemporaries. In the dazzling noon-day of his fame, he could make a flattering press say what he liked, and the world would believe it; but the tumult and false splendour of his life have passed away, and men begin to scrutinize this demigod a little more closely; and we find that his word cannot be relied on in the least, when speaking of the character and deeds of others. He is willing to have no planet cross his orbit, and will allow no glory except as it is reflected from him. But notwithstanding his efforts to detract from the merit of this act of Macdonald, posterity will put it in its true light, and every intelligent reader of the accounts of the two passages of the St. Bernard and the Splugen, will perceive at a glance that Bonaparte's achievement is mere child's play beside that of Macdonald.

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XIII.

THE RIGHI CULM.

From the top of the Righi is seen one of the most celebrated views in all Switzerland. The magnificent prospect it commands is not owing so much to its height (it being only 5700 feet above the level of the sea) as to its isolated position. It rises like a cone up from Lakes Lucerne and Zug, with a forest round its waist, and a lofty precipice for its forehead sloping away into green pasturages.

I went by way of Kussnacht, in order to visit the spot where William Tell leaped ashore from the boat that was conveying him a prisoner to that place, and sent an arrow through the heart of Gessler. By this route it takes seven hours to reach the Culm of the Righi from Lucerne. I had started with many misgivings, and with depressed feelings. The companions of my travels had had enough of mountain climbing and of Switzerland, and here resolved to start for England. It requires no common resolution to break away from all one's companions in a strange land, and turn one's footsteps alone towards the Alps. But the Righi I was determined to see, and the surpassing prospect from its summit, even though I waited a week to enjoy it.

But all this was forgotten for a while as I entered the Hohlegasse or narrow way where Tell lay concealed, waiting the tyrant's approach. I could imagine the very look of this bold free Swiss, as concealed among the trees he drew the silent arrow to its head, and sent it on its mission of death. The shout of a free people was in the twang of that bow, and the hand of Liberty herself sent the bolt home; while in that manly form that went leaping like a chamois over the hills, was the hope of Switzer-

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land. From this hallowed spot I began the toilsome ascent of the Righi with no companion but my guide. It was a bright summer afternoon, and stripping off my coat and handing it with my cloak to my guide, I nerved myself for my four hours of constant climbing. When about half way up, I sat down and looked back on the scene. There was Lucerne, from which my companions were just about starting for England and for home. Away from into the very bosom of the mountains went the sweet Lake of . ucerne. Close at my feet, apparently, nestled the little chapel f Tell, built on the spot where the patriot slew the tyrant, while far away swept the land of the Swiss. As an American, I could not view the land of Tell and Winkelried, and look down on the shores where the "oath of the Grutli" was taken, and Switzerland made her first stand for freedom, without the deepest emotion. There slept the sweet Lake of Lucerne calm and tranquil as the heavens above it. But there *was* a night when its waters were lashed into fury by an Alpine storm, and close beside those old rocks struggled a frail vessel hopelessly with the tempest. The lightning, as it rent the gloom, showed ever and anon its half-buried form amid the waves. The torn sail was shivering in the blast, while the roar of the billows on the rocks fell distinctly on the ears of the appalled listeners, as they looked to each other for help in vain. A tyrant stood trembling on its foam-covered deck, and asked if there was no help. A stern proud prisoner was brought before him, and looked calmly out upon the frightful deep. "Unbind him," said the tyrant—"he alone can save us." The chains were knocked off; and with the same calm, silent mien, he seized the helm and guided the leaping vessel safely amid the rocks. The boat is ashore, but where is the prisoner? Fled? aye, fled! but not for safety alone. The night covers him, and the tyrant has entered the narrow gorge on his way to his home. A sharp twang as of a bowstring,—a quick, hissing sound through the air, and Gessler falls back in the arms of his attendants, with an arrow in his bosom. "*Das war Tell's Schoss!*" exclaimed the tyrant and died. Then rang the battle cry of Freedom along these shores, and from her hundred mountain vallies came pouring down the hardy Swiss. With the sword of Tell to wave them on, they bravely battled

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their way to freedom. Blessings on thee, bold Swiss! thy name is a watchword for freemen and ever shall be. Around it cluster the fondest memories of the patriot, and children love to speak it aloud. But ah, how degenerate has the race become! Corrupted and debased by the French, their freedom and their honesty have departed together.

I turned to ascend the mountain again. Crossing a narrow level pasturage, I was greeted with the tinkling of bells, and the clear voices of shepherd boys singing in a shrill falsetto their wild Alpine chorusses. As I drew near the top, I passed a boy leaning against a rock, and making the air ring with the tones of his Alpine horn. A few moments after a cloud of mist swept over the mountain, burying every thing in twilight gloom and chilling my blood like the sudden entrance to a damp vault. The sun, which a moment before shone over me in unclouded brightness, was snatched from my sight, and I stumbled on in a cloud to the house on the top. The wind swept by in gusts, making the mist dive and plunge and leap through the air like mad spirits. Now it would rise towards me as I looked over the precipice, like the smoke from some vast furnace, and then plunge again into the gulfs below, while the fragments writhed and twisted together as if tortured into agony by some invisible agency. I had scarcely entered the house before a cold chill seized me that seemed impossible to shake off, and which the good woman of the house had the kindness to tell me, unless I did, would end in a fever in the morning. I *should* have brought some dry clothing with me, but forgot it. Fire and water, brandy and wine, were tried in succession, but still I kept shaking. As a last resort I cleared the largest room in the house, and then wrapping my heavy cloak around me, began to leap and run and throw myself into the most difficult postures, to the no small wonderment of the quiet Swiss. But in half an hour I had the satisfaction of feeling the blood flow warmer and hotter through my veins, while the perspiration stood in drops on my forehead. I had conquered, and after resting a while, went out to the verge of the cliff which shoots its naked wall two hundred feet clear down to Lake Zug, and endeavoured to pierce the cloud that had changed day into night. I knew it was not yet sundown, and hoped I might see its last rays falling

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over the magnificent panorama which I knew was spread out below me. It was all in vain: that cloud closed round the summit like a gloomy fate, and shut all out of sight. But suddenly, as I was gazing, a lake of fire, miles away, burst on the view, one half red as a flame, and the other half midnight blackness, streaked with a murky red. The next moment it shut again, and in another direction another fiery surface flashed up into the awful blackness, reminding me more than anything I ever saw, of what a distant view of perdition might be. This strange spectacle was caused by the cloud opening before me and revealing a portion of a distant lake, while the mist was still dense enough to refract the rays of the sun, giving that dark smoky red you sometimes see on the edge of a thunder-cloud, as it rolls up at sunset after a scorching day. I sat up till late at night reading Schiller's William Tell, and then retired giving directions to be waked up early in the morning to see the sun rise. I had many misgivings, I confess, about the morning, and the verse composed once by an Englishman who made the ascent, and which were the last words uttered by my companions as I bade them good bye, were constantly running in my head.

Seven weary up-hill leagues we sped
 The setting sun to see:
Sullen and grim he went to bed;
 Sullen and grim went we.
Nine sleepless hours of night we passed
 The rising sun to see:
Sullen and grim he rose again;
 Sullen and grim rose we.

I passed the hours sleepless enough, and when I rose to look out in the morning, an impenetrable mist seemed to wrap every thing. I was just crawling back to bed again when I thought I would take another look. Passing my hand over the glass, I found what I had taken for mist was simply the vapour condensed on the window. A clear blue sky was bending overhead.

In a few moments I was standing on the brow of the precipice and watching with intense interest the scene around me. On my right stood, cold and silent, white and awful, the whole range of the Bernese Alps. Close under me, hundreds of feet down, lay

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the waters of the Zug, and yet so close to the mountain on which I stood, that it seemed as if I could kick a stone into it. On the left spread away the glorious Swiss land, sprinkled over with villages and lakes. Behind me was the Lucerne throwing its arms away into the heart of the mountains, while forests, rivers, towns, hills and lakes, formed together a panorama three hundred miles in circumference. While I stood gazing, awe-struck, on the silent majestic scene as it lay motionless in the gray light of morning, a golden streak spread along the East. Brighter and brighter it grew till the snow-peak nearest it caught the same fiery glow, and stood tipped with flame over the world of snow below. Suddenly another peak flashed up beside it, and then another and another, till for nearly a hundred miles, from the Sentis to the Jungfrau, the whole range of giant summits, stood a deep rose colour against a blue sky, while vast snow-fields and glaciers slept in deep shadow between. I stood bewildered and amazed, gazing on that hundred miles of rose-coloured mountains. It seemed for the time as if the Deity had thrown the robe of his glory over those gigantic forms on purpose to see how they became their gorgeous apparelling. Gradually they paled away as the blazing fiery ball rolled into view and poured a flood of light on the whole scene, waking the landscape into sudden life and beauty. It is impossible to describe such a scene. The whole range of the Bernese Alps before you, with its peaks, and glaciers, and precipices, and snow-fields, and gorges, is a scene in itself which has no parallel in the world, while the sudden change from ghostly white to a transparent red, fading gradually away into a delicate rose-colour, renders the spectator unable to seize any one thing which would give speciality to the whole. I have never felt the utter powerlessness of words and feebleness of all comparisons as in attempting to describe such a scene as spreads away on the vision from Mount Righi at sunrise.

But cast your eye round the horizon now the full light of day is on it. To the west the country opens like a map, with the whole canton of Lucerne in view, while far away, a mere pool, glitters the Lake of Sempach, whose shores are one of Switzerland's glorious battle fields. The eye passes on over Lucerne

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and the gloomy Pilatus, and finally leaves the western horizon on the Jura mountains. On the south spring up into heaven that whole glorious chain of the high Alps of Berne, Unterwalden and Uri in one unbroken ridge of peaks and glaciers. On the east still stretches away the Alpine chain, folding in the cantons of Glarus and Appenzel, and the Muotta Thal, that wild valley where Suwarrow and Massena fought their bloody battles on ground that even the chamois hunter scarce dared to tread. Nearer by rises the mass of the Rossberg, with the whole chasm made by its terrible avalanche of earth, as it rolled down on Goldau, plainly in view. To the north peeps out Lake Zurich, with here and there a white roof of the town; and the spire of the chapel where Zwingli fell in battle. The towns of Arth and Zug are also visible, and a bare hand's breadth of Lake Egeri, on whose shores the Swiss fought and gained the battle of Mortgarten. The Black Forest hills shut in the view. It is a glorious panorama, changing from grand to beautiful and back again, till the heart staggers under the emotions that crowd it, asking in vain for utterance. But the eye will turn again and again to that wondrous chain of white peaks, resting so clear and pure and cold against the morning sky, and the lips will murmur—

"The hills, the everlasting hills,
How peerlessly they rise,
Like earth's gigantic sentinels
Discoursing in the skies."

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XIV.

GOLDAU—FALL OF THE ROSSBERG.

As I descended the Righi towards Goldau I had a clear and distinct view of the whole side of the Rossberg. This mountain, so renowned in history, is about 5,000 feet high, with an unbroken slope reaching down to Goldau. The top of the mountain is composed of pudding stone, called by the Germans Nagelflue, or nail head, from the knobs on the surface. The whole strata of this mountain are tilted from Lake Zug towards Goldau, and slope, like the roof of a house, down to the village. The frightful land slide, which buried the village and inhabitants of Goldau, was about three miles long, a thousand feet broad, and a hundred feet thick. The fissure runs up and down the mountain, and the mass slid away from its bed, till acquiring momentum and velocity, it broke into fragments, and rolled and thundered down the mountain, burying the village a hundred feet deep. The afternoon of the catastrophe, the Rossberg gave ominous signs of some approaching convulsion. Rocks started spontaneously from its bosom, and thundered down its sides; the springs of water suddenly ceased to flow; birds flew screaming through the air; the pine trees of the forest rocked and swayed without any blast, and the whole surface of the mountain seemed gradually sliding towards the plain. A party of eleven travellers from Berne was on its way to the Righi at the time. Seven of them happened to be ahead, and the other four saw them enter the village of Goldau just as they observed a strange commotion on the summit of the Rossberg. As they raised their glass to notice this more definitely, a shower of stones shot off from the top and whirled like cannon balls through the air above their heads. The next moment a

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cloud of dust filled the valley, while from its bosom came a wild uproar, as if nature was breaking up from her deep foundations. The Rossberg was on the march for Goldau with the strength and terror of an earthquake. The cloud cleared away and nothing but a wild waste of rocks and earth was above where the smiling villages of Goldau, Bussingen and Rothen stood before. One hundred and eleven houses, and more than two hundred stables and chalets had disappeared; carrying down with them in their dark burial nearly five hundred human beings. The Lake of Lowertz was half filled with mud, while the immense rocks traversed the valley its entire width, and were hurled far up the Righi, mowing down the trees like cannon shot. The inhabitants of the neighbouring villages heard the grinding crushing sound, as of mountains falling together, and beheld the cloud of dust that darkened the air. Five minutes after and all was hushed, and the quiet rain came down as before, and as it had done during the day, but no longer on human dwellings. It fell on the grave of nearly 500 men, women and children, crushed and mangled, and pressed uncoffined into their mother earth. Nothing was left of the villages and pasturages that stood in the valley but the bell of the church of Goldau, which was carried a mile and a half from the steeple in which it hung. When the Lake of Lowertz, five miles off, received the torrent of earth into its bosom, it threw a wave seventy feet high clear over the island of Schwanau, and rolled up on to the opposite shore, bringing back, in its reflux, houses with their inhabitants. The friends whom their fellow travellers had seen enter the village of Goldau just as the mountain started on its march, were never seen more.

It was a beautiful day, as I sat and looked over this chaos of rocks and earth. The Lake of Lowertz slept quietly under the summer sun, and the bell of Goldau was ringing out its merry peal in the very face of the Rossberg, that seemed to look down with a stern and savage aspect on the ruin at his feet. The deep gash in his forehead and his riven side still remain as fresh as if made but yesterday. I wandered over the ground all ridged and broken, just as it was at the close of that terrible day, with feelings of the profoundest melancholy. A few scattered houses had been built on the debris of rocks and stone, and here and there

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was a mockery of a garden, which the unconscious husbandman was endeavouring to till above the bones of his father. A gloom rests on all the valley, and Rössberg seems sole monarch here.

——"Mountains have fallen
Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the shock
Rocking their Alpine brethren, filling up
The ripe green vallies with destruction's splinters,
Damming the rivers with a sudden dash,
Which crushed the waters into mist, and made
Their fountains find another channel: thus—
Thus, in its old age, did Mount Rossberg."

On the island of Schwanau, in Lake Lowertz, is the ruin of a castle destroyed by the Swiss to revenge the violence done by its owner to a young woman. There is a tradition attached to it wild enough to form the ground-work of half a dozen novels. It is said that once a year shrieks are heard to ring from it, and immediately after, the ghost of the old villain shoots by, pressed hard after by the spirit of the pale, wronged girl, bearing a torch in her hand, and screaming terrifically on his flying traces. For a while he escapes his frail pursuer, but at length she forces him into the lake, where he sinks with hideous groans. A wild chaos of tones and fearful yells rings up from the shore as the waves close over him, and the scene is ended. The good people need not be so anxious to insure the doom of the old wretch. The spirit of that pale girl is avenged without all this trouble, and the waves that close over him are more terrible than the waters of Lowertz.

I walked from Goldau to Arth all alone, and amused myself with watching the groups of peasantry that constantly passed me with curious looks. It was some fête day, and they were all clad in their holiday dresses, and went smiling on, as cheerful as the bright day about them. They would accost me in the most pleasant manner, and I was constantly greeted with "guten morgen" or "gut Tag," that made me feel as if I were among friends. As I entered the hotel at Arth, the first thing that met my eye was my trunk. Its familiar look was as welcome as the face of a friend, and, childish as it may seem, I felt less solitary than when last and alone I entered the quiet inn.

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There is an excellent arrangement in Switzerland, by which one can mail his baggage as he can a letter, to any town on the mail route in the whole country. The traveller enters his different articles, takes his ticket, and then can go off into the Alps, and be gone for two months without the least concern. My cork sole boots, with which I had climbed every pass, gave out at Goldau, but by dint of strings, etc., I made them do till I reached Arth, where I was compelled to abandon the trustiest companions of all my travels; and left them standing in the inn, with their tops leaning over one side, in the most dolorous, reproachful manner imaginable. It is curious how one becomes attached to every thing he carries about him in the Alps. I have known the most unsentimental men carry their Alpine stock across the Atlantic with them.

The ride through the canton of Zug to Zurich was one of the pleasantest I took in Switzerland, and I verily believe this is one of the most beautiful cantons in it. There was a neatness in the dwellings and costumes of the inhabitants I had not noticed before. I passed by the spot where Zwingli the Reformer fell, in the midst of his flock, transfixed by a sword; and by the monument erected to commemorate the place where Henry Von Hunenberg shot an arrow from the Austrian lines into the Swiss camp bearing the sentence "Beware of Mortgarten." The Swiss took the advice, and won the battle, and their descendants have reared this memento of the bold young patriot. Before entering Zurich, as we came in sight of the lake almost its entire length, I had one of the finest lake views I ever beheld. The beautiful shores sprinkled with white dwellings; the town itself, and its gardens, and the distant mountains, combined to render it a perfect picture. Zurich is a pleasant town, and reminded me more of home than any place on the continent. Its white dwellings surrounded with gardens and grounds, carried me back in a moment to New England. I spent the Sabbath here, and was surprised to find in this home of Zwingli—this Protestant canton—so little respect paid to its sanctity. Towards evening the military were reviewed on the public square, while on one side was a public exhibition of rope-dancers and tumblers, and among the tumblers two rosy-cheeked peasant girls. This is a Protestant canton indeed.

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Protestant it may be, but this was no Protestant Sabbath. Yet, externally, Zurich is one of the pleasantest towns in Switzerland. The views around it are beautiful, while the rural aspect of the whole gives it a charm few Swiss villages possess. I love the land of the bold Swiss; I love its lakes and snow-peaks and smiling vallies; but alas for its inhabitants. Their glory is in the past, and their stern integrity too. It seems impossible that any people should long retain simplicity and purity of character in the heart of Europe. The influence of the corrupt nations is too great, especially when the contact is so frequent as now.

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XV.

AVALANCHES AND GLACIERS, THEIR FORMATION AND MOVEMENT.

BEFORE taking leave of Switzerland, it may be interesting to give some statistics of the Alps, though they are always afterthoughts with the traveller. I have hitherto endeavoured to give the *effect* of the scenery one meets in the Alps rather than detailed descriptions of it.

Avalanches are regarded by many as immense masses of snow of a somewhat globular form, which gather as they roll till they acquire the size of a miniature mountain, and are more terrible to see even, than to hear. This is true of many of those which fall in winter, but not of those which descend in spring and early summer. The Swiss have different names for different kinds of avalanches. There is the *Staublawinen*, or dust avalanche, and GRUNDLAWINEN, or ground avalanche. The former is the falling of loose fresh-fallen snow. Gathering into huge drifts upon some peak till it is detached by its own weight; it slides away until it reaches a precipice, when it commences rolling and thundering down the mountain. Increasing in bulk with every bound, and extending farther and wider, it acquires at length an impetus and strength that sweep down whole forests, in its passage, as if the trees were slender reeds; and moves across the entire valley, into which it lands. This, however, is not the most dangerous kind of avalanche, as it only *buries* people and cattle, and does not *crush* them; so that they can frequently be dug out again without serious injury. The Grundlawinen, on the other hand, is a more serious matter. It falls in the springtime, and is dislodged by the action of sun, south winds, and rain. These thawing the upper surface,

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the water trickles down through the crevices, increasing their width and depth till huge blocks, indeed immense precipices, are sawn loose by this slow process; and tipping over or sliding away, come with the might of fate itself down the precipitous sides of the mountain. A village disappears in its path in a breath—trees three feet in diameter are snapped off like pipe stems, and nothing but a wild ruinous waste is left where it sweeps in its wrath. As I mentioned before, these avalanches have paths they travel regularly as deer. This is indicated by the shape of the mountains, and if the path comes straight on the site of a village, the inhabitants build strong parapets of mason work, against which the avalanches may thunder and accumulate. These prove sometimes, however, too weak for the falling mass, and are borne away in its headlong sweep, adding still greater ruin and terror to its march. The village I saw crushed in the pass of the Tête Noire had such a wall built behind its church to protect it. For a long time it withstood the shock of the avalanches that fell against it, but one night there came one too strong to be resisted, and bore away parapet, church, hamlet and all. The wind caused by an avalanche in its passage is sometimes terrific. A blast is generated by the rapid motion of the headlong mass, like that created by a cannon ball in its descent, which extends to some distance both sides of it, and bears down trees and whirls them like feathers through the atmosphere. A church spire was once blown down by one that fell a quarter of a mile off. These masses of ice and snow sometimes fill up immense gorges, and are bored through by the torrent, forming a natural bridge, over which the peasants drive their cattle the entire summer. The Swiss have their "sacred groves," which are the forests that are left standing on a mountain side above a hamlet to protect it from avalanches.

Those which fall in early summer are attended with very little danger, as they usually descend in abysses where no traveller ever goes. They are seen at a distance, and hence have none of the appearance commonly supposed to belong to an avalanche. You hear first a rumbling sound, which soon swells to a full, though distant thunder; tone and in turning your eye towards the spot whence the sound proceeds, you see something which appears like a small white rivulet pouring down the mountain side, now

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disappearing in some ravine, and now reappearing on the edge of some cliff, over which it runs, and falls with headlong speed and increased roar, till it finally lands in some deep abyss. You wonder at first how so small a movement can create so deep and startling a sound, but in that apparently small rivulet are rolling whole precipices of ice, with a rapidity and power that nothing could resist. Yet these terrible visitants become as familiar to the Swiss as our own rain-storms to us. The peasantry wait their regular descent in the spring as indications that winter is over. Those which are loosened by the human voice or the jingling of bells are so nicely balanced at the time, that it requires but the slightest change or shock in the atmosphere to destroy their equilibrium.

Glaciers are the everlasting drapery of the Alps, clothing them in summer and winter with their robes of ice. They are formed by the successive thawing and freezing of the loose snow in spring and summer. Melting in the daytime and freezing at night, the whole mass at length becomes crystalized;—and as the lower extremities melt in summer, they gradually move down the mountain, carrying with them debris of rocks and stone, making a perfect geological cabinet of the hill it throws up.

Glaciers begin at an elevation of about 8000 feet or a little less—above this are eternal snow fields. These gletschers or glaciers constitute one of the most striking features of Alpine scenery. Whether looked upon with the eye of a geologist, and the slow and mighty process of renovation and destruction, contemplated, working on from the birth to the death of Time; or whether regarded with the eye of a landscape painter, as they now clasp the breast of a bold peak in their shining embrace, and now stretch their icy arms far away into the mountains, and now plunge their glittering foreheads into the green valley—they are the same objects of intense interest, and ever fresh wonder.

As they push down the declivities, the obstructions they meet with, and the broken surface over which they pass, throw them into every variety of shape. Towers are suddenly squeezed up forty or fifty feet high, and precipices thrown out which topple over with the roar of thunder. Rocks or boulders that have been car-

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ried away from their resting-places on the bosom of a glacier protect the ice under them by their shadow, while the surrounding mass gradually melts away, leaving them standing on stately pedestals, huge block obelisks slowly travelling towards the valley. Whenever these descending masses enter a gorge up in the mountains, they spread out into it, partially filling it up, and are called ice seas. The Mer de Glace of Chamouny is one of these. These large collections of ice are traversed by immense crevices, reaching hundreds of feet down, and revealing that beautiful ultra-marine colour which the Rhone has as it leaves Lake Geneva. Through these fissures, streams flow in every direction, and collecting at the lower extremity of the glacier, under the roof of a huge cavern of their own making, flow off, a turbid torrent, into the valley. Into these crevices the snow frequently drifts, choking up the portion near the surface, thus making concealed pitfalls for the traveller, and sometimes even for the wary, bold chamois hunter. Above the glaciers, near the summit, one frequently meets with *red snow*. I have seen it myself, and noticed it when I was not looking for it. The colour is said to be produced by a species of fungus called "Palmella Nivalis or Protococus," which makes the snow itself its soil, and germinates and grows in imperceptible branches over the surface. The invisible threads reaching out in every direction give to the snow a deep crimson blush, which, as the plant dies, changes into a dirty black. The number of glaciers in the Alps has been put by Ebel at four hundred, covering a surface of about three hundred and fifty square miles. But he might as well attempt to estimate the number and weight of all the avalanches that fall, for these glaciers are of all sizes, from a few rods to miles, and in every variety of shape and position. The one around the Finster-Aar-horn contains a hundred and twenty square miles. The traveller sees, as at Grindelwald and Chamouni, only the branches, the mere arms of these mighty forms. Scientific men differ very much as to the relative thickness of glaciers, though they average probably not more than seventy or eighty feet. The Mer de Glace, where it pitches into the vale of Chamouni, is a hundred and eighty feet thick. Some of these glaciers are of a pure white, and shine in the noonday sun with dazzling splendour,

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but the greater part of them are covered with the debris of the mountains, giving them a dirty hue, wholly unlike the appearance one imagines they present, who has never seen them. The impression they make on the mind of the beholder, however, can never be effaced. The marks of power, of terrific struggles they carry about them, fill the mind with emotions of grandeur almost equal to the solitary avalanche and its lonely voice of thunder. They have a voice of their own, too, called by the mountaineers *brullen* (growlings), caused by the rending of the solid mass when the south-east wind breathes upon it. The lower portion of the Alps is full of sound and motion: even after you leave the tinkling of bells, the music of the horn and the bleating of goats, there is the roar of the torrent, the shock of the avalanche, and the grinding, crushing sound of the mighty glacier. But when you ascend above these, all is still and silent as the sepulchre. Eternal sabbath reigns around the peaks, and solitude deeper than the heart of the forest, embraces the subdued and humbled adventurer, while the sudden flight of a pheasant from amid the snow, or the slow and lordly sweep of the Lamergeyer, in his circles upward, startle the feelings into greater intensity.

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XVI.

PASTURAGES, CHALETS, AND ALPINE PASSES.

In passing through the higher Alps nothing has afforded me more pleasure than the green pasturages which, here and there, dot the savage landscape. Sometimes they have burst unexpectedly on me, as the fierce Alpine storm-cloud rent above them, revealing for a moment a face of gentleness and beauty, and then veiling it again in impenetrable gloom; and now greeting me from the precipitous side of some difficult pass; yet always awakening the same emotions. The bold features of Alpine scenery and the strong contrasts presented by the quiet meadow spot and the cold white glaciers that lay their icy hands on its green bosom—the secure little hamlet, surrounded by the most savage and awful forms of nature—must make an ineffaceable impression on the heart of a Swiss mountaineer, and prevent, I should think, his ever being an emigrant. I am inclined to believe very few in proportion to the whole population ever do leave the region of the Alps. I remember finding a returned emigrant on the summit of the Righi. He had trinkets of various kinds to sell, made of wood and chamois horn, &c. I do not know how it happened, but I accidentally learned that he had once been to America, and was curious to learn what had brought him back. He liked the new country, he said, very well, but he liked the Alps better. "Oh," said he, "you have no Alps in America!" He could not forget the mountains and glaciers and pasturage of his native land, and I could not blame him. And yet the poetry of a Swiss mountaineer's life is all in appearance and none in reality. So with the chalets and pasturages;—they are picturesque things in the land-

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scape, and there their beauty ends. The life of a Swiss herdsman is any thing but one of sentiment. The sound of his horn at sunrise, ringing through the sweet valley as he drives his flocks to pasture; and the song of the "*Ranz des vaches*" as the herds slowly wind along the mountain paths, are delightful to the ear. So is the tinkling of countless bells at evening, one of the pleasantest sounds that was wont to greet me in my wanderings in the Alps. But the herdsman thinks of none of these things. To gather together nearly a hundred cows twice a day, and milk them, and make the butter and cheese, and do all the outdoor work belonging to such a dairy, make his life one of constant toil. The chalet too, which is simply a Western log hut, built in exactly the same style, and loaded down with stone on the roof to keep it from being blown away by the Alpine blast,—though adding much to the scenery, is any thing but a comfortable home. A table and bench constitute the furniture—some loose straw above, the bed, while through the crevices on every side the wind and rain enter at their leisure. To complete the discomfort, the cattle are allowed to tread the ground around it into a barnyard. There are exceptions to this rule, but this is the common chalet which meets one at every turn on a Swiss pasturage. They are built with no reference to each other, but are scattered around on the slopes as if sieved down from above, and alighted where they did by the merest chance. The number that will be scattered around in a single valley is almost incredible. As I descended into Grindelwald the thick sprinkling of these little low dark-looking chalets over the distant slopes produced a most singular effect. Their number seemed literally legion. There are *ten thousand* in the Simmenthal alone.

In Switzerland Alps signifies mountain pasturage, and is used in that sense. These Alps, or mountain pasturages, are sometimes private property, and sometimes the property of the village or commune. When owned by the latter, every inhabitant is allowed to pasture a certain number of cattle for so many days upon it. I saw, near Grindelwald, one of these *government* pasturages, and it was literally covered with cows. The valley furnishes the first pasture in the spring, and as the summer advances, and the higher pasturages become free of snow, the herds are driven up to

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them. Owners of a large number of cattle will have a chalet on every pasturage for their cowherd.

In speaking of the customs of the Swiss in this respect, Latrobe says: "They stay on the first pasturages till about the 10th or 12th of June, when the cattle are driven to the middle range of pasturages. That portion of the herd intended for a summer campaign on the highest Alps remain here till the beginning of July, and, on the fourth of that month, generally ascend to them; return to the middle range of pastures about seven or eight weeks afterwards, spend there about fourteen days, or three weeks, to eat the after grass; and finally return into the valleys about the 10th or 11th of October, where they remain, in the vicinity of the villages, till driven by the snow and tempests of winter into the stables.

"That portion of the cattle, on the other hand, which is not destined to pass the summer on the higher Alps, and are necessary for the supply of the village with milk and butter, descend from the middle pastures, on the fourth of July, into the valley, and consume the grass upon the pasturage belonging to the commune, till the winter drives them under shelter. The very highest Alpine pasturages are never occupied more than three or four weeks."

I have already, in another place, spoken of the custom of driving herds to the most inaccessible pasturages in midsummer. Herds are thus driven across the Mer de Glace, in July, to the pasturages beyond, though more or less cattle are lost in the crevices of the glaciers at every passage.

Murray says that the best cheese is made "upon pastures 3000 feet above the level of the sea, in the vales of Simmen, and Saanen, and Emmenthal. The best cows there yield, in summer, between twenty and forty pounds of milk daily, and each cow produces, by the end of the season of four months, on an average, two hundred weight of cheese." I have seen herds feeding six and seven thousand feet above the level of the sea.

I ought to add, perhaps, in justice to the Swiss, that some of the chalets I spoke of as exceptions to those I described as being both uncomfortable and dirty, are as neat and tidy as a New England farm-house. The white table-cloth and clean though

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rude furniture, and fresh butter and milk, and pleasant face of the hospitable mistress, make the traveller's heart leap within him, as, weary and cold, he crosses the threshold.

I have spoken of several of the Alpine passes in detail, and refer to them now merely to state that there are fifty in Switzerland alone. Those roads constructed for carriages are not allowed to rise more than a certain number of feet to a mile. *Distance* seems not to have entered into the calculations of the engineers who built those monuments of human skill—carriage roads over the Alps. They were after a certain grade, and they obtained it, though by contortions and serpentine windings that seem almost endless. Thus the Simplon averages nowhere more than one inch elevation to a foot, and, indeed, not quite that. Thirty thousand men were employed on this road six years. There are 611 bridges in less than forty miles, ten galleries, and twenty houses of refuge, while the average width of the road is over twenty-five feet. The cost of the whole was about $1,200,000. The Splugen presents almost as striking features as the Simplon. From these facts some idea may be gathered of the stupendous work it must be to carry a carriage road over the Alps.

In the winter they are all blocked up, and none but the bold foot traveller ventures on their track. The driving snow-storms and falling avalanches render them impassable to carriages, and perilous even to the accustomed mountaineer. I believe that the mail is carried over the Simplon, during the winter, by a man either on foot or with a mule. I think I have been told that he makes the passage twice a week, bringing to the hospice on the top the only news that reach it of the world below. For eight months in the year the inhabitants of the higher Alps might as well be out of the world, for all knowledge they have of its doings and ways.

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XVII.

A FAREWELL TO SWITZERLAND—BASLE.

The first view one gets of the Rhine in leaving Switzerland from the east is on his way from Zurich to Basle. Here, also, he takes his farewell look of the Alps. From the top of the Botzberg the whole range of the Bernese Alps rises on the view. Amid the scenes in which he has moved since he left their presence, the traveller almost forgot their existence, and as they here rise again on his vision, they bring back a world of associations on his heart. There they stand leaning against the distant sky, like the forms of friends he has left forever. Such were my feelings as I sat down by the road-side, under as bright a sky as ever bent over the vineyards of Italy, and looked off upon those bold peaks which had become to me objects of affection. A few days only had elasped since I was amid their terror and their beauty. I had seen the moonbeams glancing on their glaciers at midnight, and heard the music of their torrents lifting up their voices from the awful abysses. I had seen the avalanche bound from their precipices, and rush, smoking and thundering, into the gulfs below —and been wrapt in their storms and clouds. I had toiled and struggled through their snow drifts and stood enraptured on their green pasturages, while the music of bells, the bleating of flocks, and the clear tones of the Alp-horn made it seem like a dream-land to me. A mere dwarf in comparison, I had moved and mused amid those terrific forms. Now mellowed and subdued by distance, the vast, white, irregular mass, lay like a monster dreaming in the blue mist. Clouds resting below the summit slept here and there along the range, and all was silent and beautiful. I love nature always, but especially in these her grander and no-

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bler aspects. The Alps had lain along the horizon of my imagination from childhood up. The desire of years had at length been fulfilled, and I had wandered amid the avalanches and glaciers and snow-fields and cottages of the Oberland, and now I was taking my last look. It was with feelings of profound melancholy I turned away from St. Peters and the Duomo of Milan, feeling I should see their magnificent proportions no more. But it was with still sadder feelings I gazed my farewell on the glorious Alps.

On this route, within half a mile of Brugg, is a lunatic asylum, once the Abbey of Koenigsfelden, (King's field,) which the guide book informs you was founded in 1310, by Empress Elizabeth, and Agnes, Queen of Hungary, on the spot where the Emperor Albert, the husband of the former and father of the latter, was assassinated. Leaving his suite on the opposite bank, he had crossed the river Reuss at this point, with only the four conspirators accompanying him. The principal one, John of Swabia, was the nephew of Albert, and was incited to this deed from being kept out of his paternal inheritance by his uncle. He struck first, and sent his lance through the Emperor's throat. Bolm then pierced him through and through with his sword, while Walter von Eschenbach cleaved his skull in twain with a felling stroke. Wart, the fourth conspirator, took no part in the murder, and yet, by a singular providence, was the only one that was ever caught and executed for the deed. The others escaped, although the King's attendants were in sight. Indeed the latter was so alarmed they took to flight, leaving their master to die alone, sustained and cheered only by a poor peasant girl, who held the royal dying head upon her bosom.

"Alone she sate: from hill and wood low sunk the mournful sun;
Fast gushed the fount of noble blood; treason its worst had done.
With her long hair she vainly pressed the wounds to staunch their tide:
Unknown, on that meek humble breast imperial Albert died."

On the friends and families of these murderers the children of Albert wreaked a most bloody vengeance. The remotest relative was hunted down and slain, and every friend offered up as a victim to revenge, till one thousand is supposed to have fallen. Queen

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Agnes was accustomed to witness the executions, and seemed actuated by the spirit of a fiend while the horrid butchery was going on. On one occasion she saw sixty-three, one after another slain, and in the midst of the bloody spectacle exclaimed, "*Now I bathe in May-dew.*" This convent of Koenigsfelden was endowed with the confiscated property of these murdered men, and here she ended her days. But her religious seclusion, prayers and almsgiving were powerless to wipe the blood from her conscience. The ghosts of her murdered and innocent victims rose up before her guilty spirit, and frightened peace from her bosom. Revenge had been gratified, but she forgot that after it has been glutted with victims, it always turns round and gnaws at the heart which gave it birth. When she came to die, and the vision of that terrible and just tribunal that awaited her passed before her trembling spirit, she sent for a priest to give her absolution. "Woman," he replied, "God is not to be served with bloody hands, nor by the slaughter of innocent persons, nor by convents built with the plunder of widows and orphans,—but by mercy and forgiveness of injuries." Switzerland is full of these wild tales. They meet you at every turn; and you often start to be told you are standing on the grave of a murderer.

Basle is the last town in Switzerland standing on the Rhine at the head of navigation. It contains a little over 21,000 inhabitants, and is well worth a longer stay than the thousands of travellers who yearly pass through it ever give it. It was once one of the strictest of the Swiss cities in its sumptuary laws. Every person on the Sabbath, who went to church, was compelled to dress in black; no carriage could enter the town after ten at night, and the luxury of a footman was forbidden. A set of officers called Unzichterherrn decided the number of dishes and the wines to be used at a dinner party, and also the cut and quality of all the clothes worn. Until fifty years ago, the time-pieces of this town were an hour in advance of all others in Europe. Tradition states that this curious custom had its origin in the deliverance of the place once from a band of conspirators by the town clock striking one instead of twelve. But the Swiss have a tradition to establish every custom. There is a curious head attached to the clock tower standing on the bridge which connects the

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two towns. The movement of the pendulum causes a long tongue to protrude, and the eyes to roll about—"making faces," it is said, "at Little Basle on the opposite side of the river."

Since the Reformation Basle has been the principal seat of Methodism in Switzerland. Formerly the citizens exhibited their piety in odd mottoes and doggrels placed over their doors in the public streets. These, of course, no longer remain, and the people are any thing but religious. Two of these strange mottoes we give from the guide book as a specimen of the pious Methodists of that time:

"Auf Gott ich meine Hoffnung bau
Und wohne in der *Alten Sau.*"
In God my hope of grace I big,
And dwell within the Ancient Pig.

"Wacht auf ihr Menschen und that Buss
Ich heiss zum goldenen Rinderfuss."
Wake and repent your sins with grief,
I'm called the golden Shin of Beef.

This was a queer mode of publishing to the traveller one's religious opinions, but it shows to what ridiculous extremes fanaticism will carry a man. To the credit of the place I will say, however, that even now a carriage arriving at the gates of the town during church time on the Sabbath is compelled to wait there till service is over.

Here one begins to think of the Rhine, "the glorious Rhine." It goes rushing and foaming through Basle as if in haste to reach the vine-clad shores of Germany. The traveller, as he sees its waters darting onward, imbibes a portion of their anxiety, and is in haste to be borne along on their bosom to the shore below, so rich in associations and so marked in the history of man.

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XVIII.

STRASBOURG—THE RHINE—FRANKFORT.

One is constantly shown choice relics in passing through Switzerland, as well as in passing over Italy. Some, doubtless, are genuine, but *which* are so is the trouble. Thus, at Lucerne, in the public archives, I was shown the very sword William Tell was accustomed to swing before him in battle, and the very cross-bow from which he hurled the bolt into the tyrant's bosom. Both, however, are apocryphal. I forgot to mention, by the way, that these old Swiss cross-bows are not our Indian bows, but what school-boys call *cross-guns*. The bow, frequently made of steel, is fastened to a stock, and the arrow is launched along a groove. The bows of many of these are so stiff that it was with difficulty I could make them spring at all with my utmost strength. I might as well have pulled on a bar of iron. The stiffest of them even the strong-limbed mountaineer could not span with his unaided strength, and was compelled to have cog wheels and a small crank attached to the stock, by winding which he was enabled to spring the bow. He thus accumulated tremendous force on the arrow, and when it was dismissed it went with the speed and power of a bullet. At Basle there is a large collection of relics, made by a private gentleman, who has sunk his fortune in it. Among other things are Bonaparte's robe worked by Josephine, in which he was crowned at Milan, and a neat rose-wood dressing case of the Empress, containing fifty secret drawers.

But not to stop here, we will away down the Rhine. The river is here shallow and bad to navigate, and so I took the railroad to Strasbourg, the lofty spire of whose cathedral rises to

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view long before the traveller reaches the town. This cathedral or minster is one of the finest Gothic buildings in Europe, and has the loftiest spire in the world, it being *four hundred and seventy-four* feet above the pavement. It is formed of stone and yet open like frost-work, and looks from below like a delicate cast iron frame. Yet there it stands and has stood, with the wind whistling through its open-work for centuries. Begun about the time of the Crusades by Erwin of Steinbach, it was continued by his son, and afterwards by his daughter, and after that by others, and was finally finished 424 years after its foundation. I am not going to describe it; but just stand outside, by the west end, and cast your eye over the noble face it presents. Over the solid part of the wall is thrown a graceful net-work of arcades and pillars, formed of stone, yet so delicately cut that it seems a casting fastened on the surface. In the centre is a magnificent circular window, like a huge eye, only it is *fifty* feet across, while the body of the building itself towers away 230 feet above you, or nearly as high as Trinity church, steeple and all, will be when finished. And over all is this beautiful netting of stone. When Trinity church is completed, clap another just like it, spire and all, on the top of *its* spire, and you have some conception of the manner the Strasbourg Minster lifts its head into the heavens. Among other things in the interior is the famous clock which, till lately, has for a long time remained silent, because no mechanist could be found of sufficient skill to arrange its elaborate interior. It is about the size of a large organ, and tells not only the time of the day, but the changes of the seasons—exhibits the different phases of the moon—the complicated movements of the planets, bringing about in their appointed time the eclipses of the sun and moon, besides playing several tunes and performing various marches by way of pastime. It is a time-keeper, astronomer, almanac, mathematician, and musician at the same time. Every hour a procession appears on its face marching round to the sound of music, with some striking figure in the foreground. We waited to notice one performance, and the chief personage that came out to do us honour was old Father Time, with his scythe over his shoulder, and his head bowed down in grief, looking as if he were striking his last hour. Here lies Oberlin, and about a mile and

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a half distant, at Waldbach, is his house and library, standing just as he left them.

Here for the first time I noticed the storks sitting quietly on their nests on the tops of the lofty chimnies, or stepping with their long legs and outstretched necks around on their perilous promenade. There is one street in this town called Brand Strasse (Fire Street), from the fact that in 1348 a huge bonfire was made where it runs, to burn the Hebrews, and 2,000 were consumed, for having, as it was declared, poisoned the wells and fountains of the town. Ah! almost all Europe has been one wide Brand Strasse to this unfortunate people.

Strasbourg is the great market for *pates de foies gras*, made, as it is known, of the livers of geese. These poor creatures are shut up in coops so narrow they cannot turn round in them, and then stuffed twice a day with Indian corn, to enlarge their livers, which have been known to swell till they reached the enormous weight of two pounds and a half. Garlick steeped in water is given them to increase their appetites. This invention is worthy of the French nation, where cooks are great as nobles.

From this place to Mayence, down the Rhine, there is nothing of interest except the old city of Worms, immortal for the part it played in the Reformation. It is now half desolate, but I looked upon it with the profoundest emotions. Luther rose before me with that determined brow and strange, awful eye of his, before which the boldest glance went down. I seemed to behold him as he approached the thronged city. Every step tells on the fate of a world, and on the single will of that single man rests the whole Reformation. But he is firm as truth itself, and in the regular beatings of that mighty heart, and the unfaltering step of that fearless form, the nations read their destiny. The Rhine is lined with battle fields, and mighty chieftains lie along its banks; but there never was the march of an army on its shores, not even when Bonaparte trod there with his strong legions, so sublime and awful as the approach of that single man to Worms. The fate of a *nation* hung on the tread of one—that of the *world* on the other. Crowns and thrones were carried by the former—the freedom of mankind by the latter. What is the headlong valour of Bonaparte on the bridge of Lodi, the terrible charge of McDonald at Wag-

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ram, or Ney at Waterloo, compared to the steady courage of this fearless man, placing himself single-handed against kings and princes, and facing down the whole visible church of God on earth, with its prisons and torture and death placed before him. But there was a mightier power at work within him than human will or human courage—the upstaying and uplifting spirit of God bearing on the heart with its sweet promise, and nerving it with its divine strength, till it could throb as calmly in the earthquake as in the sunshine. Still his was a bold spirit, daring all and more than man dare do.

The Rhine here is a miserable stream enough, flowing amid low marshy islands, and over a flat country, so that you seem to be moving through a swamp rather than down the most beautiful river of Europe. The boat will now be entangled in a perfect crowd of these mud islands till there seems no way of escape, and now, caught in a current, go dashing straight on to another; and just when the crash is expected, and you are so near you could easily leap ashore, it shoots away like an arrow, and floats on the broad lake-like bosom of the stream. Nothing can be more stupid than the descent of the Rhine to Mayence.

Here I crossed the river and took cars for Frankfort-on-the-Maine. Here, also, I first noticed those huge rafts of timber which are brought from the mountains of Germany and floated down to Holland. One was moving down towards the bridge, four hundred feet long, and nearly three hundred wide, sprinkled over with the cabins of the navigators, who, with their families, amounted to between two and three hundred persons. I supposed the spectacle of such immense masses of floating timber was one of the peculiar features of our western world, and I did not expect such a wild and frontier scene here on the Rhine.

There are three classes of cars on the railroad to Frankfort. The first is fitted up for the delicate tastes of noble blood, though free to all. The second is better than any railroad carriage I ever saw at home, and the third very passable. Taking the second as more becoming my rank, I sped off for Frankfort. Of this free town I will say only that the belt of shrubbery and flowers going entirely round it, with carriage drives and promenades between, looks like a beautiful wreath encircling it, and occupy-

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ing as it does the place of the old line of forts, is a sweet emblem of the change that is yet to come over the cities of the world from the peaceful influence of the gospel. The two things that interested us most were, the house in which Goethe was born, showing by its fine exterior that poverty was not the inheritance of one poet at least,—and the Jews' street, at one end of which stands the palace of the Rothschilds. The Jews here, as every where, are old clothes men, and the street is black with garments hanging before the dwellings to tempt the purchaser. The Rothschilds have built their palace at the *end* of the street, but *facing* one of the most fashionable streets of the town. Thus they stand with one foot among the Jews and the other among Christians. I was struck with one little incident illustrating the tenacity with which a Hebrew clings to his despised people. The mother of the Rothschilds still lives among the old clothes in the midst of her kindred, and steadily refuses to dwell with her children in their magnificent palace. Like Ruth she says to her people, "Where thou goest I will go, and thy God shall be my God." I love this strong affection for her persecuted race, choosing, as it does, shame and disgrace with them, rather than honour and riches with the world. Even here, in this enlightened town, until eleven years ago, there was an edict in force restricting the number of marriages among the Hebrews to thirteen per year.

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XIX.

A DAY IN WIESBADEN.

WIESBADEN is the Saratoga of Germany and the chief town in the Duchy of Nassau. The Duke is the King of this little province containing 355,715 inhabitants, of whom a little over half are Protestants, 5,845 Jews, and the rest Catholics. This small duchy is filled with Brunnens, or bubbling springs; but before I give a description of them, let me sketch a day in Wiesbaden. At five o'clock in the morning, the servant, in obedience to my orders, knocked at my door, and with a bright sun just rising over the Taunus mountains to greet me, I threaded my way to the hot springs, a short distance from the centre of the village. A crowd had arrived before me, and were scattered around over the open area or passing up and down the promenades, carrying a glass of the steaming water in their hands, waving it backwards and forwards in the morning air, and blowing upon the surface to cool it for drinking. This water is so hot it cannot be drank for some time after it is dipped up, and the vessel containing it cannot be grasped for a single moment in the hand. A handle, therefore, is attached to all the vessels, in which each invalid receives his portion of the scalding fluid. I stood for a long time convulsed with laughter at the scene that opened before me as I approached this spring, notwithstanding the sobering effects of the early morning air. Now an old man tottered away from the steaming spring, bowing over his glass, which he held with trembling hand close to his face, and blowing with the most imperturbable gravity and dolorous countenance on the scalding fluid. Close behind him shot along a peppery Frenchman, puffing away at his drink, and swinging it backwards and forwards with such velocity and abrupt-

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ness, that a portion of the hot water at length spilled over on his hand, when he dropped the vessel as if he had been bitten by a snake, and, with a dozen *sacres*, stood scowling over the broken fragments that lay scattered at his feet. Old and young women were walking along the promenades utterly absorbed in their cup of boiling water, which it required the nicest balancing to keep from spilling over. This intense attention of so many people to the single object of keeping their cups right end up, and yet swing them as far and rapid as possible in order to cool the water, was irresistibly comical. Almost every man's character could be discerned in the way he carried his cup, and the success which attended his operations. Your quiet lazy man sat down on a bench, put his vessel beside him, and crossing his legs, waited with the most composed mien the sure operation of the laws of nature to cool his dose, while the ardent impatient personage kept shaking and blowing his tumbler, and sipping every now and then, to the no slight burning of his lips.

After having watched for a while this to me novel spectacle, I stepped up to the spring and received from a young girl my portion of this boiling broth, and commenced *my* promenade, presenting, probably, to some other traveller, as ridiculous a figure as those who had just excited my mirth had to me.

The *taste* of this water, when partially cooled, is precisely like *chicken broth*. Says a humorous English traveller, of this spring, (Sir Francis Head,) "If I were to say that, while drinking it, one hears in one's ears the cackling of hens, and that one sees feathers flying before one's eyes, I should certainly greatly exaggerate; but when I declare that it exactly resembles very hot chicken broth, I only say what Dr. Grenville said, and what, in fact, every body says, and must say, respecting it, and certainly I do wonder why the common people should be at the inconvenience of making bad soup, when they can get much better from nature's great stock-pot, the Kochbrunnen of Wiesbaden. At all periods of the year, summer and winter, the temperature of this broth remains the same; and when one reflects that it has been bubbling out of the ground, and boiling over, in the very same state, certainly from the time of the Romans, and probably from the time of the flood, it is really astonishing what a most wonderful apparatus

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there must exist below, what an inexhaustible stock of provisions to ensure such an everlasting supply of broth always formed of the same eight or ten ingredients, always salted to exactly the same degree, and always served up at exactly the same heat. One would think that some of the particles in the recipe would be exhausted: in short, to speak metaphorically, that the chickens would at last be boiled to rags, or that the fire would go out for want of coals; but the oftener one reflects on this sort of subjects, the oftener is the oldfashioned observation forced upon the mind, that let a man go where he will, Omnipotence is never from his view."

This water, like that of Saratoga, is good for every thing: for those too fat and those too lean, for those too hot and those too cold, for all ages and conditions and sexes. After having swallowed a sufficient quantity of this broth, and what is better still, a good breakfast, I wandered two miles, through shaded walks, from the Kur Saal to the picturesque ruins of Sonnenberg Castle. Lying down under its shady trees, and away from the noise of the bustling little village, I forgot for a while, Wiesbaden, Kochbrunnen, chicken broth, and all.

This Kur Saal is a magnificent hotel, built by the Duke, and capable of seating several hundred at dinner. The main saloon is 130 feet long, 60 wide, and 50 feet high. The price for dinner is the very reasonable sum of some thirty-four or five cents. Back of this building is an open area with seats in it, where hundreds, after dinner, sit and drink coffee; and farther on, a passable pond, beautiful shrubbery, and countless walks. I hardly know a pleasanter spot to spend a week or two in than Wiesbaden, were it not for the gambling that is constantly practised. In the public rooms of the Kur Saal are roulette tables and other apparatus for gambling, which after dinner, and especially in the evening, are surrounded with persons of both sexes, most of whom stake more or less money. Directly opposite me at dinner, sat a young man whose countenance instantly attracted my attention. He was very pale and thin, while his cold blue eye, high cheek bones, and almost marble whiteness and hardness of features, together with a sullen, morose aspect, made me shrink from him as from some deadly thing. Added to all this, when

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he rose from the table, I saw he had an ugly limp, which made him seem more unnatural and monster-like than before.

Wandering soon after through the rooms, seeing what was to be seen, I came to a roulette table around which were gathered gentlemen and ladies of all nations and ages, some of them staking small sums apparently for mere amusement. Just then, this sullen cadaverous looking young man came limping up, and deposited a roll of twenty Napoleons or about $80. A single turn of the wheel, and it was lost. He quietly drew forth another roll, which was also quickly lost. Without the least agitation or apparent excitement he thus continued to draw forth one roll after another till ten of them or about $800 were gone. He then *as* quietly, and without saying a single word, limped away. He had not spoken or changed a muscle the whole time, and manifested no more anxiety or regret than if he had lost only so many pennies. "There," said I to myself, as he sauntered away, "goes a professed gambler, and he has all the qualities for a successful one. Perfectly cool and self-possessed under the most provoking reverses, he does not get angry and rave at fickle, perverse fortune, but takes it all as a matter of business." I then knew, for the first time, why I felt such an antipathy towards him. A gambler carries his repulsive soul in his face, in his eye, nay, almost in his very gait. He makes a chilling atmosphere around him that repels every one that approaches him. Gambling seems to metamorphose a man more than any other crime except murder.

But let us away from this contaminating influence, and forth into God's beautiful world—into the forest, and beauty and bloom of nature, where one can breathe free again, and feel the soothing and balmy influence of the summer wind as it creeps over the mountain ridges. The sun is stooping to the western world, hasting, as it were, to my own beloved land, and the dark forests of the Taunus seem to wave an invitation to their cool shades.

Taking a guide with me, I mounted a donkey and started for "Die Platte," or the duke's hunting seat, four miles distant, on the very summit of the Taunus. For a long while we trotted along together, when, all at once, a flock of deer burst from the thicket, and bounded across our path. Going a little way into the

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wood, they stopped, and allowed me to urge my donkey to within a few rods of them. Indeed they seemed almost as tame as sheep. I asked my guide what would be the penalty if he should shoot one of those deer. "Three years' imprisonment," he replied. "In my country," said I, "there are plenty of deer, and you can shoot one down wherever you find it, and have it after it is killed." He looked at me a moment, in astonishment, and then simply said, "That must be a strange country." A strange country indeed to him, who was going through a wide unbroken forest, and yet could not even take a wild bird's nest without paying a fine of five florins. At length we reached the duke's hunting seat, a white cubic building, standing alone and naked on the very summit of the hill. Two huge bronze stags stand at the entrance, while immense antlers are nailed up in every part of the hall, and along the staircase, with a paper under each, telling that it was shot by the duke, and the date of the remarkable achievement. I could not but smile at this little piece of ostentation, as I had just seen how difficult it must be to kill one of these deer. I had rode on horseback (or, rather, donkeyback) to within pistol shot of four as fine fellows as ever tossed their antlers through the forest, and then was compelled to halloo to frighten them away. I am afraid the duke would hardly show as many trophies if compelled to hunt his game in our primeval forests. The chief room of this building is circular, and has a row of antlers going entirely around it, halfway up the lofty ceiling; while every piece of furniture in it—chairs, sofas, stools, and all—are made of deer' horns in their natural state. I suppose they must have been steamed and bent into the very convenient shapes they certainly present. The cushions are all made of tanned deer-skins, adorned with hunting scenes, forest landscapes, &c. From the top of this hunting chateau I saw the glorious Rhine, flowing, in a waving line, through the landscape, while cultivated fields and vineyards, and forest-covered hills, and old castles, and towers, and cottages spread away on the excited vision in all the irregular harmony of nature; and the glorious orb of day threw its farewell light over the whole, as it dropped to its repose over distant France. I turned back to Wiesbaden, through the deepening shades of the forest,

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greeted ever and anon, by the flitting form of a noble deer, as he bounded away to his evening shelter.

At night the Kur Saal is thronged with persons of both sexes;—and, as I strolled through it, I came again upon a gambling table, around which were sitting gentlemen and ladies of every age and nation. English girls were teasing their "papas" for a few sovereigns to stake on the turning of a card, and old men were watching the changes of the game with all the eagerness of youth. One lady, in particular, attracted my attention. She was from Belgium, and her whole appearance indicated a person from the upper ranks of society. To an elegant form she added a complexion of incomparable whiteness, which contrasted beautifully with her rich auburn tresses that flowed in ample ringlets around her neck. Clad in simple white, and adorned with a profusion of jewels, she took her seat by the table, while her husband stood behind her chair; and, with her delicate white hand on a pile of money before her, entered at once into the excitement of the game. As she sat, and with her small rake drew *to* her, or pushed *from* her, the money she won or lost, I gazed on her with feelings with which I had never before contemplated a woman. I did not think it was possible for an elegant and well-dressed lady to fill me with feelings of such utter disgust. Her very beauty became ugliness, and her auburn tresses looked more unbecoming than the elfin locks of a sorceress. Her appearance and her occupation presented such an utter contrast, that she seemed infinitely uglier to me than the cold-blooded, cadaverous looking gambler I had seen lose his money a few hours before. While I was mentally comparing them, in he came, limping towards the table. I was half tempted to peep round and see if he had not a cloven foot. With the same marble-like features and forbidding aspect he approached and laid down a roll of twenty Napoleons. He won, and putting down another, won again; and thus he continued, winning one after another, till he had got back the ten rolls he had lost before, and two in addition. Then, without waiting for fortune to turn against him, he walked away, not having spoken a word.

Turning to a bath-house, I threw myself into the steaming water for an hour, and then retired to my couch. These baths are so large one can swim around in them, and are arranged in a

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row, with only a high partition between them, so that you can hear every splash and groan of your neighbour in the next apartment. On one side of me was an old man, apparently, whose kicks, at long intervals, told me he was yet alive. Some two or three women were on the other side, whose laughter and rapid German kept up a constant Babel, while the steam came rolling up over where I lay like the smoke from a coal-pit. I do not know what idea these Germans have of delicacy, but this hearing your neighbours kicking and splashing around you, while the whole building is open the entire length overhead, would not be tolerated in my own country.

It must be remembered that these gambling "hells" are not in out of the way places, but meet you as they would if placed in the public rooms of the hotels at Saratoga, and were patronized by the fashionables of both sexes from New York city. Methinks it is time another Luther had arisen to sweep away this chaff of Germany.

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XX.

SCHWALBACH AND SCHLANGENBAD.

THERE are other mineral waters in Nassau besides those of Wiesbaden, and differing from them entirely in taste and temperature. Schwalbach contains several springs very much like the Congress, Pavilion and Iodine Springs of Saratoga. One called the Weinbrunnen, from the fancied resemblance of the water to wine, reminds one very much of the sparkling water of the Pavilion Spring. The Stahlbrunnen and the Pauline in the same place, differ from each other only in the little different proportions in which iron and carbonic acid gas are found in them. It is but a day's ride from this to the famous Nieder Selters, the spring from which the well known and almost universally circulated Seltzer water is obtained. Sir Francis Head's description of this spring and the mode of obtaining the water is better than any I could give. Says he: "On approaching a large circular shed covered with a slated roof, supported by posts but open on all sides, I found the single brunnen or well from which this highly celebrated water is forwarded to almost every quarter of the globe —to India, the West Indies, the Mediterranean, Paris, London, and to almost every city in Germany. The hole, which was about five feet square, was bounded by a framework of four strong beams mortised together, and the bottom of the shed being boarded, it resembled very much, both in shape and dimensions, one of the hatches in the deck of a ship. A small crane with three arms, to each of which there was suspended a square iron crate or basket a little smaller than the brunnen, stood about ten feet off; and while peasant girls, with a stone bottle (holding three pints) dangling on every finger of each hand, were rapidly

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filling two of these crates, which contained seventy bottles, a man turned the third by a winch, until it hung immediately over the brunnen, into which it then rapidly descended. The air in these seventy bottles being immediately displaced by the water, a great bubbling of course ensued, but in about twenty seconds this having subsided, the crate was raised; and while seventy more bottles descended from another arm of the crane, a fresh set of girls curiously carried off these full bottles, one on each finger of each hand, ranging them in long rows upon a large table or dresser, also beneath the shed. No sooner were they there than two men, with surprising activity, put a cork into each; while two drummers, with a long stick in each of their hands, hammering them down, appeared as if they were playing upon musical glasses. Another set of young women now instantly carried them off, four and five in each hand, to men who, with sharp knives, sliced off the projecting part of the cork; and this operation being over, the poor jaded bottles were delivered over to women, each of whom actually covered *three thousand* of them a day with white leather, which they firmly bound with pack-thread round the corks; and then, without placing the bottles on the ground, they delivered them over to a man seated beside them, who, without any apology, dipped each of their noses into boiling hot rosin, and before they had recovered from this unexpected operation, the Duke of Nassau's seal was stamped upon them by another man, when then they were hurried, sixteen and twenty at a time, by girls, to magazines, where they peacefully remained ready for exportation.

"Having followed a set of bottles from the brunnen to the store where I left them resting from their labours, I strolled to another part of the establishment, where were empty bottles calmly waiting for their turn to be filled. I here counted twenty-five bins of bottles, each four yards broad, six yards deep, and eight feet high. A number of young girls were carrying thirty-four of them at a time to an immense reservoir, which was kept constantly full, by a large fountain pipe, of beautiful, clear fresh water."

Speaking of the number of bottles that strew the road in every direction, and make the very place look as if it had been once made of bottles and overthrown in a thunder storm, leaving its

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wreck on the ground, he says: "The little children really looked as if they were made of bottles: some wore a pyramid of them in baskets on their heads;—some of them were laden with them, hanging over their shoulders, before and behind;—some carried them strapped round their middle, all their hands full; and the little urchins that could scarcely walk, were advancing, each hugging in its arms one single bottle! In fact, at Nieder Selters 'an infant' means a being totally unable to carry a bottle; puberty and manhood are proved by bottles; a strong man brags of the number he can carry, and superannuation means being no longer able in this world to bear——bottles.

"The road to the brunnen is actually strewed with fragments, and so are the ditches; and when the reader is informed that, besides all he has so patiently heard, bottles are not only expended, filled and exported, but actually *made* at Nieder Selters, he must admit that no writer can do justice to that place unless every line of his description contains at least once the word—*bottle*. The moralists of Nieder Selters preach on bottles. Life, they say, is a sound bottle, and death a cracked one. Thoughtless men are empty bottles; drunken men are leaky ones; and a man highly educated, fit to appear in any country and any society, is of course, a bottle corked, rosined, and stamped with the seal of the Duke of Nassau."

This humorous and graphic description will not be thought much exaggerated when we remember that nearly a million and a half of bottles are annually carried out of that small inland German town, to say nothing of another million and a half broken there. In the year 1832 there were exported from that spring 1,295,183 bottles. If they were all quart bottles, it would amount to over a thousand barrels of mineral water, which annually goes down somebodies' throats. This valuable spring was originally bought by the ancestor of the Duke for a single butt of wine, and it now yields a nett profit of over $26,000 per annum.

Schlangenbad, or the Serpent's bath, is another of the brunnens of Nassau. Schlangenbad is in a secluded spot, and takes its name from the quantity of snakes that live about it, swimming around in the spring and crawling through the houses with the utmost liberty. The waters are celebrated for their effect on the

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skin, reducing it almost to marble whiteness. The most inveterate wrinkles and the roughest skin become smooth and white under the wonderful effects of this water. Acting as a sort of corrosive, it literally scours a man white, and then soaks him soft and smooth. Says Francis Head, "I one day happened to overhear a fat Frenchman say to his friend, after he had been lying in one of these baths a half an hour: '*Monsieur, dans ces bains ou devient absolument amoureux de soi même.*' 'Sir, in these baths, one absolutely becomes enamoured of himself.'" So great is the effect of this water on the skin, that it is bottled and sent to the most distant parts of Europe as a cosmetic.

The Germans have some mysterious origin to every thing, and what the Italians refer to the Madonna, they attribute to some indefinite mysterious agency. This spring, they say, was discovered by a sick heifer. Having been wasting away a long time, till her bones seemed actually to be pushing through her skin, and she was given up by the herdsman to die; she all at once disappeared and was gone for several weeks. No one thought of her, as it was supposed she was dead, but one day she unexpectedly returned, a sleek, fat, bright-eyed and nimble heifer. Every evening, however, she disappeared, which excited the curiosity of the herdsman so that he at length followed her, when to his surprise he saw her approach this spring, then unknown, from which having drank, she quietly returned. Not long after, a beautiful young lady began to waste away precisely like the heifer, and all medicines and nursing were in vain, and she was given over to die.

The herdsman who had seen the wonderful cure performed on one of his herd being told of her sickness, went to her and besought her to try the spring. Like a sensible man, he thought what was good for the heifer was good for the woman. She consented to try the remedy, and in a few weeks was one of the freshest, fattest, plumpest young women in all the country round. From that moment, of course, the fame of the spring was secured, and it has gone on increasing in reputation, till now the secluded spot is visited by persons from every part of Europe.

The duchy of Nassau is a beautiful portion of Germany, and

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if the Duke would only abrogate, like a sensible man, some of his foolish tyrannical feudal laws, and become a father to his subjects, it would be a delightful spot every way. But the petty prince of every petty province seems to think he is more like a king the more despotic he behaves.

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XXI.

MAYENCE—THE RHINE.

Mayence or Mainz lies at the upper termination of the fine scenery of the Rhine. From this to Coblenz, nearly sixty miles, this river is lined with towns, and convents, and castles, as rich in association as the ruins around Rome.

Mayence has its sights for the traveller, among which are the cathedral, the ruins of an old Roman structure, a museum of paintings, several monuments, &c., which I will pass over. There are two things worth recording of Mayence. It was here the famous Hanseatic League (the result of the Rhenish League) was formed by a confederation of cities. It was the first effectual blow aimed against unjust restrictions on commerce. Robber chieftains had lined the Rhine from Cologne to Mayence with castles, which frowned down on the river that washed their foundations; and levied tribute on every passing vessel. In the middle ages there were thirty-two "toll-gates" of these bold highwaymen on the river. Now the only chieftain on the Rhine who is still allowed to hold and exercise his feudal right, is the Duke of Nassau. Under this strong confederation, the haughty castles one after another went down, and there is now scarcely a ruin that does not bear the mark of the Emperor Rudolph's stroke. Commerce was freed from the heavy exactions that weighed it down, and sailed with spreading canvass and fearless prow under the gloomy shadows of the castles that had once been its terror and destroyer.

Byron looked on these castles with the eye of a poet, and felt vastly more sympathy for the robber chieftains that lived by violence, than for the peaceful traders whose bodies were often left

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floating down the Rhine. It is well for the world that those who formed the Hanseatic League were not poets of the Lara, Childe Harold, and Manfred school. Seeing very little romance in having their peaceful inhabitants fired upon by robbers who were fortunate enough to live in castles, they wisely concluded to put a stop to it. Had they not taken this practical view of the matter, Byron would probably not have been allowed to poetise so much at his leisure and with such freedom of expression, as he did when he sung of the "chiefless castles breathing stern farewells."

"And there they stand as stands a lofty mind,
Worn but unstooping to the baser crowd,
All tenantless save to the crannying wind,
Or holding dark communion with the cloud.
There was a day when they were young and proud,
Banners on high and battles passed below;
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.

Beneath those battlements, within those walls,
Power dwelt amidst her passions; in proud state
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
Doing his evil will, nor less elate
Than mightier heroes of a longer date.
What want these outlaw conquerors should have,
But history's purchased page to call them great?
A wider space an ornamented grave,
Their hopes were not less warm, their souls were full as brave

In their baronial feuds and single fields
What deeds of prowess unrecorded died?
And Love, which lent a blazon to their shields,
With emblems well devised by amorous pride,
Through all the mail of iron hearts would glide;
But still their flame was fierceness, and drew on
Keen contest and destruction near allied,
And many a tower for some fair mischief won,
Saw the discoloured Rhine, beneath its ruin run.

But thou, exulting and abounding river!
Making thy waves a blessing as they flow

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Through banks whose beauty would endure forever
Could man but leave thy bright creations so,
Nor its fair promise from the surface mow
With the sharp scythe of conflict,—then to see
Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know
Earth proved like Heaven; and to seem such to me,
Even now what wants thy stream?—that it should Lethe be.

A thousand battles have assailed thy banks,
But these and half their fame have passed away,
And Slaughter heaped on high his welt'ring ranks,
Their very graves are gone, and what are they?
Thy tide washed down the blood of yesterday:
And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream
Glossed with its dancing light the sunny ray,
But o'er the blackened memory's blighting dream
Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping as they seem."

Thus mused the haughty misanthropic bard along the Rhine;—and these few sentences, by the conflicting sentiments that pervade them, exhibit the perfect chaos of principle and feeling amid which he struggled with more desperation than wisdom. One moment he expresses regret that those old feudal chiefs have passed away, declaring, on the faith of a bard, that they were as good as their destroyers, and the next moment pouring his note of lamentation over the evils of war.

The other notable event in the history of Mayence is—the first printing press was established here.

There is a monument here to Gensfleisch (*goose flesh*), called Gutemberg, a native of the place, who was the inventor of moveable types. This first printing office, occupied by him between the years 1443 and 1450, is still standing. One could moralize over it an hour. From the first slow arrangement of those moveable types to the present diffusion of printed matter, what a long stride! He who could hear the first crippled movement of that miniature press, the only one whose faint sound rose from this round earth; and then catch the din and thunder of the "ten thousand times ten thousand" steam presses that are shaking the very continents on which they rest with their fierce action; would see an onward step in the progress of the race more prophetic of change

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than in the conquests of the Cæsars. The quiet, thoughtful Gensfleisch little knew what an earthquake he was generating as he slowly distributed those few types. If the sudden light which rushed on the world had burst on *his* vision, and the shaking of empires and sound of armies, set in motion by the diffusion of thoughts and truths which the press had scattered on its lightning-like pinions, met his ear, he would have been alarmed at his labour, and trembled as he held the first printed leaf in his hand. That printed page was a richer token to the despairing world than the olive leaf which the dove bore back to the Ark from the subsiding deluge. Men, as they roam by the Rhine, talk of old Schomberg and Blucher and Ney, and heroes of martial renown, but John Gensfleisch and Martin Luther are the two mightiest men that lie along its shores. The armies that struggled here are still, and their renowned battle-fields have returned again to the hand of the husbandman; but the struggle commenced by these men has not yet reached its height, and the armies *they* marshalled not yet counted their numbers, or fought their greatest battle.

Well, brave Gutemberg, (to descend from great things to small) I here, on thy own moveable types, lay my offering to thee, and salute thee "greater than a king."

A bridge of boats, *one thousand six hundred and sixty-six* feet long, here crosses the Rhine to Cassel, the railroad dépôt for Frankfort and Wiesbaden. It is strongly fortified, and commands the bridge in a manner that would make the passage of it by a hostile army, like the passage of the bridge of Lodi. The boats which form it lie with their heads up stream, secured to the bed of the river by strong fastenings; and covered with planks. Sections here and there swing back to admit the free passage of boats, while nearly half of the whole line is compelled to retire before one of those immense rafts of timber which are floated down the Rhine.

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XXII.

THE CASTELLATED RHINE.

"THE RHINE! THE RHINE!" which has been the shout of glad armies, as its silver sheen flashed on their eyes as they came over the surrounding heights, is interesting more from its association than its scenery. The changes that have come over the world are illustrated more strikingly here than even in Rome. The old convent where the jolly friar revelled, is converted into a manufactory—the steamboat is rushing past the nodding castles of feudal chiefs—the modern town straggling through the ruins of once lordly cities, and all the motion and excitement of the nineteenth century, over the unburied corpses of the first fourteen centuries. There is probably no river on our globe more rich in associations than the Rhine. Navigable for over six hundred miles, through the very heart of Europe, its dominion has been battled for for nineteen centuries. From the time the Roman legions trod its shores, and shouted victory in good classic Latin, or retired before the fierce charge of barbaric warriors; to the middle ages, when feudal chiefs reared their castles here, and performed deeds of daring and chivalry that dimly live in old traditions; it has been the field of great exploits, and witnessed the most important event of European history. It has been no less the scene of stirring events in modern times. The French Revolution, after it had reduced France to chaos, rolled heavily towards the Rhine. On its banks was the first great struggle between the young and strong Democracy, and the haughty, but no longer vigorous Feudalism. Here kingship first trembled for its crown and throne, and Europe gathered in haste to save its tottering monarchies. On its shores France stood and shouted to the

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nations beyond, sending over the startled waters the cry, "All men are born free and equal," till the murmur of the people answered it. The Rhine has seen the armies of the Cæsars along its banks—the castles of feudal chiefs flinging their shadows over its placid bosom—the printing press rise in its majesty beside it, and the stern Luther tread along its margin muttering words that shook the world. It has also borne Bonaparte and his strong legions on, yet amid it all—amid crumbling empires, and through the smoke of battle—undisturbed by the violence and change that have ploughed up its banks, lined them with kingdoms, and strewed them with their ruins—it has ever rolled, the same quiet current, to the sea. Its scenery is also beautiful, but not so much when viewed from its surface as when seen from the different points of prospect furnished by the heights around. From the old castles on the shores and the ridges around, the landscape has almost endless variations, yet is always beautiful.

Byron has combined all the striking features of the Rhine in a single verse, yet coloured some of them a little too highly.

> "The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom,
> Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
> The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
> The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between,
> The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been
> In mockery of man's art; and these withal
> A race of faces happy as the scene,
> Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,
> Still springing o'er thy banks, though empires near them fall."

Almost every castle has, with its real history, some wild tradition connected; which, though it may or may not be true, adds great interest to the mysterious ruin. In looking over the guide book I was struck with the number of "outline sketches" for magazine tales—thrilling novels, &c., furnished on almost every page. In a few sentences will be told the fate of some old feudal lord, or his beautiful daughter, of whose private history one would gladly know more. Thus at Braesemberg are the ruins of two castles, of one of which, the Bromserhof, we are told that "tradition says, that one of these knights, Bonser of Rudesheim, on

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repairing to Palestine, signalized himself by destroying a dragon, which was the terror of the Christian army. No sooner had he accomplished it, than he was taken prisoner by the Saracens; and while languishing in captivity, he made a vow, that if ever he returned to his castle of Rudesheim, he would devote his only daughter, Gisela, to the church. He arrived at length, a pilgrim, at his castle, and was met by his daughter, now grown into a lovely woman. Gisela loved, and was beloved by a young knight from a neighbouring castle, and she heard with consternation her father's vow. Her tears and entreaties could not change his purpose. He threatened her with his curse if she did not obey; and in the midst of a violent storm, she precipitated herself from the tower of the castle into the Rhine below. The fishermen found her corpse the next day in the river, by the tower of Hatto, and the boatmen and vintagers at this day fancy they sometimes see the pale form of Gisela hovering about the ruined tower, and hear her voice mingling its lamentations with the mournful whistlings of the wind." I leave to some one else the filling up this outline. There is the scene of the first interview of this selfish old Jephtha with his daughter—the wild meetings of the two lovers—the pleadings with the father—the rash purposes, and the final leap from the castle tower, of the beautiful Gisela—all fair property for the weaver of romances—a sort of schedule already made out for him.

This tower of Hatto, at the base of which was found the form of Gisela, is some distance farther down the river. In descending to it one passes the vineyards of the famed Rudesheim wine, and the white castle of St. Roch. The Bishop of Hatto has been immortalized by Southey, in his "Traditions of Bishop Hatto," commencing with the imaginative line

"The summer and autumn had been so wet."

Here begins the "Rhine gorge," which furnishes the most beautiful scenery on the river. The banks of the stream become more precipitous and rocky, affording secure frontiers for the feudal chiefs that fortified themselves upon them. Ruined castles—gaping towers—dilapidated fortresses, begin to crowd with almost startling rapidity on the beholder. As the boat flies along on the swift

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current of the stream he has scarcely time to read the history and traditions of one, before another claims his attention. Placed in every variety of position, and presenting memorials of almost every century, they keep the imagination in constant activity. The castles of Falkenburg perched on its rocky eminence; Reichenstein and Rheinstein, a little lower down, are grouped together in one *coup d'œil*, while the falling turrets of Sonneck rush to meet you from below, and the castle of Heimberg frowns over the village at its feet. Next comes old Furstenberg with its round tower and crumbling walls, and then Nottingen, and after it the massive fragments of Stahleck castle, looking gloomily down from the heights of Bacharach. While I was thus casting my eyes, first on one side, and then the other, of the river, as these, to me new and strange objects, came and went on my vision, suddenly from out the centre of the river rose the castle of Pfalz. We had scarcely passed it before the batt ements of Gutenfels appeared, and soon after the rock-founded castle of Schaenberg. Tradition says that it received the name of Beautiful Hill from seven beautiful daughters of one of the old chieftains. Though beloved and sought for by all the young knights far and near, they turned a deaf ear to every suitor, and finally, for their hardheartedness, were turned into seven rocks, which still remain, a solemn warning to all beautiful and heartless coquets to remotest time. At length, just above St. Goar, the black and naked precipice of Lurleiberg rose out of the water on the left, frowning in savage silence over the river. Just before we came opposite this perpendicular rock, the boat entered a rapid, formed by the immense rocks in the bed of the stream, and began to shoot downward like an arrow to an immense whirlpool in front of the Lurleiberg. The river here striking the rocks, and dashing back towards the opposite side, forms a whirlpool, called by the inhabitants the Gewirr; into the furious eddy of which our little steamboat dashed without fear. She careened a little one side as she passed along the slope of the Wirbel, probably tipped over by the beautiful, though evil-minded, water nymph—the Circe of the Rhine—which used to beguile poor ignorant boatmen by her ravishing voice into the boiling eddies, where she deliberately drowned them. Unable to charm the steam-engine, which goes snorting in the most unpo-

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etical and daring manner through all the meshes she weaves with her whirlpool, she revenges herself by putting her ivory shoulder against the keel of the boat as it passes, and exerting all her strength gives it a slight tip over, just to show that she still occupies her realm.

I was struck here with one of those exhibitions of the love of the picturesque and beautiful which meets the traveller at almost every step on the Continent. There is a grotto under the Lurleiberg where the echo of a bugle blast or pistol shot is said to be repeated fifteen times. As we approached it, I heard first the explosion of a gun, and then the strains of a bugle. I did not know at first what it meant, and was much amused when I was told, on inquiring, that a man was kept stationed there, whose sole business was to fire guns and blow his bugle for the benefit of travellers. This making a business of getting up echoes looks odd to an American. A man thus stationed on the Hudson to rouse echoes for every boat that passed, would have a great many jokes cracked at his expense. I should have been better pleased with this arrangement, however, had I derived any benefit from it. Between the crushi g sound of the water, as it swept in swift circles around the boat, and the churning of the steam-engine, I did not get even a *single* echo. I heard only the explosion of the gun, and the fitful, uncertain strains of the bugle—the *echoes* the steamboat and whirlpool had all to themselves.

We had scarcely passed the base of this precipice before the ruins of the fortress of Rheinfels emerged into view. This is the largest ruin on the river, and witnessed bloody work in olden times, as its stern lord levied duties on every traveller up the Rhine. It was the impregnable character of this fortification which helped bring about the Hanseatic League. It was blown up by the revolutionary army of France, and has remained a ruin ever since. Next comes the Thurmberg, or castle of the mouse, a ruin in a more perfect state of preservation than any other on the Rhine. It wants only the wood-work to render it entire. A little lower down rises the old convent of Bornhofen, and the *twin castles* of Sternberg and Liebenstein, presenting a most singular, yet charming, feature in the landscape. Still farther down, and lo, the noble castle of Marksburg, perched on

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the top of a cone-like rock, looking silently down on the little village of Branbach, at the base, burst on my sight. This old castle stands just as it did in the middle ages, with all its secret, narrow passages, winding staircases, dungeons, and instruments of torture, preserved through the slow lapse of centuries. The castle of Lahneck comes next, and last of all, before reaching Coblentz, the fine old castle of Stalzenfels. It stands on a rock in the most picturesque position imaginable. It had lain in ruins since the French destroyed it, nearly two hundred years ago; but the town of Coblentz having presented it to the Crown Prince of Prussia, he is slowly repairing it after the ancient model. He devotes an annual sum to the repairs, and it already shows what a beautiful structure it must have been originally. The gift on the part of Coblentz was no great affair, as they had already offered it for fifty-three dollars, and could find nobody to buy it at that price. The old castles on the Rhine follow the laws of trade —the price always corresponds to the demand. But here the castle-market is glutted, and hence the sales are light.

One cannot easily imagine the effect of these turreted ruins, suddenly bursting on one at every turn of the river. The whole distance from Mayence to Coblentz is less than sixty miles, and yet one passes all these old castles in sailing over it. But these castles are not all that charms the beholder. There are ruined convents and churches—smiling villages, sweet vineyards—bare precipices and garden-like shores, all coming and going like the objects in a moving diorama, keeping up a succession of surprises that prevents one effectually from calling up the associations of any one particular scene.

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XXIII.

THE RHINE FROM COBLENTZ TO COLOGNE.

COBLENTZ is one of the most picturesque towns we have ever seen. Its position on the Rhine seems chosen on purpose for effect. One of the most interesting objects in it is the rock and fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, which commands a glorious view of the junction of the Rhine and Mosel, and which, from its impregnable position, is called the Gibraltar of the Rhine. It will hold a garrison of 14,000 men, while the magazines will contain provisions sufficient to maintain eight thousand men for ten years. The escarped rocks on three sides would repel almost any assault, and the fortress can easily sustain the glorious name it gained in the seventeenth century, when assailed in vain by the French armies. The name signifies "honour's broadstone." There is a convent of Jesuits in the town, with such ample wine cellars that a stage coach could drive around in them, and they have held nearly a half a million of bottles of wine. In the public square is a fountain, erected as a monument, by the French, in 1812, on which was chiselled an inscription, to commemorate their invasion of Russia. A few months after, the fragments of the Grand Army were driven over the Rhine. Over the fallen host the Russians had marched in triumph, and pressing fast on the flying traces of Bonaparte, entered this town on their march for Paris. The Russian commander, seeing this monument, instead of having it destroyed, caused to be cut under the French inscription, "*Vu et approuvè par nous, commandant Russe, de la ville Coblence, Janvier* 1^er^, 1814. This is rather a hard hit on the French, and shows that St. Priest had more contempt than hate in his composition. Here, too, sleeps the brave and noble Marceau, who fell

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in the hotly fought battle of Altenkirchen. Byron expressed the feelings of both friends and foes when he sung

> "Brief, brave and glorious was his young career—
> His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes;
> And fitly may the stranger lingering here
> Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose,
> For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,
> The few in number, who had not o'erstept
> The charter to chastise which she bestows
> On such as wield her weapons; he had kept
> The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept."

We had scarcely shoved away from the wharf at Coblentz before castles, which seemed to have dropped down the river during our stop, began to rise along the shores. The *Crane*, built nearly three hundred years ago, and just below it the *Watch Tower* of older date, round below and eight-sided above, present a most picturesque appearance. Farther down rises the castle of Rheineck, with the castellated building beside it looking like the residence of some old feudal chief, in the heyday of his power. Farther down still, after the Ahr has poured its silver stream into the Rhine, appear the black precipices of *Erpeler Lei*, seven hundred feet high. At first view this immense basaltic rock seems perfectly inaccessible, but the vintager has converted it into a vineyard. In the crevices, all along the face of the precipice, are placed baskets filled with earth, in which are planted vines, that creep up and cling to the rock, covering it with verdure and fruit. Opposite the village of Unkel is another basaltic rock, rising in columns from the water. The Rhine raves past it as if conscious that the long, dull sweep of the Lowlands was below it, and it must foam and rave while it could.

The Tower of Roland comes next, and after it the ruins of seven castles, on seven different mountains, the remains of the castles of the Archbishops of Cologne. A little farther on, and lo, the Rhine goes in one broad sweep of twenty miles to Cologne, sparkling under the summer sky, and rejoicing in the wealth of villages and vineyards, and cultivated fields along its shores. The view here is glorious, and I was tempted to echo the shout of the Prussian army, "The Rhine! The Rhine!" Up the river

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the rocks shut in the prospect, as if endeavouring to restrain the Rhine, and look savage and gloomy upon the liberated waters that leap away without farther restraint, for the open country below. Unlike the Hudson, which goes in one broad steady sweep from Albany to New York, the Rhine is tortuous and unsteady; now spreading out into a lake filled with islands, now smoothly laving the richly cultivated banks, and now dashing on the rocks that push into its channel, till its vexed waters boil in frenzy—and now gliding arrow-like past some old castle, that seems watching its movements. The *natural* scenery along its course is greatly inferior to that of the Hudson, but the accessories of vineyards, and villages, and convents, and churches, and castles, and towers, and the associations around them, all make the passage up or down it one of the most interesting in the world, in the beauty and variety it presents.

The seven hills, "*Siebengebirge,*" I mentioned above, are the lower terminations of the grand scenery on the Rhine. These "seven hills" (there are more than seven), crowned with their ruined castles, form a scene that can scarcely be surpassed. They have all been thrown up by some volcano, that lived, and worked, and died here, before man had a written history; and rise in magnificent proportions along the banks of the rushing river. The Lowenberg, 1414 feet high; the Wolkenberg, 1067; the Drachenfels (dragon's rock), 1056; the Oelberg, 1473; the Niederstromberg, 1066; and the Stromberg, 1053 feet in height, surmounted by ruined battlements, towers, &c., are a glorious brotherhood, and worthy of the Rhine, on which they look. I will not give the traditions connected with many of these, nor add the particular descriptions and aspect of each. The impression they make on one he carries with him through life. Especially does an American, whose eye has roamed over primeval forests, broad rivers, and lofty mountains; left just as the hand of nature formed them, gaze with curious feelings on this blending of precipices, and castles, and mountains, and ruins, together. Nature looks old in such connection—a sort of bondslave to man, bereft of her pride and freedom, and robbed of her freshness and life.

Drachenfels rises almost perpendicularly to the view from the

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river shore, with a cap of ruins on its lofty head. Byron has immortalized this rock in language so sweet that I risk the complaint of quoting too much, and give the three following beautiful verses.

The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frown o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strewed a scene which I could see
With double joy wert *thou* with me.

And peasant girls with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of grey,
And many a rock which steeply towers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round,
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine."

Passing Bonn, with its University, Cathedral, &c., rapidly as steam and the downward current together could bear us, we were soon under the white walls of Cologne. Here I lost sight of two fellow travellers that had added much to my pleasure down the Rhine. It had so happened that we wished to stop at the same places, and had thus kept company from Frankfort to

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Cologne. They were two ladies that had attracted my attention when they got on board at Mayence. One was an elderly lady, and the other young and beautiful.

Sitting near them soon after we started, the elderly lady addressed some inquiry to me respecting the boat, which I answered in the fewest words possible, for I perceived they were French, and I was nervous about speaking to them in their own language.

As the day advanced I was struck with the familiarity exhibited by the passengers. A gentleman would address a lady beside him, a perfect stranger, with some remark about the scenery, which she answered with the utmost cheerfulness, and there was that general freedom from restraint; and that confidence in each other's polite behaviour, the reverse of which makes our steamboat travelling like an assemblage of pickpockets, unacquainted with each other, and suspicious of each other's designs.

Seeing, not long after, a copy of one of Dickens's works in the younger lady's hand, I presumed to address her in English, which, to my delight, she spoke almost like an Englishwoman. There was an ease and grace in her manners, and her remarks were characterized by an intelligence and a knowledge of the world, that rendered her one of the most attractive persons I ever met. She was glad, she said, to converse in English, and I was glad to have her. I was a stranger and alone, and hence felt more deeply her kindness in thus conversing with me hour after hour. An American lady might think this vastly improper and forward, but *I* shall remember her with grateful feelings as long as I remember the Rhine.

She, with the elderly lady her companion, were to ascend the Rhine in their carriage, which they had aboard from Cologne, so as to get all the beauties of the scenery.

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XXIV.

RHINE WINES, COLOGNE CATHEDRAL, LOUVAIN, BRUSSELS.

I had designed to give a chapter on Rhine wines, and the vineyards of the Rhine, but will pass them over, referring only to Prince Metternich's celebrated vineyard, just above Geissenheim, between Mayence and Coblentz. The monks formerly possessed this extensive vineyard, covering fifty-five acres. The Prince of Orange owned it next, and held it till it fell into Bonaparte's hand, who gave it to Marshal Kellerman, in reward for his services. At the close of Napoleon's career, it reverted to the Emperor of Austria, who made a present of it to Metternich, the present owner. He has repaired it, and the Chateau of Johannesberg is now a very conspicuous object on the banks of the Rhine. The vineyard yields about forty butts of wine per annum, and it is called the best of the Rhenish wines.

Cologne, independent of its sights, is an object of interest, from the part it played in Roman history. A camp pitched here by Marcus Agrippa, was the first commencement of the city. Vitellius and Sylvanus were proclaimed emperors of Rome here, and here also Agrippina, the mother of Nero, was born. It retains, to this day, many of the peculiar customs of Italy, and is the only city in the north of Europe where the Carnival is celebrated. I will not speak of the paintings it contains, or of the architecture of the churches. *The Cathedral*, however, I will mention in passing. This magnificent building was begun six hundred years ago, and still remains not half completed. It is of Gothic architecture, and had it been finished, would have been one of the finest edifices in the world. It was to have two towers, each five hundred feet, but

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they remain unfinished, and probably will to the end of time. The two things that interested me most were, the "Shrine of the three Kings of Cologne," and the Choir. The former is in a small chapel just behind the main altar, and is said to contain *the bones of the three Magi* who came from the East to lay their offerings *at the feet of the infant Saviour*. The *names* of these three wise men, the chronicle states, were *Gaspar*, *Melchior*, and *Balthaser*, and, to prevent the possibility of a doubt, these names are *written in rubies on their own skulls*. This shrine, with its gold and silver and precious stones, is said to be worth over a million of dollars, although bereft of some of its choicest gems during the French Revolution.

The choir is the only part of the church completely finished, and shows by its magnificence and splendour the extravagant designs of the first builders. I have never seen any thing more grand in its general plan and construction, and yet so exquisitely beautiful in its details, than this choir. I cannot give a better description of it than in the language of an English traveller. "The choir is the only part finished; *one hundred and eighty feet high*, and internally, from its size, height, and disposition of pillars, arches, chapels, and beautifully coloured windows, resembling a splendid vision. Externally, its double range of stupendous flying buttresses, and intervening piers, bristling with a forest of purfiled pinnacles, strike the beholder with awe and astonishment." Long before reaching Cologne, the highest tower of the church is visible, with a huge crane swinging from its unfinished top, where it has hung for centuries. Some time since it was taken down by the city authorities, but a terrible thunder-storm which swept over the place soon after, was believed by the frightened inhabitants to be in consequence of their wickedness in removing this crane. It was saying to the world, "we never intend to finish this church," a declaration which set the elements in such commotion, that soon after an awful black thunder-cloud began to show itself over the trembling city. The lightning crossed its fiery lances over head, and the redoubled thunder shook the very foundations on which the city stood. As soon, therefore, as it was over, and to prevent another similar, more awful visitation, the inhabitants began to hoist this enormous crane to its place on the top of the tower. I

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could not but laugh, as I saw its black outline against the sky, at the folly that had replaced it there. It was the most deliberate humbug practised on a large scale I had ever seen. It was like the Irishman vowing a hundred candles to the Virgin Mary, if she would save him from shipwreck, when the vessel was breaking to pieces under him. Said his companion to him, "Why do you lie, for you know you can't get them?" "Never mind," he replied, "keep still, the Virgin don't know it." The Cologne people have acted like the Irishman in this respect—they have no idea of finishing the church, though a hundred thunder-storms should sweep over the city; but they seem to think that if the *crane* is up ready for hoisting stone, the Deity will not know it. If they only look grave, say nothing, and keep the crane swinging, they imagine the blessed Virgin will believe they design to commence building soon.

Cologne is not so dirty as Coleridge makes it out to be, though it is a very disagreeable town to get around in. I will mention but one thing more in it—the Church of St. Ursula. It stands just without the walls, and is remarkable only for containing the bones and skulls of *eleven thousand virgins*, all slain in one great massacre. This is a large allowance even for a Roman Catholic tradition, which does not generally stick at improbabilities. It seems this St. Ursula, of blessed memory, in carrying her unusual quantity of virgins from Britain to Armorica, was driven by tempests up the Rhine to Cologne, where the Huns, in their barbarian fury, slew them all, because they would not yield to their lusts. To say nothing of this singularly large fleet of virgins, it is very curious they should be driven, by a week or more of tempests, through the Lowlands, up the Rhine to Cologne, without having once got aground or sent high and dry ashore. I will not, however, dispute the legend, especially as I saw several terraces of the bones themselves, or at least of *veritable* bones, ranged round the church between the walls. The skull of St. Ursula, with a few select skulls, probably belonging to her body-guard, have a separate apartment, called the Golden Chamber, and are encased in silver. But, seriously, I cannot divine what first induced this grand collection of skeletons, and their peculiar arrangement for public exhibition. It looks as if some battle-field

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had been robbed of its slain in order to furnish this cabinet of hideous relics.

I went by rail-road from Cologne to Aix la Chapelle (forty-three miles), and stopping there only long enough to get breakfast, found no time to see the town. The rail-road is not yet finished from it to Liege, and travellers are compelled to go by diligence. The distance is about twenty-six miles; and having an unconquerable dislike to diligence travelling, I determined to hire a carriage. An English gentleman, standing at the door as I was inquiring about the terms, &c., said he should like to take a carriage with me. I gladly accepted his proposal, and we started off in company. I mention this incident to illustrate an Englishman's ignorance of the United States. I had heard some of our most distinguished writers, male and female, speak of it in their encounters with the English in their own country, but had never met any marked case of it myself. But this man, who spent every summer on the Continent, knew no more of the American Republic than an idiot. Among other things illustrating his ignorance, in reply to my statement that I was from New York, he said, "New York—let me see—does that belong to *the Canadas* yet?" I told him I believed not; that it was my impression it had been separated from it for some time. "Ah!" said he, and that ended his inquiries on that point. It was equal to the remark of an English literary lady once to one of my own distinguished countrywomen. In speaking of the favourable features of the United States, she remarked very naively, that she should think the climate would be very cool in summer, from the *wind blowing over the Cordilleras mountains!*

The view of Liege, from the heights, as we began to descend into the valley, was quite a novel one for the Continent. The long chimneys of the numerous manufactories reminded me of the activity and enterprise of my own land. I did not go over the town, but took the rail-road for Louvain, on my way to Brussels. I just gave one thought to Quintin Durward and the "Wild Boar of Ardennes," and we were away with the speed of the wind. I stopped at Louvain solely to visit the beautiful Gothic building of the Hotel de Ville. It is said to be the most beautiful Gothic edifice in the world. The whole exterior, in almost every foot of

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it, is elaborately wrought. Bassi relievi cover it—many of them representing sins and their punishments. The stone of which it is composed is soft when first quarried, and hence is easily worked, but it hardens by exposure to the air.

The next morning I started for Brussels. There is an airiness and cheerfulness about this city that pleased me exceedingly, and I should think a residence in it, for a part of the year, would be delightful. The impression I got of it, however, may be owing to the position of the hotel at which I stopped. Situated on an eminence near the park, the traveller may be in a few moments strolling through beautiful grounds, thronged with promenaders as gay as those of the Champs Elysée and the Tuileries.

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XXV.

BATTLE-FIELD OF WATERLOO.

THE sky was darkly overcast, and not a breath of air disturbed the ominous hush of the atmosphere, which always precedes a rain, as we started for the greatest battle-field of Europe. My companions were an American; and an English cavalry captain, just returned from the Indies. We had been shown before the house in which the ball was held the night before the battle. I could imagine the sudden check to the "sound of revelry," when over the exciting notes of the viol came the dull booming of cannon, striking on the youthful heart "like a rising knell."

> "Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
> And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
> And cheeks all pale which but an hour ago
> Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
> And sudden partings, such as press
> The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
> Which ne'er might be repeated."———

We followed the route taken by Wellington and his suite from Brussels, and trotting through the forest of Soignies, which Byron, by poetical license, has called the forest of Ardennes; came upon the little hamlet of Waterloo, situated a short distance from the field of battle. Our guide was a man who lived in the village at the time of the battle, and had been familiar with all its localities for years.

I have trod many battle-fields of ancient and modern glory, but never one with the strange feelings with which I wandered over this, for here the star of Bonaparte set forever. To understand the

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description, imagine two slightly elevated semicircular ridges, or, as they might more properly be termed, slopes, curving gently towards each other like a parenthesis, and you have the position of the two armies. On the summit of one of these slopes was arrayed the French army, and on the other the English. The night of the 17th of June was dark and stormy. The rain fell in torrents, and the two armies lay down in the tall rye drenched with rain to wait the morning that was to decide the fate of Europe and of Napoleon. From the ball-room at Brussels many an officer had been summoned in haste to the field, and shivering and cold, was compelled to pass the night in mud and rain in his elegant attire. The artillery had cut up the ground so that the mud was shoe deep, while the tall rye lay crushed and matted beneath the feet of the soldiers. The morning of the 18th opened with a drizzling rain, and the two armies, benumbed with cold and soaking wet, rose from their damp beds to the contest. Eighty thousand French soldiers were seen moving in magnificent array on the crest of the ridge, as they took their several positions for the day. Upward of seventy thousand of the allied forces occupied the ridge or eminences opposite them,—formed mostly into squares.

In a moment the battle was all before me. I could almost see Bonaparte as, after having disposed his forces, and flushed with hope, he gaily exclaimed to his suite, "now to breakfast," and galloped away. The shout of "Vive l'Empereur" that followed shook the very field on which they stood, and seemed ominous of disaster to the allied army. Two hundred and sixty-two cannon lined the ridge like a wall of death before the French, while Wellington had but one hundred and eighty-six to oppose them. At eleven the firing commenced, and immediately Jerome Bonaparte led a column of six thousand men down on Hougoumont, an old chateau which defended Wellington's right, and was good as a fort. Advancing in the face of the most destructive fire that gallant column pushed up to the very walls of the chateau, and thrust their bayonets through the door. But it was all in vain; and though the building was set on fire and consumed, and the roaring of the flames was mingled with the shrieks of the wounded that were perishing in it, the rage of the combatants only increas-

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ed. But the Coldstream Guards held the court-yard with invincible obstinacy, and Jerome Bonaparte was compelled to retire, after leaving 1,400 men in a little orchard beside the walls, where it does not seem so many men could be laid. In a short time the battle became general along the whole lines, and prodigies of valour were performed on every rod of the ensanguined field. The heavy French cavalry came thundering down on the steady English squares, that had already been wasted by the destructive artillery, and strove with almost superhuman energy to break them. Driven to desperation by their repeatedly foiled attempts, they at length stopped their horses and coolly walked them round and round the squares, and wherever a man fell dashed in, in vain valour. Wherever one of those rock-fast squares began to waver, Wellington threw himself into its centre, and it again became immoveable as a mountain. With their gallant chief in their keeping those brave British hearts could not yield. Whole columns went down like frost-work before the headlong charges of cavalry and infantry. In the centre the conflict at length became awful, for there the crisis of the battle was fixed. Wellington stood under a tree while the boughs were crashing with the cannon shot over head, and nearly his whole guard smitten down by his side, anxiously watching the progress of the fight. His brave squares, torn into fragments by bombs and ricochet shot, still refused to yield one foot of ground. Napoleon rode through his ranks, cheering on the exhausted columns of infantry and cavalry, that rent the heavens with the shout of "*Vive l'Empereur*," and dashed with unparalleled recklessness on the bayonets of the English.

The hero of Wagram, and Borodino, and Austerlitz, and Marengo, and Jena, enraged at the stubborn obstinacy of the British, rages over the field, and is still sure of victory. Wellington, seeing that he cannot much longer sustain the desperate charges of the French battalions, wipes the sweat from his anxious forehead and exclaims, "Oh, that Blucher or night would come." Thus from eleven till four did the battle rage with sanguinary ferocity, and still around the centre it grew more awful every moment. The mangled cavalry staggered up to the exhausted British squares, which, though diminished and bleeding

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in every part, seemed rooted to the ground they stood upon. The heroic Picton had fallen at the head of his brigade, while his sword was flashing over his head. Ponsonby had gone down on the hard fought field, and terror and slaughter were on every side. The most enthusiastic courage had driven on the French troops, which the rock-fast resolution of British tenacity alone could resist. The charge of the French cavalry on the centre was awful. Disregarding the close and murderous fire of the British batteries, they rode steadily forward till they came to the bayonet's point. Prodigies of valour were wrought, and *heroes* fell at every discharge. Bonaparte's star now blazed forth in its ancient splendour, and now trembled in the zenith. The shadows of fugitive kings flitted through the smoke of battle, and thrones tottered on the ensanguined field. At length a dark object was seen to emerge from the distant wood, and soon an army of 30,000 men deployed into the field, and began to march straight for the scene of conflict. Blucher and his Prussians came, but no Grouchy, who had been left to hold him in check, followed after. In a moment Napoleon saw that he could not sustain the charge of so many fresh troops, if once allowed to form a junction with the allied forces, and so he determined to stake his fate on one bold cast, and endeavour to pierce the allied centre with one grand charge of the Old Guard, and thus throw himself between the two armies, and fight them separately. For this purpose the Imperial Guard was called up, which had remained inactive during the whole day, and divided into two immense columns, which were to meet at the British centre. That under Reille no sooner entered the fire than it disappeared like frost-work. The other was placed under Ney, the "bravest of the brave," and the most irresistible of all Napoleon's Marshals. Napoleon accompanied them part way down the slope, and halting for a moment in a hollow, addressed them in his fiery, impetuous manner. He told them the battle rested with them. "*Vive l'Empereur*" answered him with a shout that was heard all over the field of battle. Ney then placed himself at their head, and began to move down the slope and over the field. No drum or trumpet or martial strain cheered them on. They needed nothing to fire their steady courage. The eyes of the world were on them, and

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the fate of Europe in their hands. The muffled tread of that magnificent legion alone was heard. For a moment the firing ceased along the British lines. The terror of Europe was on the march, and the last awful charge of the Imperial Guard, which had never yet failed, was about to be made. The crisis had come, the hour of destiny arrived, and Napoleon saw, with anxious eye, his Empire carried by that awful column as it disappeared in the smoke of battle. The firing ceased only for an instant; the next moment the artillery opened, and that dense array was rent as if a hurricane had passed through it. Ney's horse sunk under him, and he mounted another and cheered on his men. Without wavering or halting that band of heroes closed up their shattered ranks, and moved on in the face of the most wasting fire that ever swept a field of battle. Again and again did Ney's horse sink under him, till five had fallen, and then on foot, with his drawn sabre in his hand, he marched at the head of his column. On, on, like the inrolling tide of the sea, that dauntless Guard pressed up to the very mouth of the cannon, and taking their fiery load full in their bosoms—walked over artillery, cannoniers and all, and pushed on through the British lines till they came within a few feet of where Wellington stood. The day seemed lost to the allies, when a rank of men, who had lain flat on their faces behind a low ridge of earth, and hitherto unseen by the French, heard the order of Wellington, "up and at 'em!" and springing to their feet, poured an unexpected volley into the very faces of that advancing Guard. Taken by surprise, and smitten back by the sudden shock, they had not time to rally before another and another volley completed the disorder, and that hitherto unconquerable Guard was hurrying in wild confusion over the field. "The Guard recoils!" "the Guard recoils!" rung in despairing shrieks over the army, and all was over. Blucher effected his junction, and Wellington ordered a simultaneous advance along the whole lines. The Old Guard, disdaining to fly, formed into two immense squares, and attempted to stay the reversed tide of battle. They stood and let the artillery plough through them in vain. The day was lost. Bonaparte's star had set forever, and his empire crumbled beneath him.

Wellington met Blucher at La Belle Alliance, the head-quar-

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ters of Napoleon. The former returned back over the field, while the latter continued the pursuit all night long, strewing the road for thirty miles with mangled corpses.

And I was standing on this awful field, waving with grain just as it did on that mild morning. As my eye rested on this and that spot, where deeds of valour were done, and saw in imagination those magnificent armies struggling for a continent, and heard the roar of cannon, the shocks of cavalry and the rolling fire of infantry, and saw the waving of plumes and torn banners amid the smoke of battle that curtained them in; what wonder is it that for the moment I forgot the carnage and the awful waste of human life in the excitement and grandeur of the scene? But let him who is in love with glory go over the bloody field after the thunder of battle is hushed, and the excitement of the strife is over. The rain is past, the heavy clouds have melted away, and behold the bright and tranquil moon is sailing through the starry heavens and looking serenely down on the bloody field. Under its reproving light you see flashing swords, and glittering uniforms, and torn plumes, and heaps of mangled men. More than 50,000 cumber the field, while thousands of wounded horses, still alive, rend the air with their shrill cries; and at intervals break in the mingled curse and groan and prayer of the tens of thousands that are writhing amid the slaughtered heaps in mortal agony. Dismembered limbs are scattered round like broken branches after a hurricane, while disembowelled corpses lie like autumn leaves on every side. Ghastly wounds greet the eye at every turn, while ever and anon comes the thunder of distant cannon on the night air, telling where Blucher still continues the work of destruction.

And the bright round moon is shining down on all this, and the sweet air of June is breathing over it. Oh! what a scene for God and angels to look upon! What a blot on Nature's pure bosom! Even Wellington, as he slowly rode over the field by moonlight, *wept*. The heart trained in the camp and schooled in the brutal life of the soldier could not endure the sight. But this is not all. Mournful as is the spectacle, and terrific as is the ghastly sight of that dead and dying army, and heartrending as are the shrieks and groans and blasphemies that make night horrible, the field is alive with moving forms, stooping over the pros-

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trate dead. Are they ministers of mercy come hither to bind up the wounded and assuage their sufferings, or are they beasts of prey stooping over the carcasses still warm with human blood? Neither. They are men roaming the *field for plunder*. The dead and the wounded are alike ruthlessly trampled upon, as their bloody garments are rifled of their treasures. And this is glorious war, where heroes are made and deified! As my imagination rested on this picture, I no longer felt sympathy for Napoleon, as he fled a fugitive through the long night, while the roar of cannon behind him told where his empire lay trampled to the earth.

But the suffering did not end here. To measure the amount of woe this one battle has produced, go to the villages and cottages of France and England and Prussia. Count all the broken hearts it made—trace out the secret and open suffering that ends not with the day that saw its birth—and, last of all, go on to the judgment and imagine the souls that went from Waterloo and its fierce conflict to the rewards of Eternity; and then measure, if you can, the length and breadth and depth and height of that cursed ambition which made Napoleon a minister of death to his race. His wild heart sleeps at last, and Nature smiles again around Waterloo, and the rich grain waves as carelessly as if nothing had happened. That Providence which never sleeps fixed the limits of that proud man, and finally left the "desolator desolate" to eat out his own heart on the rock of Helena.

The field is covered with monuments to the dead, and a huge pyramid, surmounted by a lion, rises from the centre of the plain. One monument tells where the Scotch Greys stood and were cut down, almost to a man—another points to the grave of Shaw, who killed nine Frenchmen before he fell. The little church in the village of Waterloo is filled with tablets commemorating the dead. One struck me forcibly. On it was recorded the death of a man belonging to Wellington's suite. He was only eighteen years of age, and this was his twentieth battle. I never was more impressed with the brutality of the soldier than when my guide told me that he himself went over the field in search of plunder, the morning after the battle, and all he could find among the thousands of corpses was one old silver watch.

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My companion the English captain would go and see the grave of the Marquis of Anglesea's *leg*, which has a separate monument erected to it. The Marquis visited the field of battle a short time since, and had the pleasure of reading the epitaph of his own leg. Taking no particular interest in the Marquis's lower extremities, whether off or on, I did not see this monument.

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LETTERS

FROM ITALY.

BY

J. T. HEADLEY.

NEW YORK:
WILEY AND PUTNAM, 161 BROADWAY.

1845.

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PREFACE.

THE accompanying Letters were not originally written with the intention of being published in a book, and very probably would have been worse written if they had been. In passing through Italy, one is constantly subjected to sudden and great transitions of feeling. The "classic land" and the "home of the Cæsars," have so long been a portion of the scholar's dreams, and so brightly colored with his own feelings, that the very matter-of-fact objects that stare him in the face, when he is expecting some hallowed monument of the past, will often quite upset his gravity, and compel him to laugh, where he thought to have been serious and reflective. It has been my effort in these Letters to give a faithful transcript of my feelings, in all these sudden transitions. To some there may often appear too much lightness and frivolity. For ourselves, we like to have a man give *himself* in his travels—we wish to hear him soliloquizing—and we read his book not to learn that he can be, or is, a very serious and profound man, but to know how things struck him—that is, *travel with* him. Amid the new and exciting scenes that constantly meet travellers, in perhaps a hurried passage over a country, they cannot, and *do* not, have the views and feelings so often given, for *appearance'* sake, as their honest ones.

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Our purpose has been to let others, if possible, look through our eyes; and whether we have succeeded or not, or whether they would have obtained a very interesting view if they did, we leave the reader to judge. Descriptions of galleries of art, paintings, etc., have been avoided, as possessing interest to those only who have travelled over the same ground, and become familiar with the details necessary to make those descriptions clear. We have attempted, also, to give some idea of the condition of the inhabitants, especially of the lower classes, as they are topics seldom referred to in passing over the most classic land on the globe.

It was designed at first to publish these Letters in numbers, and the first number was issued, but the plan was immediately abandoned, and the publication of the remainder deferred till the whole could be issued in a volume. The first number embraced only Genoa and a portion of Naples—the least interesting part of Italy. Rome, Florence, Milan, the provinces, etc., are included in the remainder.

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CONTENTS.

			Page
Let	I.	Voyage to Italy—Man Lost Overboard	1
	II.	Gibraltar—Approach to Genoa	8
	III.	First Impressions—Lunatics	11
	IV.	Description of Genoa	16
	V.	House-Hunting—Romantic Marriage	19
	VI.	Funeral in the Morning—Murder of an American Officer	24
	VII.	Carnival—Clara Novello—Persecution of a Painter	29
	VIII.	Columbus' Manuscripts—Horseback Ride—Death in the Theatre	32
	IX.	A Day's Ramble through Genoa	36
	X.	Italian Soirees and Beauty—Marquis of Palavicini	42
	XI.	Odd Brokers—A Catholic Miracle	47
	XII.	Lord Byron—Marquis di Negro	51
	XIII.	Soldiers at Mass—Casino—Italian Virtue	57
	XIV.	Scenes of the Carnival—Cheating the Church	62
	XV.	Leghorn—Civita Vecchia—Naples	65
	XVI.	Pompeii	70
	XVII.	Ascent of Vesuvius	77
	XVIII.	Ladies of Italy and Ladies of America	85
	XIX.	Islands about Naples—Virgil's Scenes	91
	XX.	A Visit to Salerno—Pæstum	96
	XXI.	Castellamare—A Storm at Naples	103
	XXII.	Capua—A Begging Friar—Cenotaph of Cicero—Peasant Girl	107
	XXIII.	Approach to Rome—St. Peter's	112
	XXIV.	Saturday before Easter—Easter Sunday	115
	XXV.	Illumination of St. Peter's—The Girandola	122

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		Page
Let. XXVI.	Chanting of the Miserere in the Sistine Chapel	130
XXVII.	System of Farming in the Papal States	135
XXVIII.	The Coliseum at Midnight	139
XXIX.	Ruins and Epitaphs	144
XXX.	Capitol and Vatican	149
XXXI.	The Pope—Don Miguel—Mezzofanti	151
XXXII.	New Mode of Selling Milk—Lake Tartarus—Adrian's Villa—Tivoli	154
XXXIII.	An Improvisatrice—Ascent of St. Peter's	160
XXXIV.	Artists' Fete	164
XXXV.	Villa Pamphylia—Vespers—Borghesian Villa—The Quirinal—Tasso's Oak—Farewell to St. Peter's	170
XXXVI.	Departure from Rome—Peppery Englishman	177
XXXVII.	Fall of Terni	182
XXXVIII.	Perugia—Clitumnus—Battle-Field of Thrasymene	186
XXXIX.	A Man Built in a Wall	191
XL.	American Artists in Florence	196
XLI.	Venus di Medici—Titian's Venuses—Death of a Child—An English Family	203
XLII.	Stroll through Florence—Dominican Friar	207
XLIII.	Pisa—Condition of Italian Peasantry—Conversation with a Peasant Girl	218
XLIV.	King of Sardinia—Censorship of the Press—A Smuggling Priest	215
XLV.	Allessandria—Battle-Field of Marengo—Pavia—Milan	218
XLVI.	Character of the People of Italy	222

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LETTERS FROM ITALY.

LETTER I.

A Voyage to Italy—Sea-Sickness—Squalls—A Man Lost Overboard—Peril of the Crew.

At Sea, Sept. 15, 1842.

Dear E.—Why not begin my letter at sea? It is now no more travel-worn than Arabia Petræa. I hate this skipping over the ocean as "not worth mentioning" to burst on the reader from the middle of some Continent.

It was a beautiful day when we left New York, but it did seem cruel that you were not there to bid me good-bye. The laughter and mirth amid which my fancy painted you, your wife, and cousin A—— at Saratoga, seemed a mockery of my grief, as I floated away from the shore on which my heart lay, and refused to come to me. But when the pilot-boat left us, and the last thread of communication was cut off between me and the land that never seemed so dear before, I thought perhaps after all it was better to part so. It was easier to fling you an adieu up the Hudson, than to squeeze your hand over the vessel's side, when the tongue could not utter the farewell the heart spoke so loudly the while.

Our vessel was a beautiful Mobile Packet, and Mr. L., consul to Genoa, his wife, two children, myself, and a servant, constituted one family, and the entire corps of passengers, with the exception of Mr. S——, of New York, who, like myself, was in search of

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health. We sat grouped on deck, trying to laugh and appear indifferent, but it would not do. It was like boys whistling in the dark to keep off danger. But the overwhelming grief I expected to feel as I saw the last blue hill of my father-land sink into the western sky, never came. Nothing ever seemed to me more poetic or *pathetic* than Byron's farewell to the land of his birth;

> "Adieu, adieu—my native land
> Fades o'er the waters blue," &c.

And as I saw the dim shores die away in the distance, I expected the thousand fond recollections of home and its quiet joys, perhaps to be mine no more for ever—the deep yearning of heart toward the land I had trod from my infancy, and now left an invalid, together with the uncertainty and solitude of the sea, would quite unman me. But nothing could be farther from the truth. The sadness I had felt when drifting down the bay was fast disappearing, and the slow, heavy rolling of the vessel, soon after we were fairly at sea, brought on that strange sensation in one's head and stomach which entirely upsets his poetry—and by the time *Never*-sink *began* to sink beyond the waters, I cared for neither home nor country. Yet as the setting sun left his farewell on the waters, and the blue sky seemed to bend so lovingly over the land I loved, I thought it was quite too Pagan to feel no sadness. So I began to repeat to myself those sweet lines of Byron, but I made more rhymes than the illustrious poet himself. If uttered aloud they would have run:

> "Adieu, adieu—my native land (ugh, ugh,)
> Fades o'er the waters blue." (ugh.)

I could get no farther, and even when the broad round moon rode up the gorgeous night-heavens, making the sea a floor of silver, the effort was no more successful. Not the sweet moon and sweeter stars, nor the broad heaving sea, nor fading Neversink itself could whip up any sentiment. I fully agreed with Plato for the time that the soul was located in the stomach—at least they *sympathized* like two brothers. For a whole week we were a most dolorous group. The ladies below sat around the cabin pale and languid—the two gentlemen above lay rolled up like caterpillars to die. Sometimes stretched out in the jolly boat, some-

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times on the rail, I would watch by the hour the passing clouds to escape the dizziness created by the rolling of the ship.

"A life on the ocean wave" is a pleasant thing to sing about, especially if you are in a snug warm room and have Russell to sing, but those who try it find the *chorus* has never yet been written.

The sleeping, or rather not sleeping, in a miserable berth six feet by two, holding on to the one above you to prevent being thrown out—the eating like an Eastern devotee bowing over his sacrifice—the pitching and tossing of the ship against a head-wind on the heavy breakers—the long, monotonous days, and often restless nights—the wearisome calms and fearful storms, and more than all the yearning after the green quiet earth, make a sea-voyage irksome and sickening. It is true there is some relief to this. There is a beauty at times in the ocean, in its changes and caprices, that break its otherwise insufferable tedium. I think I have never enjoyed *mere life* more keenly, than when sitting in a clear day far out on the flying jib-boom, I have careered with the careering vessel, and looking back a-down the keel, watched the waters part and foam away from the cleaving bows. Next to this I love, when the sea is "gently rough," to sit on the topmost yard, and look abroad on the great solemn ocean, and catching the dim outlines of the vessels that are hovering on the edge of the horizon, send down "Sail ho," to the dreaming group on deck. It is pleasant also to lean over the taffrail and watch the rainbow-dolphin slowly swimming after the vessel, or the porpoises floundering ahead, while perhaps the black fin of a shark is combing the water in the distance. A clear evening on the quarter deck is sweet, when the moist south wind just fills the sails that are gently swelling in the light of the moon, and the bright sparkles here and there on the water seem the twinkling of the feet of Fairies abroad on their nightly revels. There is a sense of freedom too at sea. The jostling multitude—the jar of wheels, and the clamors of money-mad men, are not around. The heart is not compelled to retire within itself lest its feelings should be detected, and its emotions mocked. There are also time and room enough to think. Everything seems at leisure—even the waves when most excited have a stately motion.

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But these pleasures are all transient, and then comes the long pining after the fresh earth.

The pleasure of our passage was much marred by the loss of a man overboard. When within a few hundred miles of the Azores, we were overtaken by a succession of severe squalls. Forming almost instantaneously on the horizon, they moved down like phantoms on the ship. For a few moments after one struck us, we would be buried in foam and spray, and then heavily rolling on a heavy sea. We however prepared ourselves, and soon got everything snug. The light sails were all in—the jibs, top-gallants and spanker furled close—the main-sail clewed up, and we were crashing along under close reefed topsails alone, when a man, who was coming down from the last reef, slipped as he stepped on the bulwarks, and went over backwards into the waves. In a moment that most terrific of all cries at sea, "A man overboard! a man overboard!" flew like lightning over the ship. I sprung upon the quarter deck just as the poor fellow, with his "fearful human face," riding the top of a billow, fled past. In an instant all was commotion: plank after plank was cast over for him to seize and sustain himself on, till the ship could be put about and the boat lowered. The first mate, a bold, fiery fellow, leaped into the boat that hung at the side of the quarter deck, and in a voice so sharp and stern I seem to hear it yet, shouted, "in men—in men!" But the poor sailors hung back—the sea was too wild. The second mate sprung to the side of the first, and the men, ashamed to leave both their officers alone, followed. "Cut away the lashings," exclaimed the officer—the knife glanced around the ropes—the boat fell to the water—rose on a huge wave far over the deck, and drifted rapidly astern. I thought it could not live a moment in such a sea, but the officer who held the helm was a skillful seamen. Twice in his life he had been wrecked, and for a moment I forgot the danger in admiration of his cool self-possession. He stood erect—the helm in his hand—his flashing eye embracing the whole peril in a single glance, and his hand bringing the head of the gallant little boat on each high sea that otherwise would have swamped her. I watched them till nearly two miles astern, when they lay-to to look for the lost sailor. Just then I turned my eye to the Southern horizon and

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saw a squall blacker and heavier than any we had before encountered rushing down upon us. The Captain also saw it, and was terribly excited. He afterwards told me that in all his sea life he never was more so. He called for a flag, and, springing into the shrouds, waved it for their return. The gallant fellows obeyed the signal and pulled for the ship. But it was slow work, for the head of the boat had to be laid on to almost every wave. It was now growing dark, and if the squall should strike the boat before it reached the vessel, there was no hope for it. It would either go down at once, or drift away into the surrounding darkness, to struggle out the night as it could. I shall never forget that scene. All along the southern horizon between the black water and the blacker heavens was a white streak of tossing foam. Nearer and clearer every moment it boiled and roared on its track. Between it and us appeared at intervals that little boat like a black speck on the crest of the billows, and then sunk away apparently engulfed for ever. One moment the squall would seem to gain on it beyond the power of escape, and then delay its progress. As I stood and watched them both, and yet could not tell which would reach us first, the excitement amounted to perfect agony. Seconds seemed lengthened into hours. I could not look steadily on that gallant little crew now settling the question of life and death to themselves and perhaps to us, who would be left almost unmanned in the middle of the Atlantic, and encompassed by a storm. The sea was making fast, and yet that frail thing rode it like a duck. Every time she sunk away she carried my heart down with her, and when she remained a longer time than usual, I would think it was all over, and cover my eyes in horror—the next moment she would appear between us and the black rolling cloud literally covered with foam and spray. The Captain knew, as he said afterwards, that a few minutes more would decide the fate of his officers and crew. He called for his trumpet, and springing up the rattlings, shouted out over the roar of the blast and waves, "*Pull away, my brave bullies, the squall is coming—give way, my hearties!*" and the bold fellows *did* "give *way*" with a will. I could see their ashen oars quiver as they rose from the water, while the life-like boat sprung to their strokes down the billows, like a panther on the leap. On she came, and

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on came the blast. It was the wildest struggle I ever gazed on, but the gallant little boat conquered. Oh, how my heart leaped when she at length shot round the stern, and rising on a wave far above our lee quarter, shook the water from her drenched head as if in delight to find her shelter again.

The chains were fastened, and I never pulled with such right good will on a rope as on the one that brought that boat up the vessel's side. As the heads of the crew appeared over the bulwarks, I could have hugged the brave fellows in transport. As they stepped on deck, not a question was asked—no report given—but "*Forward, men!*" broke from the Captain's lips. The vessel was trimmed to meet the blast, and we were again bounding on our way. If that squall had pursued the course of all the former ones, we must have lost our crew; but when nearest the boat (and it seemed to me the foam was breaking not a hundred rods off) the wind suddenly veered, and held the cloud in check, so that it swung round close to our bows. The poor sailor was gone; he came not back again. It was his birth-day (he was 25 years old), and alas, it was his death-day. Whether, a bold swimmer, he saw at a distance his companions hunting hopelessly for him, and finally with his heart growing cold with despair, beheld them turn back to the ship, and the ship itself toss its spars away from him for ever, or whether the sea soon took him under, we know not. We saw him no more—and a gloom fell on the whole ship. There were but few of us in all, and we felt his loss. It was a wild and dark night; death had been among us, and had left us with sad and serious hearts. And as I walked to the stern, and looked back on the foam and tumult of the vessel's wake, in which the poor sailor had disappeared, I instinctively murmured the mariner's hymn, closing with the sincere prayer—

"Oh! sailor boy, sailor boy; peace to thy soul!"

At length the winds lulled, the clouds broke away, and a large space of blue sky and bright stars appeared overhead. The dark storm-cloud hung along the distant horizon, over which the lightning still played, while the distant thunder broke at intervals over the deep. The black ocean moaned on in its heavy sobbings,

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the drenched and staggering ship rolled heavily on its restless bosom, and the great night encompassed all. This was solitude so deep and awful that my heart seemed to throb audibly in my bosom. My eye ached with the effort to pierce the surrounding darkness, and find something to relieve the loneliness of the scene. At length the rising moon showed its bright disc over a cloud, tinging its black edge with silver, and pouring a sea of light on a sea of darkness, till the waves gleamed and sparkled as if just awakened to life and hope. The moon never looked so lovely before; it seemed to have come out in the heavens on purpose to bless and to cheer us.

In a few days more we made the Azores, and then came long, wearisome calms, that were infinitely worse to bear than the storms. After lying for several days "a painted ship on a painted ocean," pining for action, or at least motion, I went in perfect despair to the forecastle, and begged the sailors to give me some work. I would saw wood, turn grindstone, do anything, to break up the dreadful apathy that had settled on the ship. I ground up every old axe and knife and tool there was on board. I was amply repaid, not only in the elasticity of feeling I gained, but in the knowledge I acquired of sailors' character. There was one tall, lank, regular Yankee among the crew, with a roguish twinkle to his small, half concealed eye, that told of many a sly trick. Whenever he left the wheel to go forward and I was on the quarter-deck, he would invariably, as he passed me, roll an enormous quid of tobacco from his mouth into one hand, and, fetching it a box with the other, send it far over the rail into the sea, and, at the same time, thrust his tongue into the vacant place, and toss me one of the drollest winks that ever set a theatre in a roar. One day I saw him making mats for the yards out of the ends of old ropes. "Well," said I, "George, so you keep to work." "Yes," he replied, "there is no rest for poor Jack; if he can't play the *Jarman* flute he must *whistle*"—i. e., if he can't do one thing, he must another. Poor Jack! his lot *is* a hard one.

Yours, &c.

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LETTER II.

The Straits and Rock of Gibraltar—Gulf of Genoa, &c.

GENOA, October, 1842.

ONE morning we were awakened by the cry of land, and as I stepped out of the cabin, the ragged mountains of Africa, the shores of Spain, the Straits of Gibraltar, and over all the glorious rising Sun burst on the sight. The steady current was setting rapidly for the Mediterranean, and all was silent around save the low crushing sound a heavy tide always makes in its passage. The smoke that rose from burning timber on the hill tops and along the shore, gently inclined towards the Straits as if inviting us to enter, while over all was that dreamy haze which smoothes even the roughest scenery into a quiet aspect. Our keel cut the waters where rode the keels of Lord Nelson's fleet before the battle of Trafalgar. Land was for a moment forgotten as my fancy painted the line-of-battle ships slowly moving to the conflict. I saw, or thought I saw the long row of banners floating in the breeze, the cloud of smoke as broadside after broadside thundered over the sea. There were the broken and shivered masts dangling amid the ropes, the cries of men, the roll of the drum, and the confused noise of battle. The mountains were alive with fearful echoes, and the waves ran blood. The cheerful voice of Mrs. L. beside me called back my erring fancy, and the quietness of a summer morning rested on all the scene. Whether it was owing to the fresh view of land, or the beauty of the day, or the scene itself, I know not, but that day was one of enchantment to me. Its remembrance is more like a rich dream than a past experience. There was a combination of scenery, a succession of sensations followed by rapid associations that bore me away for a time like a child. I surrendered my heart to its impulses and let it regulate its own beatings. Distant mountains

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burying their heads in the smoky sky; towers, fortresses, abrupt rocks, smiling villages; vineyards in which nestled white cottages; a continent on either hand and the blue Mediterranean before me; all coming or passing on my sight, and shifting every moment, made it seem like a wizard land. At length Gibraltar—that grey old solitary rock—stood before me. Lying somewhat diagonal to the straits, and apparently isolated from the main land, it rose almost perpendicularly 1470 feet above me, cutting with its thin naked ridge the air in an irregular waving line.

As we passed it, the booming of cannon came over the water and died away on the shore of Africa. That rock was to me for a while the centre of association. Grand and gloomy it stood and had stood while ages had slowly rolled away—itself alone unchanged. It once looked down on the Roman galleys and on the vessel that bore Cæsar and his fortunes on. It had seen the pride of nations come and go with the same haughty indifference. It took no note of time, for time left not its mark upon it.

Its stern gravity had not changed with changing empires. It had felt the shock of cannon, and the hot meeting of foes had made its sides red with the blood of men, and yet it retained its old composure. As I looked on its grey top, it seemed conscious of its own greatness, and to utter a silent mockery on the pride of man. It is now England's, but the hand that grasps it is slowly crumbling away. The conflicts for that mountain of stone are not yet ended. Whose next shall it be?

The night came, and with the full moon over our heads, on her way to the mountains of Grenada, we fled over the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Islands came and went—days and nights vanished away, till, with the mountains of Piedmont on our left, we slowly passed up the gulf of Genoa. One morning found us within a few miles of the city, and the approach to it fully sustained the character it had borne. The rising sun gilded the tops of the Apennines before us, and threw its light on the snow-clad summits of the Alps on our left, that lay pale, and white, and silent far up in the heavens.—The shores on either hand that bent up to the city were lined with villages—the back-ground of hills was belted with vineyards, and dotted

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with white churches and palaces; while far away before us mountain interlocked mountain, each naked ridge crowned with a fortress, and receding away till a sea of summits flowed along the distant sky. At the base was Genoa, '*la superba*,' throned like a queen upon her hills and looking down upon the sea. The city lies in the form of a half circle, and rises away from the shore like an amphitheatre. There is no plain, and it is but a short distance from the shore to the base of the hills. These are cultivated to their very tops, and literally covered with terraced gardens and palaces. As we drew near the fragrance that fell down to the water was like the mingling of all sweet scents. This may seem almost a fancy sketch, but the first impressions, after a six weeks' voyage, of one of the loveliest scenes the sun ever shone upon, must be vivid but not necessarily overwrought. It was a holiday when we entered port, and added to all this beauty and sweetness, the chime of a hundred bells came merrily down to the bay. Yours, &c.

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LETTER III.

First Impressions—An Italian Woman—Lunatics.

GENOA, October.

DEAR E.—I cannot convey to you the strange feelings with which I first stepped on a foreign shore, and that shore, Italy. When one goes to Europe through England, he is gradually prepared for the strong contrast that exists between his own country and the countries he visits. But I had no preparation; the last thousand miles of sea were just like the first thousand, and I had simply taken one step, and had passed from New York, with its English language and home habits, into Genoa, with its queer customs and unintelligible jargon. Everything was changed so suddenly, that I wandered about like one in a dream. Now a tall mustached officer, wrapped in his long military cloak, would meet me, and eye me askance as he passed; and now a black-robed priest shuffled by, not deigning me even a look as he went. How many times during the day have I stopped and questioned my own identity!

The other day I was leaning over the balcony of our window at the hotel, watching the motley groups that passed and repassed, and listening to the strange Genoese jargon that every one seemed to understand but myself, when my attention was attracted by an elegantly dressed woman who was sauntering leisurely along up the street that my window faced. As she came near, her eye fell on me, and, her curiosity apparently excited by my foreign look, she steadily scrutinized me as she approached. My appearance might have been somewhat *outré*, but still I did not think it was worth such a *particular* scrutiny, especially from a lady. But she had not the slightest concern about my thoughts on the matter. She wished simply to gratify her own curiosity; so when she had got within the most convenient reconnoitering dis-

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tance, she deliberately paused, and lifting her quizzing-glass to her eye, coolly scanned me from head to foot. When she had finished, she quietly replaced her glass in her belt, and with a smile of self-satisfaction on her face, walked on.

Yesterday I visited the Lunatic Asylum, which stands in a valley between the outer and inner walls of the city. In this part of the city, the inner wall seems to have been built against a high bank, on the top of which the houses stand. This is fortified, and the space left on the top furnishes a beautiful carriage way and promenade, carrying you out to where the wall rises directly out of the Mediterranean, and giving you a view of the whole of the Ligurian Bay. From this promenade you can look down into the area of the Asylum. The building itself you will understand by comparing it to a wheel; the centre building, oval in form, is the *hub*, from which radiate on every side, like spokes, six long buildings. Around the extremities of these, passes a circular wall, making, of course, between these radiating wings, six triangular areas. In each of these areas a certain class of lunatics are allowed to range: the mild are put together, and the violent kept by themselves. If any one becomes fractious, the strait-jacket is clapped on him, and he is turned loose again, with nothing but his tongue and feet free. Nothing can present the contrasts of life stronger, than a stroll along this elevated promenade of a bright evening. The bright Mediterranean is sleeping like a summer lake as far as the eye can reach, and the feelings are lulled by the scene and the hour into tranquillity, when suddenly the sabbath stillness of the soul is broken by the scream of a maniac, raving below you. Leaning over the low parapet that guards this high wall, I often watch of an evening the laughing groups that fill the winding promenade before me, while shouts of mirth and bursts of music, coming at intervals on the night air, furnish strange interludes to the wild and confused accents that fill the valley at my feet.

But I liked to have forgotten my visit to the interior of the building. The officer who showed me over it was a very civil man. The lower room of the central oval building is a chapel, into which the long halls from each of these wings enter. Among other peculiarities, I noticed one room with a wooden floor and

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billiard table in the centre. Inquiring the design of this, I was told it was built for any insane gentleman, who could afford his own servant, and thirty francs a month for the use of them. Love and religion appeared to be the predominant causes of insanity. A poor creature sitting by herself, and counting her beads, had gone mad on religion. Among the quiet class was a tall, fine, dark looking man, who slowly paced backwards and forwards, with his head bent and his lips compressed, carrying an open letter in his hand. The profoundest melancholy sat on all his features, and his tread was like that of a man to a funeral. In the full freshness and hope of life he had received by the same letter the news of the loss of his fortune, and the falseness of his betrothed bride. His mind had stopped at the end of that letter, and had never advanced another step—the one terrible calamity it revealed, filled his mind for ever after. Standing on one of the windows, and looking down into the area of the incurables, I saw at the farther extremity, under a sort of shed, two heaps of rags, lying at a short distance from each other. They covered two women, who went every morning as soon as they were released from their cells, to the self-same spot, and there, crouching close under the wall, lay silent and motionless till aroused again by their keepers. The history of one I could not learn. The other was the wife of a gentleman, and had been in the Asylum sixteen years. I inquired why the husband did not furnish her with better clothing? The officer replied that he did, and also paid a high price to have particular attention and service rendered her; but the moment decent apparel was placed on her, she became wild with passion and refused all control until it was removed. This told her story, before the keeper related it to me. Young, lovely, and fiery-hearted, she had given her affections and oath to one who was her inferior in rank. But marriage is contracted here by the parents, and the daughter has no more voice in it than she had in her creation. This young and passionate creature was thus bartered away. Usually in such cases, the woman considers herself sold by a mercenary parent, and clings to her lover, while she is willing her husband should also follow *his* inclinations. And when we remember in what manner marriages

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are contracred in this country, looseness of morals in Italian women should cease to surprise us. Of more fiery blood than we, they *must* love somebody. Hence if married to a man they cannot love, they soon choose a lover. But I am forgetting my poor lunatic. Her lover was a young and melancholy creature, and his passion was of that silent, almost gloomy character, which always exalts or wrecks its victim. Without thinking of the future, he had cast every earthly hope—his entire being away upon this gay-hearted, high-spirited woman. The morning after she was led to the altar, she sat by her window with pale countenance and swollen eyes, watching his coming. But he came no more. The heavy hours wore on, and at length a messenger came and told her he was dead. The night that made her a wife, made him a corpse. He had driven a stiletto through his heart—and to render his death still more heart-breaking, he had not left her a single line. Gloomy and reserved in his life, he scorned to complain in his death. The young bride went into a paroxyism of grief; she tore the bridal dress from her bosom, and the garland from her hair, and went raving mad. The storm had its passage, but when it wore off, black inanity and speechless silence took its place. And now for sixteen years had she lived, with a dead heart in her bosom. The hair had whitened on her head, and the wrinkles deepened on her cheeks, yet she changed not. The buried heart found no resurrection.

As I stood gazing on that motionless form, wondering if thought was still busy there through the long days, my attention was directed by a sudden cry below me. I looked down, and there stood a woman stretching her hands up towards the window, her face working with passion, and crying "le chiavi, le chiavi" (the keys, the keys). The keeper was dangling the keys out of the window, and they had caught her attention. With the sight of those keys came the remembrance of the solitary cell and its gloom. What a symbol of terror they were to her!

I turned away, wrapt in reverie and sad at heart. Ah, happy is he, who can read the riddle of life, and make harmony and bliss out of its discord and suffering. But the throng of promenaders that soon surrounded me, and the excess of happiness that seemed

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on every side, completely upset the theory I had just commenced weaving.

'Tis midnight, and all is still as the moonlight sleeping on these old palaces—but now the chorus of some gay serenaders rings through the streets. The echoes sink and swell along these marble mountains, and I must stop and listen. Good night.

Yours, &c.

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LETTER IV.

Genoa—Its Streets—People—Mode of Life, &c.

GENOA, October.

DEAR E.—I have been three weeks in Genoa, and I suppose I have not given you what is called a *general* description of the city. This I dislike most of all things—first, because it is indefinite; second, because it is uninteresting. Genoa, as I stated in a former letter, lies in the form of a segment of a circle, and rises like an amphitheatre from the sea. The ground on which it rests is irregular, and there is not a *level* or a *straight* street in it. They wind and twist about like alleys in every direction. Hence a stranger has peculiar sensations in first wandering over the city. Unable to see out at either end of the street, and from the immense height of the houses, rising 70 or 80 feet on either side, unable to get an *upper* view, he feels at first as if threading the narrow passages of some dungeon, expecting every moment his path will open into daylight and freedom, and yet finding himself ever encompassed with dark grey walls.

In some of these streets the sunlight never reaches the pavement, and in most of them the bats are flying at our dinner hour, which is three o'clock. Strada Balbi, Nuova and Nuovissima are magnificent streets, and lined with palaces almost the entire way. The wealth that built them was won from the East, by the commerce the Crusades opened into that country. With the exception of Venice there is no city in the world equal to Genoa in its palaces. There is but one public promenade, called the Aqua Sola. It lies on the verge of the city, and is a beautiful place of resort. It is elevated above the surrounding streets, covering several acres, and looks out upon the mountains of Piedmont and the Gulf of Genoa. The whole city is surrounded by two walls; one circling the city proper is six miles in circumference, the

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other going over the hills is thirteen miles long. The gates are strongly fortified and constantly guarded. The shops of the town possess scarcely any beauty: the largest could well nigh be put in the bow-window of a Broadway store. The basement stories of magnificent palaces are let out for hatters' shops, livery stables, and indeed everything—a main entrance only being reserved. The upper rooms alone are occupied. Genoa contains about 100,000 inhabitants, one-seventh of whom are soldiers and priests. They are called the Yankees of Italy. Their great fault is they *will* cheat. You cannot trust them. It has passed into a proverb that "it takes *seven* Jews to cheat *one* Genoese."

The females of the ordinary classes wear no bonnets in the streets, but in their stead a piece of muslin folded across the top of the head, called a mazzro, and descending around the neck and over the shoulders in the form of a shawl. With only this protection, I have seen them lounging along the streets when the tramontane blowing fresh from the Alps made me shiver with my cloak wrapped close around me. This tramontane or north wind is very cold, and blows so furiously that ships lying in port are often compelled to heave out both a bow and stern anchor. But notwithstanding this and the vicinity of the mountains and the high latitude of Genoa, being above 44°, there is no snow in winter, and the poorer classes do without fuel the year round. This is partly owing to its dearness. Even the little necessary for cooking is hoarded with the greatest care. One day being in the country when a strong south-west wind was rolling a heavy surf on the shore, I saw groups of persons along the beach watching the approach of every wave, and, rushing after it as it retired, snatch something from the water. I could not imagine what prize could create so much interest. On approaching nearer I saw that the objects of their eager struggles were small chips; some not bigger than half your hand, and small twigs the sea was throwing ashore. These they were gathering for fuel. So scarce and dear is it that none is used to heat water for washing clothes. They take all their garments out to the fresh streams, and on a pleasant day you will see groups of women from four to fifteen, lining the creek on every side of the city. They tuck their dresses up above the knees, and kneeling down among the

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pebbles, take one large smooth stone for a *washboard*, wrap it up in the article to be cleansed, and then begin to knead it. Although there is a great deal of wealth in Genoa, the poor are but little the better for it.

The pay of a soldier is only a penny a day, and even the officers, most of whom are poor nobles, receive but two francs, or two francs and a half, per day. Notwithstanding all these difficulties the common people seem contented and happy. There are no anxious brows as with us. Life and its obligations seem to sit lightly on an Italian. Each one being born into a rank, out of which it is difficult to rise, he makes no effort except to live. His anxieties seem to end with the gratification of his physical wants. He lives for the sake of living. He whistles care to the winds so long as he has food and clothing. With us each generation is placed on one grand race-course—the prize being for all. Hence life becomes one long fierce struggle for pre-eminence. The same reward being offered to the lowest that is extended to the highest, it lashes every man to his utmost energy. Existence becomes a feverish excitement and the generation passes through life like a storm.—It is true "mountains are levelled, and seas are filled in its passage," but there has been no repose and but little contentment.

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LETTER V.

House-hunting—Romantic Marriage—Spanish Nobility.

DEAR E.—We have been house-hunting. Thinking it would be pleasanter to be in the country, L—— has been ransacking the country round for a pleasant residence. The Riviera, as it is called, or the shores of the Mediterranean, on either side of the city, furnishes the most charming place for country-seats in the world. The ground rises immediately from the sea, terraced, as it goes, into vineyards. After a vast deal of talking, riding, and seeing, L—— had finally concluded that one of two must be the choice; so the next day we all got into a carriage, and rode out to see the one on the east side of the city. Passing by the grand and little Paradises, we emerged on to the sea shore, and trotted away for Noli.

The building was finely furnished and commanded a beautiful prospect, but the entrance to it was from a narrow street, and Mrs. L—— threw in her veto (as all ladies in such circumstances, you know, have a right to do). There is quite a little romance connected with this building. It was formerly erected and owned by a wealthy man, who was in the habit of visiting a beautiful peasant girl in the neighborhood. Pleased with his attention, she cast off, as ladies are very apt to do, the rustic lover she had before encouraged. But although her new admirer was frequent and steady in his visits, he never mentioned the subject of matrimony. Things went on in this way for three years, till one night the gentleman was startled, as he was about leaving the house, by the abrupt entrance of the two brothers of the inamorata, demanding that he should immediately marry their sister. They told him that he had visited her for three years, thus keeping away other suitors, and destroying all hopes of their sister's marriage except with him: three years were

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quite long enough for him to make up his mind in, and as he had not done it, they had concluded to do it for him. This was bringing things to a focus he had not anticipated. For a man of wealth and station to marry a poor peasant girl, merely because he condescended to be smitten by her beauty, was something more than a joke; yet he saw at a glance that there was more meant by those brothers' speech than met the ear—in short, that his choice was to be a marriage or a stiletto through his heart. This was reducing things to the simplest terms; rather too simple for the wealthy admirer.

The trembling, weeping girl, the bold, reckless brothers, and the embarrassed gentleman, must have formed a capital group in a peasant's cottage. At length Signor —— attempted to compromise the matter by saying that then was not the time, nor there the place, to celebrate such a ceremony; besides there was no priest, and the proper way would be to talk over the subject together in the morning. One of the brothers leaned back and rapped slightly on a side door; it opened, and a priest, with his noiseless, cat-like tread, entered the circle. "Here is a priest," said the brothers. There was a short interval of silence, when Signor —— made a slight movement towards the door. Two daggers instantly gleamed before him. He saw that it was all over with him—that the three years of courtship were going to amount to something after all—and so yielded with as good grace as possible, and the nuptials were performed. Like a man of sense, he immediately placed his wife in a convent to be educated, while he, in the mean time, bought a title. Years passed by, and the ignorant peasant-girl emerged into the fashionable world, an accomplished woman. She is now a widow, and is called the beautiful Countess of ——.

I was amused with an illustration of Italian character, in an incident that occurred while visiting another house that the owners wished to let. A woman showed us over the rooms and grounds, whose manners were much superior to those of a servant, while her dress was not. As this service is usually done by servants, and indeed is one of the perquisites of their situation, L—— supposed, of course, that a fee was expected. Having no small change, he asked me to give her some money; but there was

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something about the woman that made me instinctively shrink from doing it, so I gave him the piece and he presented it to her. She colored up to her very temples, smiled in most charming confusion, and discerning, with a woman's quick perception, the cause of the mistake, began to apologise for her dress, saying we had taken her quite by surprise. After all possible apologies were made on our part, L—— turned to me, with a most comical look, and said in English, "I mistrusted as much, but really we are not to blame; she need not dress so shockingly." A minute after she disappeard, leaving us strolling in the garden, mortified at our mistake, and regretting the shock we had given the dear creature's feelings.

Judging her by ladies in general, we expected of course to see no more of her, and fancied her sitting within her room, looking the personification of contempt at our want of penetration. But silent contempt is not an Italian woman's mode of revenge. To our surprise, just as we were leaving the gate, a cheerful voice called out to us, and lo! there came tripping up our abused lady, with some *special* information about the house, which she had forgotten to mention. The additional *information*, of course, was all smoke, but not so her personal appearance. In the short time she had been absent, she had doffed her sluttish apparel, especially the villainous handkerchief she had on her neck, and which would have ruined the beauty of Venus herself, and unpinned her raven curls, which were left floating coquettishly about her shoulders, and advanced, showing the most brilliant set of teeth, and smiling, oh! *so naturally*. The little witch knew she was handsome, and saw by our looks and most deferential air, that she had achieved a victory. She had doubled our mortification, and left us with the full belief that she was a downright handsome woman.

This incident, trifling as it seemed, was a whole chapter on Italian character. An English or American woman would have treated the whole thing with sovereign contempt, and gained by it—*nothing;* for nobody but herself would have known it. An Italian woman has pride, but it works in an entirely different way. To her, dignity and woman's rights are nothing; but *vic-*

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tory—everything; and there is nothing she will not submit to, in order to gain it.

To-day we have been to look at a palace, six miles distant, on the other side of the city. It is now occupied by the family of an exiled Spanish duke, the duke himself having recently died. The entrance to it is through an iron gate, and up an avenue lined with hedges of box-wood and rows of trees. In front is a semicircular area, filled with statuary, orange, lemon trees, and grape vines. You ascend by a flight of steps into the lower entrance, and then by a marble staircase into the grand reception room, which is hung round with old paintings. In one part of the building is a beautiful chapel. Entering at length the door of the sitting-room, we beheld the two daughters of the old duke at their work. They rose as we entered, and two more striking women I never met. They were dressed in deep mourning, and their raven hair was parted plain and smooth, over as polished brows as ever sculptor perfected.

Near by stands the old palace of Prince Doria, empty, and fast sinking to ruins. The keeper of it found we were house-hunting, and sent to have us look at his "palazzo." It was well worth seeing, both for its antiquity and noble name; but the mirrors were marred, the paintings moth-eaten, the old furniture rotted away, and the whole interior so forlorn and ruinous, that it made me shudder to walk through it. Up the long avenue that stretched away below me, the mailed crusader had galloped on his war steed, and the area under the window had been filled with shaking lances. Knights and warriors had once made the room in which I sat ring with their revels.

But while my fancy, as is usual in such cases, was galloping off at tip-top speed, it was suddenly brought to a dead stand-still, by L——'s quietly drawing himself up and asking the attendant if he did not think the price asked for the old concern was rather too high? Shade of Don Quixotte! how knights, and high-born ladies, and fierce old crusaders, scampered away at that question! I sat down and laughed, till the old keeper thought I was demented. L—— turned, half comical and half inquiring, towards me, and I exclaimed, "Only think, Charlie—that old fellow is showing this old princely palace over to us two young republicans, with

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as much gravity and deference as if the blood of a thousand kings flowed in our veins. Oh! money, thou leveller of kings: nay, thyself a king; 'every inch a king!'" "Well, J——," said my friend, "how would you like it here, any how?" "Like it!" said I, "why, I should be frightened to death to stay here over night. I would no more sleep here, than I would sleep in a goblin castle. I should expect to sink through six or seven floors before morning, and finally wake up a mile or two under ground."

The grounds of the palace, however, were magnificent, and the fountains, and orange groves in them, and quiet lakes, with their fairy islands and shady walks, were becoming a prince's retreat. You could walk miles under the shade of trees, amid fountains and statuary, without retracing the steps.

To-night we have had a council over the different places of residence. They were all finally reduced to two, and the veto power lay of course in Mrs. L——'s hands. L—— stoutly declared that my vote was worth nothing, as it would be thrown of course for the palace in which the two beautiful Spaniards were. Mrs. L——, however, decided on that herself, and so, as we say at home, the thing "is fixed," and we move our traps next week.

Yours, &c.

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LETTER VI.

Funeral in the Morning—Murder of an American Officer.

DEAR E.—We have been three weeks in our home, and a charming one it is for this country. The grounds are terraced up behind it, to the top of a hill, where there is a semicircular area fringed with a hedge of box-wood, and filled with seats, designed for pic-nic parties. The view from this spot is like the vision of a dream-land. All the sea-shore is below you, dotted with white villages, and the bay stretches off into the open sea, while the snow-capped Alps are folding their summits together on the far distant heavens. Grape-covered walks interlace the grounds in every direction, and the yellow orange and lemon hang in profusion before our windows. The building has nearly thirty rooms in it, all furnished, and some of them very richly, and the *rent* is a trifle over $360 per annum; so break up your establishment in Broadway *instanter*—half its expense will enable you to live here like a prince.

It takes some time to accustom one's self to these immense rooms. There are but three of us, and three servants, in all, and it seems impossible to expand ourselves to the size of the building. Mr. L., wife, and nurse, occupy rooms on one side of the house, while I am all alone on the other side. The slamming of the great doors, ringing through these immense halls as I go to bed, makes me nervous. I do not like things on so large a scale. Our dining-table is so immense, that we almost need a trumpet to hail each other across it. One of your snug American houses, made on purpose for comfort, is worth a dozen of them.

The palace of the Marquis of Palavicini stands on a hill opposite us, the bells of whose chapel seem to take a peculiar pleasure in ringing after midnight. If the good Marquis expects to keep

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the saint for whose benefit they are rung, quiet in his grave, by these nocturnal rope-pullings, he must have a singular idea of the way dead folks sleep; yet I can almost forgive the disturbance, for the chimes will sometimes be so sweet and musical, that they mingle in my dreams, and sink away into my spirit like the memory of young joys.

This morning I was awakened by that mysterious solemn chant heard nowhere but in Catholic countries; rousing me out of my sleep while my room was yet dark, it had an indescribable effect upon my feelings. I jumped out of bed, and throwing open the shutters, beheld a funeral train winding along through one corner of our garden—their long wax tapers burning dimly in the grey twilight of morning. One of the peasantry had died, and the friends were bearing the corpse, wrapped in white, to a neighboring church. Females, robed in white, with long white muslin shawls folded across the top of the head, and falling down over their shoulders, accompanied the bier. The whole procession moved with a rapid step, while that strangely wild chant rose and fell in regular cadences on the air. It finally emerged from the vine-covered walks, and passing rapidly a bridge that spanned a rivulet at the bottom of the garden, disappeared on the other side. I turned to my bed again, but not to sleep. The ghostly chant awaking me out of my slumbers, had struck a superstitious chord in my heart, and that funeral train seemed to me like a visit and a warning from the spirit land, and left a sadness on me that I could not shake off.

I left this letter unfinished to go to dinner, and while we were at table a carriage drove up, and a clerk of the Consular office was announced, bringing a note from the Vice-Consul, stating that our Mediterranean fleet had just arrived from Mahon. This was stirring news, and we were soon *en route* for Genoa. It was too late for the Consul to board the fleet officially, and so we met Commodore Morgan and his lady on the wharf. The fleet has left Mahon on account of the assassination of one of our midshipmen. The disbanded soldiers of the Spanish army are turned loose on the island, and become perfect cut-throats. The feeling among the officers against the government, on account of its perfect indifference to the murder, threatened serious disturbances,

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and the Commodore wisely resolved to leave. The midshipman who was killed, seemed to have one of those mysterious warnings, which sometimes paralyze the heart of the stoutest warrior just before an engagement. Owing to the lawless character of the inhabitants, the officers invariably wore side arms when they went ashore. Young Morrison, the afternoon he went ashore, appeared unusually sad, and just as he was about leaving the ship, the officer, who related to me the circumstances, told him he had better take his pistols with him. He shook his head, and said seriously he did not need them. "But, surely," said his friend, "you are not going to leave your sword behind." He replied yes, and stepped into the boat. In the evening he was at a Café with several of the officers, and when they left, lingered behind a moment. The officers had not proceeded far, when (said my friend), "I heard a shriek behind me. The next moment young M. rushed by, exclaiming, 'I am killed,' and fell dead." His friends rushed back to seize the assassin, but found only a large Spanish knife on the ground, covered with blood. The murderer had fled. He had evidently watched young M. coming out of the Café unarmed, and stepping up behind in the dark, pinioned him tight with one arm, while, with the other, he rapidly gave him three stabs in the heart. The next day it was discovered that M. had taken out his Bible before he went ashore, and read it, and inserted between the leaves a short will, or parting request to his friends, showing that he anticipated his death. So powerful and mysterious was this impression, that he took pains to leave all his weapons behind him. He seemed to regard his death as fixed among the unalterable decrees. He had had no quarrel, and probably the only reason the assassin attacked him was, that he found him alone and unarmed.

Some would find in this an evidence of the truth of omens and warnings, but if we could look through the causes that led to the impressions in this case, we might find it based on a superstitious notion received in infancy, or an incident slight as the tick of the death-watch. It was of no consequence whether the cause of the impression was reasonable, or not—it led him to that carelesness and neglect, which would probably have secured the death of any officer.

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20th.—To-day I have been back in the mountains among the poorer peasantry. Houses are scattered all through the hills, with nothing but paths leading to them from the sea. Pigs and chickens have free access, and they are often the only inmates you see on the threshold. The situation of these hovels is highly picturesque. From the top of a ridge I would look down into a deep valley, and there, beside a brawling stream, all buried up in the vines, would nestle something that ought to have been a cottage, but which, alas, was a *hovel*. It is astonishing to see how the hill-sides in some places are cultivated. Patches, that look scarcely larger than the palm of your hand, spot the mountains in every direction.

Chestnuts are quite a staple article for food. They are about three times as large as our chestnuts, and are eaten in almost every form, but usually roasted. They are also pounded up, and cooked into a sort of pudding.

In general, the peasantry are more chaste than the other classes of Italians. The seducer may roam among the nobility, and unless he treads on the toes of some peppery rival, acquires credit, rather than disgrace, by his conquests. But let him go among the peasantry, and his body will soon be found in the highway, with the marks of the knife on him. Among the poor, there are no matches of convenience, made by the parents, and in which virtue and love are entirely useless commodities. The peasant girl has nothing but her character to recommend her, and when that is gone, her hopes of marriage are gone. I must say, however, that selfishness seems to have as much to do with their chastity, as virtuous principles, and perhaps more; for *after* marriage, the same sensitiveness is not exhibited, and peccadilloes, and love affairs, are the source of endless quarrels, and often murders.

21st.—Last night was a terrific night. An awful storm swept the sea and the shores. I stood by the window at midnight and gazed off on the waves that almost washed the foot of the garden. Every few moments the angry swell would fall in thunder on the beach, sending its foam to the roofs of the buildings that lined the shore. Perfect blackness would be resting on everything, when a sudden flash of lightning would light up the whole riviera and

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bay, while the masts of a vessel struggling against the blast were painted out distinctly against the clouds. While I was gazing on this war of the elements, suddenly over the roar of the waves, and in the intervals of the thunder, came the dull report of cannon. It was a signal of distress. Some vessel at a distance was driving ashore, and that cannon-shot was her cry for help. Nothing can be sadder than to stand on land and hear above the tumult of the storm, the minute gun of distress at sea. The staggering ship—terror-stricken sailors and the wild death before them, rush over the fancy with every shot.

I have heard this morning that a Marseilles vessel was wrecked in the storm, but only two of the crew perished.

Yours, &c.

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LETTER VII.

The Carnival—Clara Novello—Isola the Painter, &c.

GENOA, 1843.

THE Carnival here, as in all Italian cities, is the gay season of the year. Balls, routes, masquerades, follow each other in quick succession. The Opera is at its height, and the whole population throw off their cares, and laugh, and dance, and sing, as if the world were a flower garden and Italy the brightest bower within its borders. *Clara Novello* has been the Prima Donna for the last half of the Carnival. Rome and Genoa had both, as they thought, engaged her for the season, and hence when each claimed her there was a collision. The two Governments took it up and finally it was referred to the Pope. It was a matter of some consequence to his Holiness where the sweet singer should open her mouth for the season. In his magnanimity he decided she should stay at Rome. The managers, however, compromised the matter by each city having her half the time. She had formerly been exceedingly popular here, but contrary to the will of the chief bass singer and the leader of the orchestra, she attempted at her first appearance, an air unsuited to her voice, and which she was told she could not perform. Of course she failed and was slightly hissed. Her English blood* mounted at so unequivocal a demonstration of their opinion of her singing, and Dido-like, bowing haughtily to the crowd, she turned her back on the audience and walked off the stage. The tenor and the bass both stopped—the orchestra stopped—indeed *all* stopped except the *hissing*, which waxed louder every moment. She was immediately taken to her rooms by the Police of the city, and for three days the gens-d'armes stood night and day at her door, keeping the fair singer a prisoner for her misconduct. This is a fair illustration of this government. Even an opera singer cannot pout without

* Her mother was an English woman.

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having the gens-d'armes after her. On the promise of good behavior, however, she was released from confinement and again appeared on the stage, where the good-natured, music-loving Italians hailed her appearance with deafening cheers, and repaid their want of gallantry with excess of applause.

Poor Clara Novello is not the first who has suffered from the tyranny of this military despotism. The other day I went to see the first painter of Genoa. He is a young man, modest, amiable, and courteous, so much so that I became immediately deeply interested in him. His name is Isola. He, too, has fallen once under the ban of the government. Like all geniuses he loves liberty, and the first great historical piece he painted and on which he designed to base his claim to be ranked among the first artists of his country, was a representation of the last great struggle Genoa made for freedom. He showed me the design: in the foreground with his horse fallen under him, struggled the foreign governor that had been imposed on the people, while the excited multitude were raining stones and missiles on him, and trampling him under foot. Farther back, and elevated on the canvass, stood the Marquis of Spinola, cheering on the people, one hand grasping the sword, the other waving aloft the flag of Freedom. Excited men were running hither and thither, through the crowded streets, and all the bustle and hurry of a rapid, heavy fight, were thrown upon the canvass. It was a spirited sketch, and one almost seemed to hear the battle cry of freemen, and the shout of victory. Such a picture immediately made a noise in Genoa, where yet slumber the elements of a Republic. It was finished, and admired by all, and treasured by the painter. But one day, while Isola was sitting before it, contemplating his work, and thinking what corrections might be made, his door was burst open, and two gens-d'armes stood before him. Seizing the picture before his eyes they marched him off behind it, to answer for the crime of having painted his country battling for her rights. The painting was locked up in a room of the government, where it has ever since remained. Isola was carried between two gens-d'armes a hundred and twenty miles, to Turin, and thrown into prison. He was finally released, but his picture remains under lock and key. The government, however, *has*, in its magnanimity, con-

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descended to permit the artist to sell it to any one who will carry *it out of the country*. Where shall it go? I would that some American might purchase it. I spoke with him on the subject, and sympathized with him on the wrongs he had suffered. I spoke to him of my country, and the sympathy such a transaction would awaken in every grade of society, and invited him to go home with me, where he could breathe free, and his pencil move free. I promised him a welcome, and a reputation, and a home in a republic, whose struggle for freedom had never yet been in vain, and whose air would unfetter his spirit and expand his genius.

Such language from a foreigner and a republican, he felt to be sincere. He turned his immensely large, black, and melancholy eyes on me, and attempted to reply. But his chin began to tremble, his voice quivered and stopped, his eyes filled with tears, and he turned away to hide his feelings. Oh, when I think of the cursed tyranny man practises on man—the brutal chain, Power puts on Genius—the slavery to which a crowned villain can and does subject the noblest souls that God lets visit the earth—I wish for a moment that supreme power were mine, that the wronged might be righted, and the noble yet helpless be placed beyond the reach of oppression and the torture of servility.

The police of this kingdom is Argus-eyed. Gens-d'armes in disguise are in every coffee-house, and crowd, and party. Two nobles have lately been imprisoned for uttering a few careless words. These spies of tyranny are dogging your footsteps when you least expect it, and report your words long after they have been forgotten by yourself. So afraid is the king of the influence of republican principles, that he has despatched an order to his officers in Genoa to be on their guard and not be very familiar with the officers of our squadron. In consequence, many Genoese officers, who were exceedingly polite, all at once have become shy and distant. Only think of 60,000 soldiers to a population of about 400,000, and for a territory about the size of New York! But these things will have an end. Dream as men will, the world is not merely marking time; it is onward with a steady step to *some goal*.

Yours, &c.

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LETTER VIII.

Columbus' Manuscripts—Ride on Horseback—Death in the Theatre.

GENOA, January, 1843.

DEAR E.—We are back in Genoa. The coming on of the rainy season and the gay season together, made it very uncomfortable so far out of town. Besides, our fleet has moored itself for the winter in port, and many of its officers have their ladies with them, making quite an American society in the city. Our Chargé at Turin and lady have also come down to spend a month or two, so that American stock is quite up in the market. Last night I was at a tea-party on board the flag-ship, in the captain's cabin. There were eight or nine American ladies present, and nothing has reminded me so much of home since I left it. Commodore Morgan is a frank, brave and noble-hearted man, and every inch a sailor. He has unfortunately been laid up with the gout since he arrived, and hence seldom appears in society; but when he does, his soldier-like bearing attracts universal attention. In the Tangier affair he has been more sinned against than sinning. Such officers also as Lieutenants Brown and Griffin, and others that might be named, are an honor to our flag wherever they carry it. I forgot to tell you that our "*locum tenens*" is in Strada Balbi, nearly opposite the palace of the king; nearer to it than I trust *your* house will ever stand to a royal palace—at least while it stands on American soil.

Horseback riding along this riviera is perfectly delicious. I do not wonder that Byron and Lady Blessington preferred to take their "tête-à-tête" on horseback along this magnificent sea-shore. Yesterday, towards evening, I took a gallop with Mr. Duralde, a grandson of HENRY CLAY, and extending our ride farther than we anticipated, we did not return till in the dusk of the evening. Being somewhat in a hurry, we entered the city on a plunging

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trot, and there being no carriages or horses in the street to intercept our progress, we did not slacken our speed. As we approached a narrow street, into which we were to turn, I saw a little donkey ambling along with a load on his back; but not dreaming he was going to interfere with my motions, I paid no attention to him till just as I was turning the corner, when, to my surprise, I saw him also wheeling into the same street, and not hugging the wall either so closely as I thought he might conveniently have done. Being under full speed, I saw in a moment that a collision was inevitable; but I supposed his donkeyship would have the worst of it, as I carried both more momentum and more weight. But the load I took to be some soft substance proved to be blocks of marble, against the corner of which my leg came with all the force a rapid trot could bring it. The donkey, load and all, went spinning into the corner of an old palace, but my leg was battered most cruelly by the blow. After I dismounted, I found myself unable to walk for a long time, and have limped ever since. This, *you* would say, should learn me to ride slower, while *I* would say, it should learn *all donkeys* to keep their own side of the road.

The other day I went to see the manuscripts of Columbus, presented by him to the city of Genoa. They are kept in an aperture made in a marble shaft, that is surmounted by a bust of Columbus. The little brass door that shuts them in, can be opened only by means of three keys, which have been kept till lately by three different officers, in three different sections of the city, so highly is the legacy prized. These letters are written in bold, plain characters, and are filled with the noblest sentiments. Several were translated to me, and one expression struck me as peculiarly characteristic of the man. Speaking of his preservation in his long voyages, and through his great perils, he says: "I am one of the most favored by the grace of God." I never held a treasure in my hand, that had to me such an inestimable value, as these noble letters of the noblest and greatest of men.

I have seen and heard much of an Italian's love of music, but nothing illustrating it so forcibly as an incident that occurred last evening at the opera. In the midst of one of the scenes, a man

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in the pit near the orchestra was suddenly seized with convulsions. His limbs stiffened; his eyes became set in his head, and stood wide open, staring at the ceiling like the eyes of a corpse; while low and agonizing groans broke from his struggling bosom. The prima-donna came forward at that moment, but seeing this livid, death-stamped face before her, suddenly stopped, with a tragic look and start, that for *once* was perfectly natural. She turned to the bass-singer, and pointed out the frightful spectacle. He also started back in horror, and the prospect was that the opera would terminate on the spot; but the scene that was just opening was the one in which the prima-donna was to make her great effort, and around which the whole interest of the play was gathered, and the spectators were determined not to be disappointed because one man was dying, and so shouted, "go on! go on!" Clara Novello gave another look towards the groaning man, whose whole aspect was enough to freeze the blood, and then started off in her part. But the dying man grew worse and worse, and finally sprung bolt upright in his seat. A person sitting behind him, all-absorbed in the music, immediately placed his hands on his shoulders, pressed him down again, and held him firmly in his place. There he sat, pinioned fast, with his pale, corpse-like face upturned, in the midst of that gay assemblage, and the foam rolling over his lips, while the braying of trumpets, and the voice of the singer, drowned the groans that were rending his bosom. At length the foam became streaked with blood as it oozed through his teeth, and the convulsive starts grew quicker and fiercer. But the man behind held him fast, while he gazed in perfect rapture on the singer, who now, like the ascending lark, was trying her loftiest strain. As it ended, the house rang with applause, and the man who had held down the poor writhing creature could contain his ecstacy no longer, and lifting his hands from his shoulders, clapped them rapidly together three or four times, crying out over the ears of the dying man, "Brava, brava!" and then hurriedly placing them back again to prevent his springing up, in his convulsive throes. It was a perfectly maddening spectacle, and the music jarred on the chords of my heart like the blows of a hammer. But the song was ended, the effect secured, and so the spectators could at-

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tend to the sufferer in their midst. The gens-d'armes entered, and carried him speechless and lifeless out of the theatre. (If this be the refined nature, and sensitive soul, love of music creates, Heaven keep me from it, and my countrymen.) Give me a heart, with chords that vibrate to human suffering, sooner than to the most ravishing melody, aye, that can hear nothing and feel nothing else, when moving Pity speaks. But so the world goes, —men will weep over a dying ass, then pitch a brother into the ditch. A play, oh, how they can appreciate, and feel it, they are *so* sensitive, but a stern, stirring fact, they can look as coldly on as a statue!

The wife of our chargé related to me the other day a curious illustration of an Italian's habit of crying "bravo" to everything that pleases him. During the winter there was a partial eclipse of the sun, and the Turinites were assembled on the public square to witness it. As the shadow of the moon slowly encroached on the sun's disc, they cried out "bravo, bravo," as they would to a successful actor on the stage.

A priest whom L—— considers a great bore has just left us. He has one of the most treacherous, sinister-looking black eyes I ever saw in a human head. Mrs. L—— says his presence affects her like that of a snake. I rather like him as a character, though I would not trust him an inch beyond his self-interest. He is honest in one thing, however—he says there is not a ghost of chance for a Protestant in the next world, and asserts that I am a gone man, with most provoking coolness. He will not let me stop even in purgatory, where the prayers of good Catholics might reach me, but shoves me straight past into the lowest pit of perdition. I laugh at his charity, and *hope* a better destiny for him.

Truly yours.

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LETTER IX.

A Day's Ramble through the City of Genoa.

GENOA, January 10, 1843.

DEAR E.—I do not know that I can give a better notion of the various little things you meet in Genoa, than by relating the incidents of a single day's promenade.

Yesterday at two o'clock I started out into strada Balbi, and passing the king's palace, Durazzo, and Balbi, and other palaces, came at length to an open square, occupied as a Vettura stand, which was blocked with those old, shabby, shattered, rickety affairs called vetture. The horses standing before them, either eating hay or looking as if they never *had* eaten any, seemed to have been carefully selected from all the smallest, oldest, sickest, poorest, laziest, rejected dray horses of the world. They all had on old Dutch harnesses, and many were supplied with rope traces and reins, while the dirty drivers looked like "scare-crows eloped from a corn-field." You would be amused to see one of these vehicles in motion. Built originally something like a common hack, they have an additional sort of calash top, projecting over the seat of the driver, which, having a decidedly downward pitch, gives to the whole apparatus the appearance of diving at the horses. Take some of the oldest (and they seem cotemporaries of the Ark) and get the team you would take for a pair of poor cows in full motion, and you would be astonished at the certainty with which they reach their destination. It is wonderful to watch how the carriage will keep the general direction of the horses, without appearing to follow them at all. The great thing seems to be, to keep the main run of the street. If I should see a carriage at home performing such evolutions as these vetturas often do, I should certainly halloo to the driver to hold up, or he would soon be in pieces.

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As I passed this stand I was hailed of course, like a passenger at a steamboat landing, with "a Milano, a Torino, a Lucca, a Pegli," &c. To the d—l, said a rough voice behind me. It came from an Englishman, who was running the same gauntlet with myself. He cursed, while I laughed involuntarily, thinking of New York, and wondering what the good people of Gotham would say to see such scare-crow establishments in their streets, offered to their service.

Leaving this rabble, I came to a bend in the street where Balbi is changed into Nuovissima. In the side of the wall, in the corner, is a fountain, at which women stood washing clothes, with as much unconcern as if they were not in the Broadway of Genoa.

Coming to another open space where the street takes the name of Nuova, on which there is not a building but a palace, I saw a group of men in that oval shape which always indicates something of interest in the centre. This is a law of bipeds, and knowing its universality, I stepped up to look in with the rest. In the centre was a Neapolitan with "twa dogs," which he affirmed came from the uttermost parts of the earth, *even from America*. I thought very likely, for one resembled a common bull pup, and the other looked like an ordinary black whiffet. The black one was walking with the most ludicrous gravity around the circle on his fore legs, while his hinder parts were elevated in the air. After he had finished his promenade, the man made a regular stump speech and then introduced the bull pup. He called him up and asked him if he liked tobacco. The little fellow lazily lifted up his fore paws to the man's knees and *sneezed*.

He then asked him if he liked maccaroni. He slowly turned up his eye, as much as to say, "What an insult!" and then deliberately *yawned*. "Now," said he to the dog, "we will have some music." On the ground was a piece of carpet, and on the carpet a sort of harp, with a piece of written music fastened at the top. The man knelt on one knee, and played an old, broken-winded clarionet, giving at the same time a wink to the dog. The little fellow, with all the gravity, if not *grace*, of a Miss at a piano, squatted down on his hind legs, and, laying his little ears

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back, lifted his fore paws to the harp and played, or rather *pawed* a sort of running accompaniment to the tune, amid peals of laughter. I shook my head at the man's first statement, and however much pride I might take in owning such remarkable dogs as fellow-citizens, I knew none but a dog, born and educated in a land of fine arts and song, could learn music so early. It was an Italian dog and no other. I passed on through strada Nuova, and, turning to the left, came to another open space and another group of men, women and children. In the centre of this were a boy and girl, brother and sister, about ten and fourteen years of age; and they too were "getting a living." They were from the Savoy Mountains. The girl had a sort of hand-organ swung around her neck, resembling an old unpainted box, out of which she was grinding music, which she accompanied with her voice, and oh, such singing! The little shabby, dirty thing, stood with her sun-burnt, pox-pitted face screwed up into a most tragical expression, and shooting forward at intervals, like the opening of a knife blade, to give force to her words, while the strained cords stood out like sentinels on her brown neck and bosom. The ragged urchin also had a box strapped around *his* neck, in which was a veritable "coon," that he made dance and whirl to the music. A few steps more brought me on to the grand promenade, "aqua sola" (solitary water), under which rest the mouldering bones of 80,000 people, who were swept away by one pestilence. Around me were fountains and flowers; above me the terraced hills, and far away the sparkling sea. It was poetry all, even to the far off and glorious sky. Just then I stumbled on a group of women and children, sitting against the sunny side of a wall, *looking heads*, and from the appearance they seemed *remarkably* successful. This, too, is Italy, I exclaimed, as I turned into another walk, that overlooked the "Grand Paradise," and the residence of Lord Byron. But here, also, I was met by another Italian in the shape of a woman—a beggar—and resembling more a dirty, ragged Indian *squaw* than an Italian. Her sun-burnt hair hung over her face and shoulders, while an old woollen blanket, that extended from her head nearly to her bare feet, served partially to conceal the rags that covered her. She threw her head on one side, held out her hand, and in a

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pitiful tone exclaimed, "per carita, Signore, mi miserabile." Miserable enough she seemed, but as I did not immediately grant her request, she began to try the effect of a little English, for which she had our Navy to thank. The first words they teach are oaths, and they are the only words she knew *without* knowing their meaning. "I say, Signore," she whined, "I say per carita, God damn." I turned away, sick with the lessons Americans teach the wretched of other lands.

I turned towards the sea again, and felt I was in Italy; for there were the beautiful latines dotting the bosom of the water like swans, and with their one great white sail, that looked like a wing, flying on their way. It was now late in the afternoon, but the sun was warm, and a gentle south breeze was coming up the Gulf, bland and soft as a June wind; and so I turned to ascend the mountain that forms the amphitheatre behind Genoa, and which overlooks the entire city, and port, and neighboring sea.

It was a long and toilsome walk. The close high walls that hemmed in the path, mocked every effort to catch a glimpse of the beautiful scene that I knew was spread out below me. At length I reached the summit; and oh, what a vision lay at my feet! Beggars and street-singers and all were forgotten. Palaces, and towers, and gardens, and vineyards, and coming and departing vessels, were crowded into one "*coup d'œil.*" On the right stretched away the beautiful *riviera* towards Nice, sprinkled with villages. In front was the sea, washing the base of the Alps, that stood like "earth's gigantic sentinels," with their white helmets on, flashing in the clear air and light of the upper regions. Below me were the city and port of Genoa; behind me the bleak, grey Apennines, piled and packed against the clear sky. On every side, between me and the city, were terraced vineyards and gardens. The sun was going to his bed behind the Alps, bathing the whole southern horizon in gold, which was reflected again in the still water. I watched him till his disc disappeared behind a snow peak, leaving a momentary glow of fire on a grey fort that frowned from the summit of a mountain near me, and then turned to the panorama below. A long train of mules issued from the city gates, and wound in single file along the riviera—

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the tinkle of their bells coming faint and low at intervals to my ear on the light breeze that ascended the hill. On every side peasants were returning home; some along the dim shore, and some winding up the mountain-paths. The muffled sound of carriage-wheels and the murmur of busy men struggled out of the close packed city as the night descended upon it. At length the evening chime of bells rose and trembled over its marble palaces, drowning every other sound with its louder melody.

I stayed on the hill-top watching the changing scenes till darkness closed over the whole. At length the lantern of the immense light-house threw its flame over the sea and port, and the full moon seemed to leap above the Apennines, casting its deeper light and shade on mountain, sea and city.

I descended to the town to end the poetry of an Italian day in a café, over a cup of coffee. But all the varieties of an Italian life had not yet been presented to me. With Italians, poetry and music do not end at the door of an eating-house. While I was quietly sipping my coffee, a group entered; a man and boy with a flute and violin, and a young woman with a guitar, all from the mountains of Piedmont. They played and sang their mountain-airs, till I began to dream of rocks, and jutting crags, and climbing goats, and eagle-nested huts, and brawling torrents, and everything in a wild, free existence. But alas, for the poetry of life! So buried was I in my thoughts, that I did not notice the cessation of the song, but sat twirling my spoon in my cup, wondering if it were not better at once to find some quiet nook among the hills, and, Rousseau-like, dream away existence, when the spell was broken by the soft voice of the Piedmontese beside me. I looked up, and there she stood, with a little pewter dish in her hand, most humbly asking for a few sous. Oh! pretty Piedmontese, what a fall you gave me! I threw her the coppers, shoved vexatiously my cup aside, and hastened into the streets. All this, too, was "for a consideration." Bah! Land of Song! Yes, truly; but your inspiration is *money*. And what is man's boasted independence of will, when so slight a thing can for the moment make a jest of all his resolutions, and wind him, like a wand, around an impulse! I turned to my lodgings, with three Swiss peasants before me singing lazily along. Two carried two different parts,

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while the third would ever and anon fling in his deep, heavy bass voice, by way of chorus. These did not seem to be singing for money; but I could not enjoy it, and, weary and exhausted, I thought there was no poetry in the world like the poetry of *sleep*.

I have gone over these *little things*, because they are the best illustration of Italian character. In just about this proportion are its music, and scenery, and beggars, and wretches mingled. It is a land of great contrasts. The people, with their poetry and music, seem to me like a speculator in an old Athenian temple, selling its rich ornaments, that were the objects of his ancestors' affection and veneration, like the trinkets of a toy-shop. The language of Italy was made by poets, and is of itself sufficient to render its people effeminate. Its singing has not been exaggerated. It seems as natural for an Italian to sing as for a duck to swim, and he enjoys music with a relish we are ignorant of. Some favorite air from Bellini or Rossini will be hummed by a ragged urchin in the streets, or ground out by one of those hand-organs that meet you at every turn. The Italians are, after all, a happy people, and, like the French, seem to live only for the present. The United States they consider as out of the world, and its inhabitants only half civilized. They shrug the shoulder when you speak of its frost, and sing on in their own mild clime. An Italian speculator the other day was inquiring of me how cold New York was, for he had had the intention of trying to grow mulberry-trees in it. I told him the thermometer didn't generally fall more than 20° below zero. "Per Baccho," said he, with an expression and a shrug, as if he already felt the ice around him; "it will never do." The last I heard of him, he had started for Caraccas. He will doubtless find it warm enough there.

Truly yours.

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LETTER X.

Italian Soirées and Beauty—Marquis of Palavicini—Low Life.

GENOA, February, 1841.

DEAR E.—I suppose you are wondering I say no more of the Carnival and its gaities, but nothing is more stupid than an Italian soirée. Conversation is mere twaddle; and dancing, and waltzing, and music, are the three great elements of Italian society. Masquerades and balls are common among every class, down to the half-clad beggar.

The Governor's soirées twice a week, the Marquis di Negro's once a week, and the grand balls of the Casino, of which there are but three during the winter, are the three principal places of the resort of the nobility.

My first introduction in society was at the old Doge's Palace. As I entered through the grand gateway, guarded by soldiers with their glittering arms, and passed through the long line of Portatine, or sedan chairs, arranged on each side of the walk, from which were emerging closely veiled figures, and ascended the long and magnificent marble steps, amid the presenting of arms, into the entrance chamber, filled with liveried servants, I expected to be dazzled with such an array of beauty as never before blessed the eye of man—unless it was King Solomon in the midst of his Harem. Indeed my accustomed self-confidence was fast oozing out, and I have no doubt I should have committed some blunder had not Antonio, like a capital valet as he was, done everything in its proper time. I first entered a large saloon, and, lo! it was filled to overflowing with nothing but officers in their uniform. I wandered on till I came to the "ladies' room," and it is no more sad than true, there was not a really pretty woman in it. I must acknowledge, however, there were not many present. The Governor, whether he noticed my disappointment, or

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wished to be civil, I know not, said, "You must come next Monday evening; this is a 'conversazione,' and there are but a few ladies here—Monday evening we have a Ball, and there will be more present." Just then a beautiful creature swept into the room, and the Baroness of L—— was announced. As she saluted the Governor and passed on, he whispered to me, "A very beautiful woman." "Very beautiful," I replied, at the same time drawing a long breath, like one relieved from a long suspense, and very glad for the opportunity of making such a remark. But she was a *Russian Baroness* on a visit to the Governor, and not an *Italian*. I need not say, that the next Monday I did not go. Indeed his soirées, which are twice a week during Carnival, I find so excessively stupid, that unless I am sure of some extra attraction, I seldom attend. The majority of gentlemen present are officers of the army, who are *compelled* to attend, so that his Excellency's rooms may not be left empty. The poor fellows sit around the rooms like statues, and looking as if it were the hardest duty they had to perform. These "Conversazioni" do not tempt one by the refreshments furnished; for I verily believe that ten dollars would pay, each evening, all the expenses the Governor is at in the entertainment.

The other evening I was at an unusually brilliant assembly at the Palace of the Governor; and as I was standing amid a group of officers, I caught a view of a head and face that drew from me an involuntary exclamation. There was a beauty and expression about it I never had seen but once in my life before; but no one could tell me who she was or where she came from; yet all *looked* as if they would give the world to know. At length seeing her seated in familiar conversation beside a lady with whom I was acquainted, I soon pierced the mystery that surrounded her. You can guess my surprise and pleasure to learn that this beauty was of American origin. She was the daughter of Lord Erskine, Minister to the Court of Vienna. When Minister to the United States he married a beautiful Philadelphia lady (daughter of Mr. Cadwallader), who, it seems, had transmitted the charms that had enthralled the noble lord to the daughter. You can judge of the effect of American beauty on the Italians, when I tell you, that while I stood by her, the young nobles marched by in regu-

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lar platoons, and paused as they came opposite her, and gazed as if moon-struck. The radiant creature sat "quite unconscious of all this, *of course*," as the lady sitting by her side not very amiably whispered to me.

Last night the annual Ball was given by the Governor at his Palace, and there were many beautiful women present. At that time alone, during the whole year, unless in court, do the nobility wear the family jewels. On this night they are all exhibited on the necks, heads, and arms of the matrons and their daughters. It makes a perfect blaze of diamonds. The nobility of Genoa are among the richest of Italy, for the wealth the crusades opened to them in the East is still gathered here. Such a profusion of ornament I never beheld. There, for the first time, I saw the *belle* of the city—the Marchioness of Balbi. I was glad to see what the Italians regarded as beauty, and was surprised to find that she had the light complexion and rosy cheeks of the Saxon race. She *was* beautiful—*very*, but of that kind of beauty I do not particularly admire; it was, what I would term, of the *doll kind*. But oh, such spirits, and such a dazzling quantity of diamonds; one almost needed to shield his eyes to look on her. The value of them was variously estimated, but the average estimate seemed to put them at about two hundred thousand dollars. But even her diamonds could not outshine the sparkling joy of her countenance. I never saw a being float so through a saloon, as if her body were a feather and her soul the zephyr that floated it. It made me sigh to look on her. Such abounding gaiety—such thrilling mirth!—I knew it could not last; this world was not made for it. The next time I saw her she was in deep mourning, with her head bowed down like a bulrush. The bloom had gone from her cheek, and the light from her eye. She vanished from the gay world like a stricken bird. Her brother, the Marquis of Palavicini—one of the noblest young men I ever met—liberal in his feelings and handsome in his person—the pride and hope of his family—suddenly died. I saw him last at the Marquis di Negro's. As I bade him good evening I was struck with the expression of his countenance; it had a look so intensely anxious that it fixed my attention. This was Friday evening. Sabbath

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morning a mutual friend called on me and told me he was dead! So we vanish, like ghosts at cock-crowing.

He was extravagantly wealthy, yet simple as the severest republican in his appearance and habits. I never left him, after a conversation, without feeling that he was destined to affect materially the fate of his country. There was a high principle, and a resolute will in him, that always generates great and energetic action. I shall never forget the effect of a remark of his to me, and the manner of it, one evening, in one of the brilliantly illuminated rooms of the Governor's palace. Amid the dense throng of men on every side, you could detect scarcely one not in military uniform. The young Marquis was standing alone in the centre of the room, leaning against a billiard table, and absorbed apparently in deep thought, yet with an expression of scorn in his features, perfectly withering. I stepped up and addressed him; and after returning my salutation he remarked, with a tone that showed it was caused by no passing feeling, "How contemptible is a nation of soldiers, and how pitiful the state of a people among whom the uniform of an officer is the highest mark of honor." I looked at him in astonishment. For a remark less treasonable than that, many a noble, during the past few years, had seen the inside of a prison. That declaration acted upon would revolutionize Italy in two months. I turned away, feeling that good would yet come *out* of that proud young Marquis, or evil *to* him.

But he is gone, and one of the most frequent regrets I hear expressed is, that his sister cannot now give the series of splendid entertainments she had in preparation.

The cause of his death has checked somewhat the flow of visitors to our fleet. The young Marquis dined one day, with several of the nobility, on board of one of our ships, and, unaccustomed to our strong wines, drank till his blood became overheated. In the evening, when he came ashore, he went up on the "Aqua Sola," where the wind had a fair sweep, and sat down to cool himself. He took cold—became deranged, and was hurried out of the world.

Perhaps you complain that I do not give you more particulars of fashionable society, but it is all alike—splendid rooms, brilliantly illuminated, any quantity of nobility—dancing, waltzing,

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promenading, ice creams, hot punch, and late hours, make up the description. It is gay and brilliant, but without force or wit. You would probably agree with Antonio in his opinion of my taste in such matters. He was very much shocked, the other evening, as we were without the city walls purchasing some things for Mrs. L. (who is *very* sick), because I asked him to accompany me into a low, dirty hovel, from which was issuing the sound of boisterous merriment. He expostulated with me; and in answer to all my reasons, exclaimed, they are "la bassa gente, signore," (low people). "Exactly," said I, "and that is the very reason I wish to see them. High life is plenty in Genoa, I can see that any time; I want to become acquainted with low life." Willing, however, that he should not be disgraced by being seen with persons so far below his rank, I excused him from accompanying me, and told him I would go alone. But he was too well trained to think of such a thing, and so, without farther ado, marched on. You should have seen the infinite contempt with which he deposited the entrance fee, and pushed aside the blanket that served for a door, and entered. All the while we were there he stood with his hat on, and rolling from side to side with a kind of swagger, as much as to say, "I don't care what the tastes of those who would call themselves *gentlemen* may be, but if *I* were called upon, I should have no hesitation in expressing *my* opinion on this matter." The poor fellow really suffered in his feelings.

The scene was very much like those I have seen in the quarterings of slaves at the South on the evening of a holiday. The floor was the bare earth, and the dancers and waltzers that spun around on it were most of them bare-foot; while many of the men, with the utmost care in their toilet, could muster only a shirt and a pair of pantaloons. The entrance fee, I think, was four centisima, or four-fifths of a cent. Truly yours.

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LETTER XI.

Odd Brokers—A Catholic Miracle.

February.

DEAR E.—I have discovered a new class of brokers, often in great demand here, and who frequently make handsome speculations. You may confide the secret to a few particular friends for their exclusive benefit, or you may give it to the world for the good of the public. I received my information from an Italian—a Catholic, and a man of rank, so it can be relied on.

There are certain monks, priests, and friars, in this country, ready to do any job, provided it pays well. Now it often happens that a man wishes to pay his addresses to a lady, and finds obstacles in the lady herself or in her friends. In either case he enlists a monk in his service, who, having access where he is denied entrance, and influence where he has none, carries on the negotiations under more favorable auspices. Through his office, he can bring some motives to bear on the parents that the lover could not use; and if communication with the lady is desired, he is sure to bring it about. A good catholic would hardly think of turning a priest out of doors, or presume to question him too closely on his actions. He also, through pretence of administering spiritual consolation, can often gain her ear; and if it should so happen that she herself should be averse to the suitor's prayer, he can work on her fears or feelings "ad libitum." This he does, and often brings about a marriage that otherwise would never have taken place. It matters not whether love or money be the moving cause of the man's wishes, if the priest secures the lady he has *three per cent. on all the dowry she brings to the husband.* Custom has fixed this rate till it is absolute as law, so that if a monk is the means of securing but *one* large fortune for a man in his life-time, he gets for himself quite a snug little sum against a

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rainy day. Now why not introduce this at home, and establish a new brokerage system. I know many lazy loungers in Broadway, who would not hesitate a moment to give even *more* than three per cent. of the fortunes they try in vain to touch, if some one would only find means to put one of them in their hands. To be sure it would require men of acknowledged taste, and some character, to be successful in such matters. But this makes it so much the better. It would be decidedly a *genteel* business. A good deal of flattery, some fraud, and a vast deal of manœuvring, would, of course, be requisite. A proud mama must be wheedled into the belief that her daughter will make a great "speck" by the marriage, or the close-fisted suspicious old Jew of a father convinced that the young man is a perfect pattern of economy—but then *three* or perhaps six per cent. on $200,000!—that's the point. This matter is now left too much in the hands of friends, who do not make a thorough business of it, and hence do not succeed. I give you the suggestion for what it is worth, only if it is acted on and succeeds, see that I have the credit of it.

As I am speaking of priests, I will give you another instance of the value of their services to the country. Last week a most terrific storm visited Genoa; nothing like it has been known since the terrible hurricane of 1823. It came from the southwest, bringing the sea with it, and rolling it up against the base of these mountains as if it would drive them from their seats. Sometimes you would almost need a candle at mid-day, so dense and dark were the clouds that hung over the city. Endeavoring to walk around the outer wall of the town that overhangs the sea, I was often compelled to lie flat on my face, to keep from being carried off my feet, and borne away by the blast. This wall rises thirty or forty feet from the sea, and from its top the houses go up fifty and sixty feet higher, and yet the spray and foam would often rise and shoot clean over the roofs of the houses, and be carried by the wind far into the city. The moles that form the harbor, with the sea breaking over them, looked more like snow drifts, with the snow shooting in horizontal lines from their summits. The two light-houses on them, were half the time merely lofty pyramids of foam, lantern and all buried under the leaping wave. The flag ship, Columbus, parted two of her cables in one

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night, although lying snugly in port. One ship parted her anchor, and came dashing against the walls of the city. Her masts fell at the first shock, and in the morning I saw her hull shivered into mere splinters, and her broken spars knocking with every swell against the base of the wall. The oldest officers of our navy, who have been on almost every coast in the world, tell me that they never saw so magnificent a spectacle in all their sea life. The waves no longer rolled, but *ran*, as if they had no time to form high seas, and when they struck the city they sprang as if without weight into the air, and threatened to overleap it. One of the moles was broken through, and the walls of the city in one place demolished, as if the cannon of an enemy had made a breach. As I stood on a projecting point, clinging to the low parapet, and watched the billow as it drove in, till disappearing below, it struck against the base of the wall on which I stood, and rose like an arch over my head, drenching me in its passage, I had the most vivid conceptions of awful power I ever experienced. It was not an angry sea, but a sea run wild, crazy, and dashing in reckless energy against the barriers that dared to oppose it. The continuous roar heard in every part of the city at midnight, when all was asleep save the raving sea, was indescribably awful. But one vessel appeared on the horizon during the whole time—the sea had it all in its own way. This was an English vessel, bound from Marseilles to Leghorn, but driven by the gale seventy-five miles up the gulf. I watched her as she drew near the port, driving under bare poles, and hung out her pilot flag. The silent request was a vain one, for a boat could not live a moment in that sea. On she surged, till near the mouth of the harbour, when she was laid to, as the captain feared to attempt the entrance in such a tempest, and alone. But he could not carry a rag of canvass, and the vessel drove on stern first towards the city. I could fancy the short consultation held on board, whether it were best to endeavor to make the port, or hold on outside. It did not take long to decide; for in a few minutes the noble bark slowly wheeled on the sea, and without a sail up, and with her tall masts reeling in the storm, headed straight for the city. An involuntary cheer burst from my lips, as I saw her roll into port. Her bow had almost an intelligent look as it appeared around the

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end of the mole, fairly in sight of the haven. It was nobly, gallantly done.

But to the priests. The storm raged for three days, and on the fourth, the bishop with the priests went in solemn procession to the Cathedral, and took from thence the ashes of John the Baptist (which they pretend are entombed there), and marched to the sea-shore, where, kneeling in presence of the waves, they offered up their prayers that heaven would allay the tempest. This was in the afternoon; towards evening the wind wheeled in the north, and the storm was over. Here was a veritable miracle, and I was curious to know how much it had imposed on the people. So I began in the morning with Antonio, "Well," said I, very seriously, "Antonio, there was quite a miracle performed last night—we ought to be very thankful that the priests have been able to check this storm for us." He shrugged his shoulders, burst into a laugh, and said, "Why didn't they pray sooner, before the mischief was all done, and not wait three days. Ah, they know that storms in this country never last more than four days, and they saw the wind was changing before they started." I did not expect so plump a confession of humbuggery by a catholic servant. My next experiment was with a gentleman of wealth and distinction. I made very seriously a similar remark to him. He also gave that peculiar Italian shrug which is the most expressive gesture I ever saw, and replied, "Umph, they watched the barometer, and were careful enough not to start till they saw it rising."

This single fact gave me more hope for Italy than anything I had witnessed. It showed me that the power of the priest over the mind of the people was weakened—that they *dared* to think. When men who have been long under oppression dare to call in question and scorn the power they once blindly submitted to, they have reached a point where change commences.

Truly, yours.

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LETTER XII.

Lord Byron—Marquis di Negro.

GENOA, February.

DEAR E.—To-day, accompanied by Duralde, I have been over the palace Lord Byron occupied when he was in Genoa. Here were gathered for awhile, Byron, Hunt, Shelley, and the Countess of Guiccioli. Count ——, a Frenchman, has bought the place. I had often met him in society, and he showed us with great civility the various rooms, together with the improvements he was projecting. When Byron first started for Greece, he was driven back to Genoa by a storm, and is said to have expressed sad forebodings as he again wandered over this, his then solitary dwelling.

The palace stands on a hill, called the grand Paradise, from the magnificent view it commands. As I stood in the front corridor, and looked off on the varied yet ever glorious prospect, I felt that Byron with his sensative nature must have often been subdued by it, and especially his bold scepticism have stood rebuked in presence of the majestic Alps that towered on his vision. He wrote the Vision of Judgment here, yet I could not but fancy, that, often at evening, when he rose from his unhallowed task, and came out to look on this lovely scene, his troubled spirit half resolved to abandon its sinful work. The voice of God could reach his heart through nature, and tell "*him* to his face that *his* evil was not good." His Italian teacher has been mine, and I often question him of Byron's habits and character. He fully confirms the assertion of Hunt, that Byron was a penurious man, and capable of great littleness. His generous actions were usually done for effect, and if followed out were found to be so managed as not to bring personal loss in the end. Shelley, he says, was a nobler man than either Hunt or Byron. Hunt was

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cold and repulsive—Byron irritable, and often very unjust, while Shelley was generous and open-hearted. He had a copy of the "Liberal," which they presented to him, and which I looked over with no ordinary feelings. In visiting Byron in his room, he said that he noticed four books always lying on the table. No matter what others might have been with them and taken away, these four always remained. It struck him they must be peculiar favorites of the poet, and so he had the curiosity to examine them, and found them to be the Bible, Machiavelli, Shakspeare, and Alfieri's tragedies. It immediately struck me, that these four volumes were a perfect illustration of Byron's character. Machiavelli he loved for his contempt of mankind, making them all a flock of sheep, to be led or slaughtered at the will of one haughty man. It harmonized with his own undisguised scorn. The Bible he read and admired for its lofty poetry, and which Byron by the way never scrupled to appropriate. If in his great ode on Bonaparte, he had followed Homer as closely as he has Isaiah, he would have been accused long ago of downright plagiarism. Alfieri he loved for his fiery and tempestuous nature, so much like his own. There was also in Alfieri the same haughty scorn that entered so largely in Byron's character. He had stormed through half of Europe, without deigning to accept a single invitation into society, treating the proudest nobility of England with supreme contempt. He had also the same passion for horses, and the same fierce hatred of control. Shakspeare he admired in common with every man of feeling or intellect. My teacher told me also, that in all his frequent visits to the poet's house, he had never seen him walk. How like a spear in the side that club foot always was to him. His appearance on horseback, with his pale face, long hair, and velvet cap, he said was very striking. The Countess Guiccioli seldom appeared in public with him, but her brother, Byron's private secretary, usually accompanied him in his rides.

On my return from Byron's mansion, I called on the Marquis di Negro. His "Viletta" occupies a hill that overlooks the sea, and presents from every point you view it, a most picturesque appearance. The hill is walled up on every side, so that it looks like an old castle, while the top is converted into a most beautiful

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garden. The Marquis knew Byron well, admired his genius, but shook his head when he spoke of his heart. The family of the Marquis is one of the oldest and noblest of the city, yet he cares nothing for his rank, and prides himself on his literary reputation alone. He is republican in his feelings, and has an enthusiastic love for America. A father to his tenants, and the unswerving friend of the oppressed, his intercessions have released many a poor prisoner from a life of confinement.

Although it is mid-winter, the temperature is soft and mild as June; and as the Marquis flung open the windows to let in the air laden with perfume, and the soft breeze from the sea that slumbered below, he brought out his harp and told me to give him a subject for a song. He has been one of the greatest "Improvisatore" of his time, and still composes with wonderful facility. We had been talking of human freedom, and I gave him "Liberty." He swept his hand over his harp-strings and sung, while he played an accompaniment, one of the sweetest little odes I ever heard. He composed both the poetry and music while he sung.

I loved the Marquis before I had ever seen him. When, a stranger in Genoa, I was once wandering over the grounds of his viletta, looking at the statuary interspersed among the foliage, my attention was suddenly arrested by a marble figure standing in a niche, with the inscription over it in large capitals, "ALLA MEMORIA DI WASHINGTON"—"TO THE MEMORY OF WASHINGTON." I was never taken more by surprise in my life. There it stood, the emblem and personification of freedom, in one of the most despotic kingdoms of Europe. No pride prompted the honor, and self-interest was all against it. Feeling, noble feeling alone had placed it there. I never felt a compliment to my country, and my country's father, more keenly than this statue uttered, standing as it did on the soil of tyranny. I sat down at evening and perpetrated the following lines, which I afterwards slightly altered, and read to a friend of the Marquis who was a frequent visitor at our house. He wished me to send Di Negro a copy, and in return the Marquis sent me a collection of his entire works, accompanied with some lines in French, which

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I also give, not for the compliment they render *me*, but for the generous sentiments they breathe towards my country.

TO THE VILLA DI NEGRO.

Sweet Villa, from the distant sea,
Long cradled on its stormy breast,
Thy green top kindly greeted me,
The first sweet harbinger of rest;
And all thy bowers seemed welcoming
The weary wanderer from his home,
While, like the gentle breath of spring,
Thy odors o'er the waves were borne.

But when, amid thy classic shades,
I saw upon the sculptured stone,
What never from a free heart fades,
"MEMORIA DI WASHINGTON,"
The glad tears came into my eyes,
And from my lips there breathed a prayer,
And gazing still, with sweet surprise,
I blessed the hand that set it there:

And suddenly, I seemed again
Upon my own free, native hills,
And heard the shout of myriad men,
That every patriot bosom thrills,
"GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE GREAT, THE GOOD!"
But, as I caught its dying fall,
I turned where that lone statue stood,
And loved its mute praise more than all.

God bless thee, noble Marquis! thou
Dost bear thy years with vigor yet,
And not in vain upon thy brow
Is stamped the look of Lafayette.
Long may'st thou live, the stranger's friend,
And when thy noble race is run,
Around thy grave shall come and bend,
In tears, the sons of Washington.

The reference to Lafayette in the above lines is owing to the fact that the resemblance the Marquis di Negro bears to the Marquis Lafayette is so striking, that the likeness of the one is often mistaken for that of the other by those familiar with the

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features of both. He is upwards of seventy years of age, but vigorous and active as most men at fifty-five. If you feel inclined to find fault with the French in the lines of the Marquis, just remember how difficult it is to write poetry in a foreign language.

A MONSIEUR HEADLEY.*

Votre verve se plait d'embellir ma retraite
Par des accords flatteurs: je vous connais poète;
Mon cœur, reconnaisant à ce trait de bonté,
Vous offre le laurier de l'immortalité.
C'est ici que cet arbre a jeté ses racines,
Et a cru par les soins de nos muses latines
Dans des siècles fameux, et lorsque les Romains
De l'univers entier étaient les souverains:
Les temps sont bien changés? mais chère est la memoire
De ces héros brillant dans le sein de l'histoire;
Mon esprit se réveilla à ce beau souvenir,
Qui ne pourra jamais dans mon aime périr.
Honorer le talent fut toujours ma devise,
Libre dans mes élans ma voix n'est pas soumise
A l'envie, aux dedains, aux préjugés du jour,
La vérité m'éclaire, excitant mon amour;

* TRANSLATION.—Your genius is pleased to embellish my retreat by its flattering numbers. I recognize you a poet, and offer you the laurel of immortality Here this tree first cast its roots and grew under the fostering care of our Latin muses in the glorious ages, and when the Romans were the monarchs of the world. The times are indeed changed; but the memory of those heroes is still dear, and my spirit awakes at the pleasant remembrance, which shall never perish from my soul. My motto always has been to honor talent; and, free in my feelings, my voice never submits to envy, scorn, or the prejudices of the day. It is truth, and truth only, that illumines my spirit, and excites my affection. America is dear to me, and I adore the name of the immortal Washington,—the conqueror by his arm, and the father by his laws. Who can keep silence in the presence of his glory? He refused the honor of sovereignty to give peace and liberty to his country. In this garden you see his statue sculptured,—for a long time the only monument of him in Europe. My spirit partakes with yours its raptures. Apollo smiles on me, his rays inflame me, and despite my old age I am able, by my strains, to praise your country in the face of the universe.

JOHN CHARLES DI NEGRO.

The Villa, January 24, 1843.

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L'Amerique m'est chère, et dans l'émotion
J'adore avec respet l'immortal Washington.
Et quel être pouvrait à sa gloire se taire,
Lui par son bras vanqueur, et par ses lois le père,
Qui refusa l'honneur de souveraineté
En donnant généreux la paix, la liberté.
Dans cet Eden fleuri vous voyez son image
Dressée, et dès long-temps, par un tribut d'hommage,
En Europe le seul vénéré monument,
Qui reçoit de tous lieux et les vœux et l'accent.
Je partage avec vous ce mouvement de l'âme ;
Apollon me sourit et son rayon m'enflamme,
Et malgré mes vieux ans je puis par mes concerts
Louer votre patrie en face à l'univers.

GIAN CARLO DI NEGRO.

Della Villetta, ce 24 Janvier, 1843.

Our naval officers in the Mediterranean will have cause long to remember him with gratitude.

Truly yours.

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LETTER XIII.

Soldiers at Mass—Casino—Magdalen—Italian Virtue.

GENOA, February, 1843.

DEAR E.—I have noticed several mornings, quite a large portion of the army march at nine o'clock past our house to the sound of music, and in about an hour after return. It has puzzled me much to know what could occupy them so short a time every day at so early an hour—so this morning I followed them, when going down to the end of Strada Balbi, I saw them wheel and ascend the steps of the San Lorenzo church. It was all plain in a moment—the soldiers were attending Mass. I entered behind them, and have seldom witnessed a more impressive spectacle. The better companies marched up each side of the nave, and stood with their faces all turned towards the main altar. The two ranks formed two lines, reaching from the door up to the transept. At the word of command they wheeled as one man, face to face, while the officers slowly walked up between them to the farther end, when they wheeled back facing the altar. All was decorous and solemn as a New England church of a Sabbath morning, and those soldiers stood with caps on and muskets to their breasts, under those noble arches and amid those marble columns, as motionless as the marble itself, while a forest of steel glittered above their heads. Suddenly a little bell tinkled in the distance, and a priest entered. It tinkled again, and he advanced to the altar. The third time it broke the stillness a low order passed up the ranks, when a thousand muskets came to the marble pavement with a clang that made my heart for a moment stop its beating. In a moment it was still again, and the long ranks bowed their heads upon their hands, while a low prayer arose on the stillness. It ceased, and suddenly from under my very feet, twenty drums broke in, and beat a wild and hurried

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beat, so loud and startling, that every stroke seemed to hit my brain. Again it was still, and the voice of prayer alone swelled through the temple. The appearance of that motionless army, the great contrast between the solemnity and silence of divine worship, and the noise of ringing steel and sound of martial music, combined to render the whole scene a succession of the most lively yet conflicting emotions.

Night before last I was at the Marquis di Negro's; indeed, his "Conversazioni" are the only parties I frequent with any pleasure. There is an absence of all formality in them, and the old Marquis himself is so determined to make every one about him happy, that he cannot but succeed. I mention that night, merely because I was driven into convulsions of laughter by an apology which the Marchioness of B—— made for a misfortune that happened to some of her friends the day before. Several of the nobility had been invited on board one of our ships of the line to dinner. After the ladies had left the table, the wine began to circulate pretty freely, and frequent toasts were drunk. The Italians thought it would be the height of incivility not to drain their glass at every toast, and, unaccustomed to our strong wines, soon became tipsy, and hence behaved as tipplers generally do under such circumstances. The ladies, of course, were very much shocked and mortified. The Marchioness of B—— came to me to explain the matter. She said the gentlemen felt they must, in courtesy, drink the toasts, or, as she expressed it, "*per forza*," and the wine was so strong that they were caught before they were aware of it. One of her friends, she said, had been in England, and knew the effect of our wine; and so when he put the glass to his mouth, let it run down his vest, for he must ("per forza") *pretend* to drink. Here she put on such a dolorous look, and passed her hands down her dress to show the way in which the wine flowed into the poor fellow's bosom with such inimitable naïveté, that I burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. Give me your Italian women to smoothe over a difficulty.

Last night was the last grand display of the Casino, and I was never more mortified than when the Marquis di Negro, who is the President of it, came to me and said, "I see none of your officers are here. I am told they feel themselves neglected in

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the mode of sending out the invitations. I have been to the Consul and to the Commodore, and requested them to invite them all. I heard they refused to come before from the same reason, and hence have done everything in my power to secure the pleasure of their company, and regret exceedingly not to see them present." I had nothing to say, but hung my head in mortification. It was true that some of the officers deemed themselves not sufficiently recognized in the invitation, and hence the whole banded together, thus publicly to resent the affront. If it had been any one else but Di Negro, I would have minded it less; but to wound *him*, who had never ceased lavishing his kindest attentions on our Navy since it had been in port, seemed ungenerous.

A great deal of this silly adherence to rigid etiquette has been exhibited by many of our officers, much to their own discredit. The Consul has done everything in his power, and has been unwearied in his exertions to render the stay of the officers agreeable. The Governor has given him a *carte blanche* for all his balls, Conversazioni, soirées, &c., which he fills up with the name of every American gentleman who enters the city, and wishes to mingle in its society. Great courtesy is also extended towards the captains of our merchantmen, and we venture to say, they never entered a port where they received so much attention from a public officer, as from him. We wish some of our consuls farther south had more of his urbanity, and willingness, nay, *anxiety*, to render every service to Americans. We wish, also, that Government would honor the office with a salary, that it may be better able to honor the Government in return. There is no accounting for the meanness of our Government in its treatment of our Consuls, except by saying it has become such a habit it is overlooked. The money thrown away yearly, in sending out ministers to be recalled in three months, would support thirty consuls where they are needed, but cannot now live except on their own incomes.

Among the literary men I have met, none have pleased me more than Prof. Botta, Professor in the Genoa University, and a relative of the historian Botta. News has reached us that Silvio Pellico is dead. I regret his death the more, as I had a letter of

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introduction to him, and hoped to have seen the patriot before I left the country.*

Two things you wish to hear about before I leave Genoa—its arts and morals. There is but little statuary here, and although there are many valuable paintings in the private palaces, they are so overshadowed by those of Florence and Rome that they do not attract the attention they deserve. In the Durazzo palace is a Magdalen that has but one equal in the world, and that is precisely like it, and is in Venice. Its beauty consists in its naturalness. It is not a beautiful woman in despair, dressed or undressed, as the case may be, for effect, but one simply in grief, and whose beauty the artist has taken no pains to conceal, is marred by the excess of her wo. Her eyes are swollen with weeping, and turned to heaven with that beseeching look in which faith is always mingled—indeed, her whole face is a prayer. The storm of passion is past—she has sobbed her grief away, and exhausted and penitent, is leaning on the arm of Infinite kindness. In the noble face is blended penitence, with the shame forgotten in her strong love; sorrow without despair, and faith without boldness.

The architecture of Genoa might be studied by artists to advantage. It has not the meretriciousness of that farther south, but combines simplicity, beauty, and strength.

I wish I could speak favorably of the morals of the city. The middling classes, composed of merchants, lawyers, physicians, &c., are more virtuous than the nobility. Among the latter, chastity is not regarded as of any particular consequence. The custom of *cavaliere servante* originated here. What would you think to see one of the highest officers in the army mingling in the highest circles of the kingdom, while living in open incest, or of a lady of the highest title of nobility, whirling in the most fashionable saloons, whose character is no better than that of a *femme de pavé?* Last night at the Casino, my friend introduced a tall officer to an American lady by his request. He was minus an eye, and she, thinking it was lost in battle, looked in admiration on the honorable scar. Alas, it was struck out by the dagger of an indignant husband in his own house. An Italian woman

* We afterwards heard that the report was untrue.

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of rank, without her lover, deems herself unfortunate indeed. Italians love, and love wildly, but they want new objects. Nothing but the intensity of a fresh passion can satisfy them—yet it is no affectation with them—it flames up in the heart with a fierceness unknown in our cold climate.

A descendant of Prince Doria is now in the city, though seldom seen out of his palace. Engaged to a lady of high rank in Rome, he went on a short visit to Paris, where he fell in love with a French woman, and entered into a contract of marriage also with her. His betrothed in Rome hearing of it abandoned herself to despair, and pined rapidly away. The news of her sickness and approaching death reaching young Doria at Paris, brought back all his old affection, and he hastened to Rome, but, alas! to hear, that only the day before his arrival, she was laid in the grave, that receptacle for broken and weary hearts. Several young nobles, friends of her and her family, bound themselves by an oath never to rest till they had slain Doria. He made his escape by night, and is now at Genoa in perpetual fear of his life. His first love is in her grave—his second has cast him off in scorn, and the wreck that both have left him, he has time now to muse upon. There are two worlds we live in, my dear cousin, and there are wilder battlefields than Waterloo in one of them; and fiercer storms than skake navies to pieces, and more terrific volcanoes than outward ones—battlefields of the heart—tempests of feeling, and volcanoes of passion. And there are victories, whose ruin is greater than defeat—victories won over blasted affection, by renouncing love and confidence for ever. Thus we live—our heads above water, and our hearts under it. All the splutter and motion is on the surface, but the deep dark tides and boiling eddies are beneath.

Truly yours.

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LETTER XIV.

The Scenes of the Carnival—Cheating the Church—Blind Man, &c.

GENOA, 1843.

DEAR E.—The Carnival is over, and the long holiday of the Kingdom is closed. The streets look silent and lonely; for the gay placards, announcing a festive scene for the night, and which seemed to give elasticity and life to the passer-by, are seen no more. The Opera-House looks silent and deserted, and all the people feel the effect of this sudden suspension of their festivities. The church bells have a solemn tone;—the carriages do not move so briskly through the streets, and the shops no longer hang out their flashy costumes to entice the gay masker or dancer of the coming evening. You cannot conceive the effect of this sudden change from the excess of every pleasure to none at all. The festivities of the Carnival go on increasing to its close, even to the very last hour. And when the great bell of the Cathedral strikes the hour of twelve, sending its slow and solemn peal over the city, the dissipation of the people is at its highest pitch. The city fairly reels under the boisterous mirth of that last hour of Carnival:—knowing that forty days Lent is before them, they crowd the flying minutes to overflowing with pleasures. But when the hammer of that deep-toned bell announces that the last hour and the last minute have expired, all is changed, and the masker and the dancer throw aside their follies, and repair to the Churches to offer up their prayers and confessions.

They have one curious custom, however, at the Theatre on the last night. The Pit is cleared of its seats, and forms with the stage one grand hall. The whole is brilliantly illuminated and filled with maskers and dancers. The *law* is, that no dance shall be *commenced* after the great bell of the Cathedral has struck the hour of midnight. They are not required, however, to stop in the middle of one already commenced, but are permitted to dance

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it out. Taking advantage of this law, just before midnight, they divide the Orchestra and form a new dance. One part of the Orchestra rest till the other become fatigued, when they relieve them. There are always enough dancers to keep the set full, and yet half the company be resting. In this way *the dance is not ended* till two o'clock. By this simple process they cheat the Church out of two good hours.

As I remarked, the last night is the gayest of all: and so is the last day, with the exception, perhaps, of the last Sabbath. On these two days they mask in the streets. It was an odd spectacle to see the entire length of the main artery of the city literally packed with human heads, most of them not attempting to move forward, but standing still to see the carriages and grotesque figures pass and repass. The carriages would come together in a long train, the horses on a slow walk to escape trampling the multitude under foot, carrying men, women and children, tricked out in every costume the fancy could invent. It was impossible to distinguish between footmen, drivers, and their lords. Now would pass a rich carriage with its coat of arms, and filled with men and women of the thirteenth century. Behind it, four painted and grotesque figures on four ponies reading aloud a magnificent *will*, bequeathing any amount of property to whoever could get it. Now would pass a buffoon on foot, with an immense wooden paddle, with a hole in it six inches across for a quizzing glass. Next on donkeys three persons whom I took from the cut of their boots which dangled below their dress, to be American officers. One was in the costume of a woman, with a bonnet on, a rich lace shawl over her shoulders and a white satin dress, which, as she rode astride, was pulled back over the tail of the donkey and descended nearly to the ground. The large, rich flounce dangled around his fetterlocks, and drew peals of laughter from the spectators. Noses as long as your arm and steeple hats like sugar loaves would project from some elegant carriage. An old woman would meet you carrying a doll baby, and weeping piteously over its misfortunes. As the long train of carriages approached, the crowd, that literally crammed the entire street, would slowly part, like waves before a moving vessel, and when it had passed, like those waves they would again close

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in behind. In the villages out of the city every public square was filled with gay dancers, bounding merrily under the light of a pleasant sun and an Italian heaven.

But amid all the shifting and fantastic characters that moved and sported around me, there was one plain unmasked figure that interested me more than all. It was an old blind man that I had often seen in the streets when the sun was pleasant and the air was mild, led by a little child. To-day he was alone. At first I thought I was mistaken. It could not be he—thus left alone amid the jostling multitude. But there was the same woollen cap over the grey hairs—the same old rusty surtout coat—the same sightless eyeballs. He had selected a part of the street less thronged than the rest, and was feeling his way through Strada Balbi—one hand slowly passing along the walls of the palaces, and the other tremulously grasping a stout cane. But why was he there alone and so sad and mournful? He could see nothing of this abounding gaiety, and his countenance wore none of the mirth that made the street ring around him. No one watched him—no one seemed to care for him. He seemed a walking reproof to the high-blooded and careless youth that shouted by. As I watched him hugging the wall, that he might not be caught away, and borne off by the living stream, and with slow and unsteady steps threading his way under the shadow of these mighty palaces, I immediately divined the whole. He could not find it in his heart to tie the child, that usually piloted him in his wanderings, to his side amid such rejoicings. All had gone off, leaving the old man behind, as unfit to be taken among the crowd. In his solitude he had sat, and heard the murmur and shouts without his dwelling, reminding him of his boyish days, till he could sit quiet no longer. Alone, unaided, he had groped his way into the streets. The tread of hasty feet, the mirth and the laughter, quickened the blood in his old veins, and the scenes of his boyhood came back on his fading memory. Half sad, half glad and half fearful, the old man passed along, probably for the last time, the streets of his native city on the last day of Carnival. So I have seen an old blind man in my own country, sitting in the mild air of a summer evening, leaning on the top of his cane, and listening with a sad smile to the laughter and mirth of boys at play on the village green. Truly yours.

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LETTER XV.

Leghorn—Civita Vecchia—Naples.

CIVITA VECCHIA, March, 1843.

DEAR E.—I see you staring at the date of this letter, and wondering what I have to do in "Civita Vecchia" (old city)—why just nothing at all, only calculating how long it will take me to get out of it. I have been in my share of villainous towns, but this has a combination of qualities in this respect, that defies all comparisons. The suburbs are barren as a desert, and the *inurbs* dirty as a choked up sewer. The people look like cut-throats that have starved at their business, and the inside of the churches, like the refuse of the almshouse. I walked over it with an English lady—an acquaintance of Dickens by the way—who tells me that Dickens is getting out a work, reflecting on us in a manner that will throw his "Notes on America" entirely in the shade. She says she supposed our rapturous reception of him was occasioned by the *fear* we had of his pen. Shade of Hector defend us! this *is too much*. However, we deserve it, or rather those of my countrymen deserve it, who out-did Lilliput in their admiration of the modern Gulliver; for *I* plead not guilty to the charge of "fool" in that sublimest of all follies ever perpetrated by an intelligent people. I will cry "bravo" to every pasquinade Dickens lets off on that demented class, which cried out every time they saw that buffalo-skin over-coat appear, "The Gods have come down to us."

Do you ask how I got here? by steam! They charge on the Mediterranean steamboats, at the rate of ten dollars for the distance between New York and Albany. Their mode of running, or rather their habit of stopping, is very convenient for travellers. We started in the evening from Genoa, and waked up in the morning in Leghorn. We remained in port all day, allowing

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the passengers time to visit Pisa and return. The English Cemetery at Leghorn is very beautiful. I walked through it to find the tomb of Smollet, and while in quest of it met an English lady in search of the same thing; who civilly asked me if I could point it out to her. I returned with her to the tomb, and while there, remarked to the friend with whom I was in company, that he had better pluck a flower, to carry back as a memento to America. "What," said the lady to me, "are you an American?" I replied that I was. "And from what part of the United States?" "From New York." She then asked me if I knew a painter by the name of Coates. I told her I did not, but I believed I had seen his name in the catalogue of those who had paintings in the Academy of Design. She said he was an Englishman by birth, and had removed to New York and married an American lady. About the time the President was lost, he was expected in England, on his way to Italy. Since then he had never been heard of. Much anxiety had been felt on his account, and it was feared he had gone down in the ill-fated vessel. I replied, I supposed it was a very easy matter to determine that, by consulting the list of those who embarked in her. "Well," said she, "if you ever see him in New York, tell him you met his mother at Smollet's tomb," and burst into tears, and turned away. She gave me no opportunity of making farther inquiries, and I saw her no more. It struck me as exceedingly singular, that she should be his mother, and yet not know whether he sunk in the President or not, and still more singular that she should expect I would see him before she would even know whether he was dead or alive. He must be a singular son, or "thereby hangs a tale," that the mother might unfold.

The wind blew like a hurricane from shore, as we came down the coast last night, but the sea kept smooth except when we were passing from point to point, across some large bay. The steamer was a snug sea-boat, and walked with almost noiseless step among the many islands that surrounded her. It was nearly midnight when we passed Elba, and I cannot describe to you the feelings with which I gazed on that island, casting its great, silent shadow over the sea. Bonaparte has left his image on every point of land he has touched; but one's reflections of him always

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end painfully, and the mind runs down from Emperor, hero, warrior, to robber, where it stops. Strange, but the keen repartee said to have been inflicted on him once by an Italian lady, came to me as I looked on the Island. Said Napoleon once in company, speaking of the thieving propensities of the Italians, "tutti gli Italiani sono i ladroni," (all the Italians are robbers). "Non tutti," replied the lady, "ma *bona-parte*," not all, but the greater part, or, BONAPARTE. This is almost too good to be true.

I forgot to mention one thing of Civita Vecchia, and which I here record to the honor of the only decent man in it. The Englishwoman and myself were walking around the town, and finally, as promising some relief, stepped to the walls of the city for the purpose of looking off upon the sea; but at every attempt we were repulsed by a soldier, who said it was forbidden. The silliness of the command, just as if it were possible that any living man could be such an unmitigated fool as to wish to reconnoitre the walls for the purpose of ascertaining their weakness, so as one of these days to scale them, made me resolve to resist it. So stepping up to a soldier, who had just driven us back, I said in my blandest tone, "Why, you cannot be so ungallant as to refuse to permit a lady to look over the walls just for *one moment*." He looked around to see if any one was watching, and replied, "Well, for one moment, I don't care, but only *one* moment." I had conquered, so stepping up, we looked over, and lo, we saw—nothing. I thanked the fellow for his civility, and if I had any influence with his Holiness, he should be immediately promoted.

NAPLES.

It was a beautiful evening when we wheeled out of the contemptible little port of Civita Vecchia, and sped off for Naples. The wind had lulled, and the sea rolled with a gentle swell as our gallant little steamer shot along the Italian coast. Just at sunset we came opposite the Tiber, where it empties into the sea at Ostia, the ancient port of Rome. The dome of St. Peter's frowned grey in the distance, backed by snow peaks, and I began to feel the influence of the "eternal city" upon me. Around that port had clustered the Roman galleys, laden with the spoils of successful war—on their way to Cæsar's palace. What a

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change the centuries had wrought! I could not but picture to myself how Cæsar would have looked, if when lying off this port with his fleet, he had seen a steamer, breathing fire and smoke from her decks, and without sail, driving right down against wind and sea upon him. Methinks he would have told his helmsman, notwithstanding he "bore the great Cæsar," he had better haul a little closer in shore, and all the galleys would have huddled like frightened swans into Ostia. Really Cæsar's galley did look small beside our steamer. All this time my friend stood leaning over the rail, and gazing off on the shore, looking as if memory was busy with the mighty past. But just when I was expecting some extremely poetical sentiment, he drily remarked, without looking up, as he knocked the ashes from his cigar, "I wonder if Cassius ever *did* swim across that river with Cæsar on his back."

At length the full round moon rose over the scene, turning the sea into a floor of diamonds, over which our vessel went curtseying, as if herself half conscious of the part she was acting in front of old Rome. All seemed to feel the inspiration of the hour, and were scattered around on the moonlit deck in silent musing. It was an hour when home and its memories visit the spirit, and the heart travels back over the long interval to its place of repose. A Russian baroness and her niece, a sweet Finlandese, who were leaning over the side of the ship, humming fragments of melodies, at length burst into a native song, sending their rich voices far over the moonlit sea. A handsome Greek stood by with his dark eye and solemn face, drinking in the poetry of the scene and the music of the strain, till, unable longer to contain his feelings, he bowed his head on the bulwarks and covered his face with his hands. A French Count sat on the quarter-deck kicking his heels against the cabin, humming snatches from some opera by way of accompaniment to the song. He seemed quite unconscious of the discords he was making, while the Finlandese would ever and anon turn her blue eye inquiringly towards him, as if she would ask what he were trying to do, till she could contain herself no longer, and burst into a clear laugh, that rang almost as musical as her song. This broke up the *poetry* of the scene, and we subsided away into a good-natured chit-chat, until one

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after another dropped off into the cabin, and my friend and myself were left alone with the moon and the night. That glorious moolight sail along the coast of Italy has left its bright impression on my heart for ever.

As I rose in the morning and went on deck, the first object that arrested my attention was the top of Vesuvius, which I caught through a notch in the mountain, sending up its dark column of smoke in the morning air. Islands came and passed us, till at length, rounding a point of land, the far-famed Bay of Naples opened before us. I cannot say the entrance struck me as peculiarly beautiful—the approach to Genoa is far more impressive. There is no striking back-ground of hills, and with the exception of St. Elmo, there is nothing on which the eye rests with peculiar interest. The beauty of the bay is seen in riding round it. In this aspect it is unequalled, for wherever you go there bends that same beautiful curve, sprinkled with villages, while Capri and Ischia sleep quietly out at sea. Take away the associations of both, and I think a stranger would be more impressed with the entrance to New York harbor, than with the entrance to the Bay of Naples. Association is everything. Clothe the shore with buried cities, and spread an air of romance over every hill-top, and it is wonderful how different rugged nature will look. On the other hand, let all the associations be those of commerce, and the most beautiful scenery will have a very matter-of-fact appearance. There is a dreamy haze over everything around Naples that gives its scenery a soft and subdued aspect; added to this, there is a dreamy haze also over the spirit, so that it is quite impossible to see ordinary defects. But don't misunderstand me—the bay of Naples viewed from shore is the most beautiful bay I have ever seen, but, approached from the sea, inferior to that of New York. Set Vesuvius in motion, and pour its lava in fire-torrents down the breast of the mountain, lighting up the shore and sea, and painting in lines of blood on the water each approaching vessel, and make a canopy of cinders and sparks borne hither and thither by the night wind, while the steady working of the fierce volcanic engine is like the sound of thunder on the sea—and I grant you that the approach to Naples would be unrivalled.

Truly yours.

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LETTER XVI.

Visit to Pompeii—Ruins—Character of the People.

NAPLES, March, 1843.

DEAR E.—The Neapolitan maxim, "Vedi Napoli e poi mori," —"See Naples and then die,"—is not so egotistical. The man who dies without seeing it, that is, in one of its most favorable aspects, loses no ordinary pleasure. There is a combination of scenery here to be found nowhere else, though particular portions of it may be seen in every country. But here is a beautiful bay, islands, cities, villages, palaces, vineyards, plains, mountains, and volcanoes, gathered into one "*coup-d'œil.*" There is the grandeur of the past, and the beauty of the present; ruined temples, and perfect ones; living cities, and buried ones; and over them all a sky that would make any country lovely, however rugged. Day before yesterday I rode out to Pompeii. At 8 o'clock I landed from the steam-boat—at 10 I was on my way with an English gentleman and lady for the city of the dead. It lies twelve miles distant, and in the clear air and new objects that surrounded me, I forgot *the* object that had hurried me away. Now an old-looking vehicle would pass us, whose shape could hardly be made out, from the number of ragged, dirty beings that covered it—standing, sitting, lying, and indeed piled up in every direction, so as to occupy the least possible space. I counted on several of these two-wheeled, one-horsed vehicles, *ten persons*. There would sit a row of miserable-looking women outside of their houses, all engaged in the same occupation—*looking heads*. Here a little urchin would be sitting on the ground, with his head between the knees of a woman who was busy with his head, while behind her stood a third performing the same kind service, and all forming a group both ludicrous and revolting. In another direction would stand a man in the streets with a plate in one hand, while from the other, lifted

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over his head, which was thrown back to a horizontal position, hung in tempting profusion long strings of maccaroni, which disappeared down his neck like young snakes in the throat of their mother. Thus we passed along through Torre del Greco, and the ancient Oplonti, and then emerged into the open country, where the piled-up lava and barren hill-sides reminded us that we were approaching a scene of volcanic fury. Yet here and there were green patches from which the balmy bean sent forth its fragrance, contrasting strangely with the lava walls that enclosed them.

We at length reached the gate of the ancient city, where we left our carriage, and commenced the strangest city promenade I ever made. I had always supposed that Pompeii was like Herculaneum, and that one must descend to enter it. But the buried city formed a hill, and is excavated from a level, so that you enter it as you would any other town. We first entered the house of Diomed, one of the aristocrats of the city. We descended into the damp, dark wine cellar, where the bones of his family were found, whither they had fled for safety from the storm of ashes and fire that overwhelmed them. There, against the side of the wall, amid the earthen wine-jars that still stood as they did on the last day of that wild tempest, was the shape of the outstretched arms and the breast and head of her who had fallen against it in her death-agony. Nothing remained but the bones and jewels, to tell the sad story of her torture and suffocation in that dread hour. But I cannot go into details. They have been written over a hundred times. There were baths, and dressing and dining rooms, and work-shops, and wheel-worn streets, where the living multitude had moved, and luxuriated, and toiled. We saw tombs that were themselves entombed; rooms for washing the dead, where the living were suddenly buried unwashed and uncoffined; beer-shops, with the marks of the tumblers still fresh in the smooth marble—and the mill-stones that still turned to the hand in the self-same way they turned nearly two thousand years ago. There too was the brothel, and theatre, and dancing-hall. The secret orifice through which the priest sent his voice to the statue, to delude the people into the belief the god had spoken, was now disclosed. I walked through the house of a poet, into his garnished

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sleeping apartments, forming, in their silence, a part in a greater drama than he had ever conceived. I stood before the tavern with the rings yet entire to which the horses were fastened, and where the bones of a mother and her three children were found locked in each other's arms. Temples were overthrown with their altars. The niches in which stood the gods were left empty, and the altars before them, on which smoked the sacrifice, were silent and lonely. Columns fallen across each other in the courts just as that wild hurricane had left them, pieces of the architrave blocking up the entrances they had surmounted, told how fierce the shock and overthrow had been. One house was evidently that of a remarkably rich man. Mosaic floors representing battle scenes, precious stones still embedded in the pavements of his corridors, long colonnades, and all the appurtenances of luxury, attested the unbounded wealth of the owner. But no bodies were found in it. The rich man had fled with his portable wealth before the storm came. We passed through the temple of Jupiter, the court of Justice, the Forum, the market-place, and finally emerged into the country.

I mounted an old wall, covered with earth, and looked back on the disentombed city, and beyond on Vesuvius. There it stood, solemn, grand, and lonely, sending up its steady column of smoke, a perpetual and living tombstone over the dead at its feet. I could see the track of the lava on its wild and fiery march for the sea, and imagine just how the cloud of ashes and cinders rose from the summit and came flying toward the terror-stricken city. Foot after foot it piled itself in the streets, over the thresholds, above the windows, and so on till it reached twenty or thirty feet above the tops of the houses. There was the sea where the younger Pliny came, and, impelled by a fatal curiosity, would land, till, blinded and suffocated, he too fell with the victims that perished.

From this we went to the amphitheatre, where the gladiatorial shows were held. It is a magnificent area of an oval form, and sufficiently capacious to hold fifteen or twenty thousand spectators. The dens where the lions were kept still stood, and there was the very area in which men fought and fell. I stood at one end and shouted, and the answering echo came back clear and distinct as a second voice. It enhanced the solitude. Some have

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imagined that spectators were assembled here at the time of the overthrow of the city, and as they felt the first step of the mighty earthquake that heralded its doom, rushed in dismay from their seats. But this could not be, for Pompeii did not fall by an earthquake, and the mountain, long before the eruption, gave terribly distinct omens of the coming blow. Dio relates that spectres lined the summit of the mountain, and unearthly shapes flitted around its trembling sides. This was doubtless the mist boiling up from its confinement through the crevices, and shooting into the upper air. Pliny himself says in his epistle that he saw from Misenus, fifteen or twenty miles distant from Naples on the other side, a cloud rising from the mountain in the shape of a pine tree, and shortly after embarked for the city. The groaning mountain was reeling above the sea of fire that boiled under her, and struggled for freedom. It was not a time for amusement. Terrified men and women ran for the sea; that also fled back affrighted from its shores, so that even Pliny could not land before the city, but was forced to proceed to Stabiæ. The bellowing mountain, the sulphureous air, the quivering earth, would not let a city even so dissolute as Pompeii gather to places of public amusement. Consternation reigned in every street, and drove the frightened inhabitants away from their dwellings. This is doubtless the reason why so few bodies were found. Those that perished were slaves, or those who tarried till some falling column or wall blocked up their path, and the descending cinders blinded their sight as they groped about for a way of egress. Fear and darkness (for day was turned into night) might have enthralled others beyond the power of moving. And I was standing on the same pavement those terror-stricken citizens stood on two thousand years ago, and was looking on the same mountain they gazed on with such earnest inquiry and fearful forebodings. Then it rocked and swayed and thundered above the pent-up forces that threatened to send it in fragments through the heavens. Now, silent and quiet, it stood firm on its base. Yet to me it had a morose and revengeful look, as if it were conscious of the ruin at its feet.

The excavations are more extensive than I supposed, and the effect of the clear light of the sun and the open sky on the deserted

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pavements is peculiar and solemn. A visit to it is an episode in a man's life that he can never forget. An old column or a broken wall of a once populous city interests us. We stand and muse over the ruined pile till it becomes eloquent with the history of the past. If one single complete temple be found, how it increases the interest. But to wander through a whole city standing as its inhabitants left it in their sudden fear, adds tenfold to the vividness of the picture. The little household things meeting you at every turn, give speciality to the whole. As I strolled from apartment to apartment, I almost expected to meet some one within the door. I felt like an intruder as I passed into the sleeping rooms of others—as if I were entering the private apartments of those who were merely absent on a ride or a visit. The scenes were familiar, and it appeared but a short time since the eyes of those who occupied the dwellings rested on the same objects. In turning the corners of the streets, it would hardly have surprised me to have met the inhabitants just returning, and looking on me as a stranger and an intruder. It required an effort to convince myself that these streets and these dwellings were thronged and occupied for the last time nearly two thousand years ago. I assure you the struggle was *not* to *call up* the past, but to *shake it off*—and when I finally stood at the gate and gave a farewell look to the lonely city that faintly shone in the light of the setting sun, a feeling of indescribable sadness stole over me, and I rode away without the wish ever to see it again.

But the view of the bay, and the careless laughing groups we met at every step, soon restored our spirits. The streets were filled with loungers, all expressing in their manners and looks the Neapolitan maxim, "dolce far niente" (it is sweet to do nothing). You have heard of the bright eyes and raven tresses and music-like language of the Neapolitans; but I can assure you there is nothing like it here, i. e. among the lower classes. The only difference that I can detect between them and our Indians is, that our wild bloods are the more beautiful of the two. The color is the same, the hair very like indeed, and as to the "soft bastard Latin" they speak, it is one of the most abominable dialects I ever heard. I know this is rather shocking to one's ideas of Italian women. I am sure I was prepared to view them in a

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favorable, nay, in a poetical light; but amid all the charms and excitements of this romantic land, I cannot see otherwise. The old women are hags, and the young women dirty, slip-shod slatterns. Talk about "bright-eyed Italian maids!" Among our lower classes there are five beauties to one good-looking woman here. It is nonsense to expect beauty among a population that live in filth, and eat the vilest substances to escape the horrors of starvation. Wholesome food, comfortable apartments, and cleanly clothing, are indispensable to physical beauty; and these the Italians, except the upper classes, do not have. The filthy dens in which they are crammed, the tattered garments in which they are but half hid, and the haggard faces of hundreds of unfed women and children that meet me at every step as I enter the city at night, overthrow all the pleasures of the day, and I retire to my room angry with that political and social system that requires two-thirds to die of starvation, that the other third may die of surfeit. The King of Naples has five palaces, while thousands of his subjects have not one blanket.

Men talk of travelling when the mind is matured, but I advise every one who wishes to enjoy Italy to visit it before he has thought of the irregularities and miseries of the world. Let him come into this beautiful clime while the imagination holds supreme sway, and life is a golden dream. He then will see but its temples and arts, hear but the voice of the past, and grow enthusiastic on a soil where every stone is a monument, and every wall a history. I could weep when I see the havoc that tyranny and avarice make of the happiness of man. Why is it that these thousands around me should weep and suffer and die, that one lazy Prince may gorgeously furnish five palaces he enters but five times a year? Why should Lazzaroni multiply to be cursed by every stranger, merely that a few lazy nobles may turn a whole country into beautiful villas to gallop through? Italy abounds in lovely scenery, and is rich in classic associations; but he must be a stupid observer, or a heartless one, who can see and feel nothing else. As I wander through the grounds of a princely noble, I enjoy the beauty and taste that surround me, until mounting some point of view I look down on a lovely country filled with half-fed men, and then I could hang him on one of his

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own oaks. There stands a glorious statue, but under it lies a live sufferer. There is a magnificent church, but on its ample steps are heaps of rags, each enveloping a living, suffering man. But, as the Italians say, "la pazienza e la confidenza." Yes—patience and confidence: for the ridiculous farce of Kings will have an end, and humanity yet shake off its rags and lay aside its shame, and assert and take its long-withheld rights.

Yours, &c.

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LETTER XVII.

Ascent of Vesuvius.

NAPLES, March, 1843.

DEAR E.—We have been to Mount Vesuvius, and to-day has been one of the richest days of my life. The morning was bright and clear, and the road lay along the Bay of Naples. We made a short stop at Portici, where the King has a palace. It is beautifully situated, with gardens and promenades around it, and all the luxuries that royalty can so easily afford. The taste and beauty of the interior, however, are chiefly owing to Madame Murat, the ex-Queen of Naples, who reformed not only this, but all the royal palaces of the city. When the dethroned Ferdinand returned from Sicily, he was exceedingly pleased with the improvements his conqueror had made, and very good-humoredly remarked that "Murat was an excellent upholsterer." The portraits of Napoleon's and Murat's families are still there, and said to be excellent likenesses. The whole palace is in excellent taste, but the only thing remarkable in it is a porcelain room, the walls and ceilings of which are entirely covered with china from the celebrated manufactory of Capo di Monti, specimens of which are now seldom found. These porcelain panels are painted with landscapes, and bordered with wreaths in alto-relievo; colored like life, and as large; with squirrels and birds mingled in charming confusion. The frames of the mirrors and the chandeliers are of the same material, and the effect of the whole is singular and pleasing. I hurried through the rooms, anxious to be on the side of Vesuvius.

We soon came to the place where horses and donkeys are taken for the ascent, and here a scrambling and squalling and quarrelling commenced that would not have disgraced a steamboat landing at New York. In the morning when we started, a man

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mounted the box of the carriage with the driver, as if he owned it. I asked him what he was doing there. He inquired if I did not wish a guide. I replied, "Yes, of course, to ascend the mountain." Supposing all was right, we went on. But here I discovered that a horse could not be had without a guide to accompany him. I turned to my friend of the coach-box and asked what this meant, and why he had presumed to fasten himself on me in this way. He seemed to be somewhat flustered, but replied with a great deal of suavity, "Oh, sir, to see you are not cheated, and to have everything arranged on your return." "I can take care of that," said I; "I don't mean to be cheated by you or others either." But the day was advancing, and this was no place or time to quarrel with him, for it would only swell the Babel that already clattered around me. My friend at length mounted a good-looking horse, while the most villanous donkey that ever went unsheared was led up to *me*. I asked my supernumerary guide if this was the animal he had come thus far to provide me with. He said he thought it was an excellent beast. I replied I was sorry I could not agree with him, and deliberately walked away. The owner then threw himself before me, with his demure, shaggy, long-eared friend, determined I should take him. I asked him if he *called that a horse*. "No, your excellency, but an *eccellentissimo* Ass." "No," said I very coolly, "you are mistaken; it is neither an ass nor a horse." He looked in astonishment at me, as much as to say, "What do you mean? what is it then?" The others had become quiet by this time, and stood waiting the issue. "Why," said I, "don't you see *it's a rat*—a large *water-rat*—you are wishing me to ride?" The men looked at each other in astonishment for a moment, and then burst into a loud laugh. Seeing I was not to be duped, they led me out a very nice grey pony, which I mounted, and galloped away.

The guide, with a strong stick in one hand, seized my friend's horse by the tail, and trotted after. The ascent for some time was gradual, the road passing through vineyards from which Lachryma Christi, tears of Christ (as a certain kind of wine is called), is made. The scene gradually grew drearer until we came to the region of pure lava. I can convey to you no idea

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of the feelings this utterly barren lava-desert at first excites. There it spreads, black, broken and rough, just as it cooled in its slow and troubled march for the sea. Here it met an obstacle and rose into a barrier; there it fell off into ridges that cracked and broke into fragments, till the whole inclined plain that spreads off from the base of the pyramid in which is the crater, appears as if the earth had been violently shaken till all the large and loose portions had risen to the surface. Sometimes you can trace for some distance a sort of circular wall of cooled lava, behind which the red-hot stream had gathered and glowed like a brow of wrath. Nothing could be more dreary and desolate. Through this barren tract I was passing in a narrow path. My eye wandered hither and thither over the scathed and blackened mass, but always came back to the solemn peak from whose top silently ascended a heavy column of smoke. Soon after, we ascended a ridge of earth that the volcano had spared, and on which stood the Hermitage. Before reaching it we could see on its narrow top, extending nearly to the base of the peak, the forms of mules and horses slowly marching in Indian file, and carrying a company in advance of us to the same destination. Their appearance at that distance and above us, cast in bold relief against the clear sky, was novel and picturesque. We did not stop at the Hermitage, but pushing straight on soon reached the field of lava, through which our animals picked their way with most praiseworthy care. As I was slowly crossing this rough tract, I saw in the distance twenty or thirty mules and horses, saddled and bridled, scattered around at the base of the peak, amidst the lava, and on the open mountain side, like an Arab camp in the desert. Here we also dismounted, and began the almost perpendicular ascent.

The company before us looked like dwarfs clinging to the side of the mountain. There was a lady among them, who, with a bridle around her waist, was pulled up by the guide. Ours also started with a bridle, but I told him to throw it away, as I could take care of myself. Halfway up we came upon a snow-bank, on which I cooled my parched lips. Again and again we were compelled to rest, but without regret, for whenever we turned our eyes below, they were met by one of the most magnificent prospects the sun ever shone upon. There were the Bay of Naples,

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the islands of Capri and Ischia, beyond which the blue Mediterranean melted away into the mild horizon; nearer slept the city, with its palaces and towers, while far inland, on, on, till the eye grew dim with the extended prospect, swept away the whole "*campagna felice*," or happy country, in a glorious panorama of villages, villas, fields, and vineyards. Around me was piled lava that had once poured in a red-hot stream where I sat; and close beneath me an immense cavity, where a volcano had once raged and died. When near the top, as I stood looking off on the world below, a dense cloud of mist, borne by the wind, swept over and around me, blotting out in an instant everything from my sight. A cold breeze accompanied it, and the sudden change from broad sunlight and an almost boundless prospect, to sudden twilight and a few feet of broken lava, was so chilling and gloomy, that it for a moment damped my ardor. Our guide, however, told us it would soon pass, so we rallied our spirits and pushed on.

At length we reached the top, and lo, a barren, desolate, uneven field spread out before us, filled with apertures, from which were issuing jets of steam, and over which blew a cold and chilling wind, while fragments of mist traversed it like spirits fleeing from the gulf that yawned behind them. Passing over this with dainty footsteps, and feeling every moment as if the crust would break beneath our feet, we reached at last the verge of the crater, and the immense basin, with its black, smoking cone in the centre, was below us. From the red-hot mouth boiled out fast and fierce, an immense column of smoke, accompanied at intervals with a heavy sound, and jets of red-hot scoria. This was more than I anticipated. I expected to see only a crater, and a smouldering heap. But the mountain was in more than common agitation, and had been throughout the winter. It seemed to sympathize with Etna and other volcanoes that appear to have chosen this year for a general waking up. I could compare it to nothing but the working of an immense steam-engine. It had a steady sound like the working of a heavy piston, while at short intervals the valve seemed to lift and the steam would escape with an explosion, and at the same time the black smoke and lurid blaze shoot from the mouth, and the red-hot scoria rise forty or fifty feet into the air. At the moment of explosion, the mouth of the cone seemed in a

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blaze, and the masses of scoria thrown out, some of which would weigh fifteen or twenty pounds, resembled huge gouts of blood—they were of that deep red, fresh color. I deemed myself fortunate in the time I visited it, for I saw a *real, living*—or as Carlyle would say, an authenticated volcano. There was a truth and reality and power about it, that chained and awed me. I could count the strokes of that tremendous engine as it thundered on in the bowels of the earth, and see the fruits of its infernal labor as it hurled them into the upper air, as if on purpose to startle man with the preparations that were going on under him. That mountain, huge as it was, seemed light to the power beneath it, and I thought it felt unsteady on its base, as if conscious of the strength of its foe. But the ludicrous is always mingled with the sublime. As I sat on the edge of the crater, awed by the spectacle before me, our guide approached with some eatables, and two eggs that had been cooked in the steam issuing from one of the apertures we had passed. My friend sat down very deliberately to eat his. I took mine in my hand mechanically, but was too much absorbed in the actions of the sullen monster below me to eat. Suddenly there was an explosion louder than any that had preceded it, hurling a larger, angrier mass into the air. My hand involuntarily closed tightly over the egg, and I was recalled to my senses by my friend calling out very deliberately at my feet to know what I was doing. I looked down, and there he sat quietly picking the shell from his egg, while *mine* was running a miniature volcano over his back and shoulders. I opened my hand, and there lay the crushed shell, while the contents were fast spreading over my friend's broadcloth. I laughed outright, sacrilegious as it was. So much you see for the imagination you have so often scolded me about. I had lost my egg, while my friend, who took things more coolly, enjoyed not only the eating of his, but the consciousness of having eaten an egg boiled in the steam of Vesuvius.

We next descended into the crater, and however slight a thing one may deem it in *ordinary* times, it was a grave matter for me. Both hands and feet had never before been in such urgent requisition. The path at times was not a foot wide, and indeed was not a path, but clefts in the rocks, where often a single mis-

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step would have sent one to the bottom of the crater, while lava rocks, cracked at their base, and apparently awaiting but a slight touch to shake them down on you, hung overhead. Frequently my only course was to lie against the rock and cling with my hands to the projecting points, while ever and anon, from out some aperture would shoot jets of steam so impregnated with sulphur as almost to strangle me. My guide would then be hid from my sight, and I had nothing to do but hang on and cough, while I knew that a thousand feet were above and below me. At other times the crater would be filled with vapor up to the rim, shrouding everything from our sight, even the fiery cone, while we hung midway on the rocks and stood and listened. Amidst the rolling vapor I could hear the churning of that tremendous engine, and the explosion that sent the scoria into the air, and then, after a moment of deep silence, the clatter of the returning fragments, like hail-stones on dry leaves, far, far below me. It was sufficently startling and grand, to stand half-way down that crater, with your feet on smoking sulphur and your hand on rocks so hot that you shrank from the touch, and *gaze down* on that terrific fire-energy, without wrapping it in gloom and adding deeper mystery to its already mysterious workings. A puff of air would then sweep through the cavity, dashing the mist against its sides and sending it like frightened spirits over the verge. I almost expected to see a change when the light again fell on it, but there it stood, churning on as steady and stern as ever.

We at length reached the bottom, and sitting down at a *respectful* distance from the base of the cone, enjoyed the sublime spectacle. There we were, deep down in the bowels of the mountain, while far up on the brink of the crater, like children in size, sat a group of men sending their hurrah down at every discharge of scoria. Before me ascended the column of rolling smoke, while every few seconds the melted mass was ejected into the air with a report that made me measure rather wistfully the distance between us and the top. Our guide took some coppers, and as the scoria fell a little distance off, he would run up the sides of the cone, drop them in the smaller portions, and retreat before a second discharge. It was amusing to see how coolly he would stand and look up to the descending fragments of fire,

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some of which, had they struck him, would have crushed him to the earth, and calculate their descent so nicely that with a slight movement he could escape each. When the scoria cooled, the coppers were left imbedded in it, and thus carried off as remembrances of Vesuvius. We went around the crater, continually descending until we came to the lowest part, close to the base of the cone. Here the lava was gathering and cooling and cracking off in large rolls, with that low continuous sound which is always made by the rapid cooling of an intensely heated mass. I ascended a little eminence which the lava was slowly undermining, and thrust my cane into the molten substance. It was so hot that I had to cover my face with my cap in order to hold my stick in it for a single moment. As I stood and saw fold after fold slowly roll over and fall off, and heard the firing of the volcano above me, and saw, nearly a hundred feet over my head, red-hot masses of scoria suspended in the air, I am not ashamed to say I felt a *little uncomfortable*. I looked above and around, and saw that it needed but a slight tremulous motion to confine me there for ever. It was not the work of five or ten minutes to reach the lofty top, and a little heavier discharge of fire—a small shower of ashes—and I should have been smothered or crisped in a moment. There may have been no danger, but one cannot escape the belief of it when at times he is compelled to dodge flaming masses of scoria, that otherwise would smite him to the earth.

We ascended by a different and much easier path. It is longer, but far preferable to the one we came down. It led us to the other side of the crater, from which we looked down on Pompeii. I could trace the stream of lava to the plain, and could well imagine the consternation of the inhabitants of the doomed city, as the storm of ashes shot off for its bosom. Weary and exhausted, we descended by a different route through a bed of ashes that reached from the top to the bottom of the hill, mounted our horses and rode homeward. The glorious plain was spread out before us, but we were too tired to enjoy it. At the bottom of the hill we found our supernumerary guide half-drunk on our credit, who told us he had soup, fish, beef, fowl, fruit, et cetera, provided for our entertainment in a neighboring house, which

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proved to be a hovel. The provisions, he said, had cost but little more than a dollar, while the man asked only about the same for cooking them. I was thoroughly vexed, and told him to say to the man he might have the provision to pay for cooking them; and as for him, I considered him the greatest scoundrel I had yet met with, and I had seen many. He replied that he regarded me as his son—that he would not see me cheated of a grana for the world. I told him I thought the proofs of his affection were rather dubious, that it had cost me about three dollars that day, and it was altogether too expensive for me, and I thought, notwithstanding the intensity of his love, that we had better part. And yet, would you believe it, this fellow had the impudence to come up to the carriage and ask me to make him a present of a few carlines, as a sort of farewell gift! It was really the coolest rascality I had yet encountered. But the day passed away, and the evening, with its welcome repose, came. That night I slept, as I had never slept before. It was like oblivion, it was so deep and unbroken.

Truly yours.

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LETTER XVIII.

The Ladies of Italy and the Ladies of America.

NAPLES, March, 1843.

DEAR E.—Who has not heard the exclamations, "The black-eyed Beauties of Italy—The Blue Heavens of Italy!" and that, too, in contrast with our own beautiful women and clear atmosphere, until he has dreamed of a sunny land wreathed with rivers, and filled with radiant, passionate creatures? At another time I shall contrast the climates.

At present, reversing the rules of rhetoric, I take the most interesting objects first; and as to these dark-eyed beauties—dark-eyed enough though they are, and very pretty withal—yet, like many other things in this world, they appear much better when dreamed about, with four thousand miles of ocean between us, than when looked at from these promenades dressed *à la Français*. It is not the partiality one naturally feels for his countrywomen that governs me, when I say that the beautiful women with us stand to them in the proportion of five to one. Walk on a pleasant day at the promenading hour from the Astor House to Bleecker-street, and you shall see more beautiful women than you will find in any Italian city, though you walk it a month. Similar contrasts might be drawn between many other things in the two countries, in which we have heretofore suffered unjustly. This declaration cannot be attributed to prejudice, for you know I was a perfect child in my enthusiasm for Italy. It was the land of my early dreams—the one bright vision in all my scholar's life, and when its blue hills rose on my view I felt like the pilgrim as he catches the first glimpse of the Prophet's Tomb from afar. Yet the truth 'maun be said.'—Perhaps one would see more beauty were the young ladies permitted to appear more in society. The foolish custom of shutting them up in convents, occupied with their studies,

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until married off *by their parents*, still prevails. It is, however, losing somewhat of its ancient force, especially in Tuscany. The truth is, we have derived our ideas of Italy from England, which is not distinguished for its beautiful peasantry. Accustomed also to the light hair and fresh complexion of the Saxon race, the English fall in raptures at sight of the dark-eyed beauties of the South. The same is true of climate. Coming from the fogs of London, where the sun seems made in vain, they are in ecstacies with the bright heavens of Italy. The sky *is* at times like a sapphire dome, and its blue often of a peculiar tinge; but the difference, in this respect, between it and our own is not so great as many imagine.

Genoa has been regarded from time immemorial as the most celebrated of all Italian cities, for the beauty of its women. In that city I resided nearly six months, and mingled freely in every class of society. Being an invited guest to all the large assemblies and soirées of the nobility, I had every opportunity of seeing its society in its most brilliant coloring. I shall never forget my disappointment at the first great soirée I attended. I expected to be dazzled by the array of beauty, as it was given by the highest officer of the city, but did not see but one really pretty woman during the evening. It is rather singular also that those who have the reputation of being beauties, among the Italians, usually have the light hair and eyes and fair skin of the Saxon race; indeed the most beautiful women I have seen here have been English women. My taste may not be correct, but there is a character in the expression of an English woman's face that you look for in vain in an Italian. It has also, a half proud look, which I like, although it gives a coldness to her manner.

At the casinos in this country, I have often met the entire beauty of the upper classes of the city; and although certainly many very pretty women were present, yet the average of beauty was low. With fourteen rooms thrown open, and all so crowded that one could hardly move, one would expect some beauty in any city, and he finds it here; but I am quite sure if national beauty is worth being proud of, we can boast over Italy—that is, in our women; I wish I could say as much of the men. It is not so easy to decide on the peasantry; they differ so much in different prov-

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inces. Sometimes you may travel all day and see nothing but the ugliest faces, and you wonder how nature could have gone so awry in every instance; and then again in another province you see at every step the beautiful eye and lash, and flexible brow, and laughing face of your true Italian beauty.

In form the Italians excel us. Larger, fuller, they naturally acquire a finer gait and bearing. It is astonishing that our ladies should persist in that ridiculous notion that a small waist is, and, *per necessita*, must be beautiful. Why, many an Italian woman would cry for vexation, if she possessed such a waist as some of our ladies acquire, only by the longest, painfullest process. I have sought the reason of this difference, and can see no other than that the Italians have their glorious statuary continually before them, as models; and hence endeavor to assimilate themselves to *them;* whereas our fashionables have no models except those French stuffed figures in the windows of milliners' shops. Why, if an artist should presume to make a statue with the shape that seems to be regarded with us as the perfection of harmonious proportion, he would be laughed out of the city. It is a standing objection against the taste of our women the world over, that they will practically assert that a French milliner understands how they should be made better than Nature herself.

It is the *manners* of the Italians, which is the real cause of the preference given them by all travellers. This alone makes an immense difference between an Italian and an American city. Broadway, with all its array of beauty, never inclines one to be lively and merry. The ladies (the men are worse of course) seem to have come out for any other purpose than to enjoy themselves. Their whole demeanor is like one sitting for his portrait. Everything is just as it should be, to be looked at. Every lady wears a serious face, and the whole throng is like a stiff country party. The ladies here, on the contrary, go out to be merry, and it is one perpetual chatter and laugh on the public promenades. The movements are all different, and the very air seems gay. I never went down Broadway at the promenade hour *alone* with the blues, without coming back feeling bluer, while I never returned from a public promenade in Italy without rubbing my hands, saying to myself, "Well,

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this must be a very comfortable world, after all, for people *do* enjoy themselves in it amazingly." This difference is still more perceptible on personal acquaintance. An Italian lady never sits and utters common-places with freezing formality. She is more flexible, and, indeed, if the truth must be said, better natured and *happier* than too many of my countrywomen. She is not on the keen look-out lest she should fail to frown every time propriety demands.

There is no country in the world where woman is so worshipped, and allowed to have her own way as in America, and yet there is no country where she is so ungrateful for the place and power she occupies. Have you never in Broadway, when the omnibus was full, stepped out into the rain to let a lady take your place, which she most unhesitatingly did, and with an indifference in her manner as if she considered it the merest trifle in the world you had done? How cold and heartless her "thank ye," if she gave one! Dickens makes the same remark with regard to stage-coaches—so does Hamilton. Now, do such a favor for an Italian lady, and you would be rewarded with one of the sweetest smiles that ever brightened on a human countenance. I do not go on the principle that a man must always expect a reward for his good deeds; yet, when I have had my kindest offices as a stranger, received as if I were almost suspected of making improper advances, I have felt there was little pleasure in being civil. The "grazie, Signore," and smile with which an Italian rewards the commonest civility, would make the plainest woman appear handsome in the eyes of a foreigner.

They also become more easily animated, till they make it all sunlight around them. They never tire you with the same monotonous aspect, but yield in tone and look to the passing thought, whether it be sad or mirthful; and then they are so free from all formality, and so sensitively careful of your feelings. I shall never forget one of the first acquaintances I made in Italy. I was at the Marquis of ——'s one evening, conversing with some gentlemen, when the Marquis came up and said, "Come, let me introduce you to a beautiful lady"—indeed she was the most beautiful Italian woman I had ever seen. I declined, saying I did not understand the Italian language well enough to converse

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with so brilliant a creature, "for you know (said I) one wants to say very clever things in such a case, and a blunder would be crucifying." "Pooh, pooh," said he, "come along"—and taking me by the shoulders led me along, and forced me down into a chair by her side, saying, "Now talk." If she had been half as much disconcerted as I was, I should have blundered beyond redemption: but the good-natured laugh with which she regarded the Marquis's performance entirely restored my confidence, and I stumbled along in the Italian for half an hour, without her ever giving the least intimation, by look or word, that I did not speak it with perfect propriety.

This same naiveté of manner extends itself everywhere. If you meet a beautiful peasant girl, and bow to her, instead of resenting it as an insult, she shows a most brilliant set of teeth, and laughs in the most perfect good humor. As I was once coming down from Mount Vesuvius, I passed an Italian lady with her husband, who by their attendants I took for persons of distinction. I had an immense stick in my hand, with which I had descended into the crater. As I rode slowly by, she turned to me in the pleasantest manner, and said, "Ha un grand bastone, signore" (you have got a large cane, sir). I certainly did not respect her less for her "forwardness!!" (civility), but on the contrary felt I would have gone any length to have served her.

Indeed, this same freedom from the ridiculous frigidity, which in my country is thought an indispensable safeguard to virtue, is found everywhere in Europe. It has given me, when a solitary stranger, many a happy hour on the Rhine, and on the Mediterranean. In my late passage from Civita Vecchia to Naples in a steamer, I met an instance of this, in the Russian baron and lady, and the pretty young Finlandess his niece. I forgot to mention the manner in which our acquaintance commenced. The old gentleman and his niece were sitting on deck enjoying the moonlight, and looking off on the shores of Italy and the islands past which we were speeding like a spirit; while I was slowly pacing backwards and forwards, thinking now of the sky I was under, and now of the far home on which a colder moonlight was sleeping, when the old baron pleasantly accosted me, and we slid off into an easy conversation. Soon after he went into the cabin a

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short time, when, passing by the Finlandess, she addressed me so pleasantly and lady-like, that I was perfectly charmed with her civility. Ah, said I to myself, a solitary stranger would have promenaded the deck of a vessel in my fatherland long, before one of my beautiful countrywomen would have uttered a word to cheer him, and make him long after bless her in his heart.

The Italian has another attraction peculiar to the beings of warm climes—she possesses deeper emotions than those of colder latitudes, while she has less power to conceal them. The dark eye flashes out its love or its hatred as soon as felt; and in its intense and passionate gaze is an eloquence that thrills deeper than any language. She is a being all passion, which gives poetry to her movements, looks, and words. It has made her land the land of song, and herself an object of interest the world over. A beautiful eye and eyebrow *are* more frequently met here than at home. The brow is peculiarly beautiful—not merely from its regularity, but singular flexibility. It will laugh of itself, and the slight arch always heralds and utters beforehand the piquant thing the tongue is about to utter; and then she laughs so sweetly! Your Italian knows how to laugh, and, by the way, she knows how to walk, which an American lady does not. An American walks better than an English woman, who steps like a grenadier, but still she walks badly. Her movements lack grace, ease, and naturalness.

Yet notwithstanding all this, beauty of face is more common at home than here. I will not speak of moral qualities, for here the "dark-eyed beauty" of Italy must lose in comparison; and, indeed, with all her passionate nature, she is not capable of so lasting affection as an American. It is fiercer, wilder, but more changeable.

Truly yours.

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LETTER XIX.

Islands about Naples—Virgil's Scenes, &c.

Naples, April.

Dear E.—I designed to have given one letter on the Islands around Naples, and another on the ruins that cover the ground that Virgil has made so classic. But really Virgil never was my admiration; and his River Styx, and Acheron, and Sea of the Dead, and Avernus, and above all, his Elysian Fields, are such entire creations of the imagination that I cannot with a sober face speak of them with the dignity that the scholar asks. So one letter must answer for the whole region. The truth is, Styx cannot be found, and Avernus is but a fish-pond, and the Elysian Fields a little bank that was once used for a Cemetery. Yet when I came to see these localities of Virgil's Æneid, I had a greater respect for him than ever before. He had more imagination than I gave him credit for. It is not every one that could gather two worlds and the passage between them into so narrow and ordinary a place. The truth is, this region was the resort of the Emperors, and Philosophers, and Poets of Rome, in their leisure hours. On this beautiful shore they built villas and temples, and adorned every hill-top, and made every glen and pool mysterious by the gods and nymphs they gathered around them. Virgil wrote for royal ears, and hence chose a spot that would flatter those whose favor he sought.

Near by is the ancient Cumæ, the Temple of Apollo, where Dædalus alighted in his winged flight from Crete; and, right below, the shore where Æneas drew up his ships, and the very cave to which he ascended to consult the Cumæan Sybil. Here Tarquinius Superbus found an asylum, and here, long after, Alaric piled his spoils. The whole shore and hill-side is covered with ruined temples dedicated to Venus, Apollo, Mercury, Diana, &c.

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Once this shore must have been a picture. Two things interested me more than all others, as they were not fictions of the imagination:—One was a view from the top of the Sybil's Cave, of the Tomb of Scipio Africanus, standing "solitary and alone" on the far sea-shore. Thither in pride and scorn the old hero retired, and died and was buried. It is close on the beach, all alone, looking proudly desolate. The sea murmurs around it, and the night-tempest howls by—making the only dirge that is chanted over the proud chieftain. The other was the harbor of Misenum. As I stood on the summit of the hill that overlooked the now ruined and desolate harbor, on which not even a fisher's boat was moored, with here and there an arch just rising from the water, where an earthquake had tumbled it, it did not seem possible that there the Roman fleet was wont to ride in its glory. Yet it was anchored here, commanded by Pliny the elder, at the time of the eruption of Vesuvius that buried Pompeii. In this very harbor occurred a scene that well-nigh changed the destinies of the World. Right below me, on that quiet, unconscious sheet of water, now so lonely-looking and desolate, sat once the galley of Sextus Pompeius, and on board of it Octavius Cæsar and Antony at dinner. Light as a sea-bird she sat on the wave, while those master-spirits discussed together the fate of the World. During dinner, Pompey's Admiral, formerly his slave, whom he had freed and honored, came and whispered in his ear—"*Shall I cut the cable and make you master of the World?*" "Why did you not do so without asking me?" answered Pompeius. "My word is now given, and I must abide by it." One good stroke of the knife then would have changed the fate of Rome and the World. On that single rope hung immense destinies, and the fingers were already feeling the handle of the knife that should sever it. On a rope did I say? On a lighter thing than that: on a *man's word!* Poor man! he would *do* a thousand lies to gain a trifling object, but yet would not utter one aloud in the ears of the World for an Empire. Ah! methinks after all, that fear of human scorn had more to do with the holding of that rope than sense of obligation. To ordinary men princes may utter what falsehoods they please. Mere *will* is holier than obligation, and the bare questioning the right by others is bolder than their own violation

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of it. Pompeius could deceive, and rob, and slay the *mass* by thousands; but deliberately to lie to great Cæsar, and turn dark traitor at his own table, would be an act at which the World would cry out "SHAME."

> "Ah, this thou should'st have done,
> And not have spoke on't! In me 'tis villainy;
> In thee it had been good service. Thou must know,
> 'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honor;
> Mine honor, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
> Hath so betrayed thine act: Being done unknown,
> I should have found it afterwards well done;
> But must condemn it now."

This queer distinction in morals must have puzzled old Menas sadly, and we wonder he did not immediately add, "Never mind, Pompey, I'll never tell any one you knew any thing about it; so here goes the rope." And yet we do not exactly see how Pompey could have reconciled it with his delicate conscience to have killed his guests after he had got out to sea, even if the rope *had* been cut without his knowledge.

The Sybil's Cave is not so much of a sham. The extent of this grotto or cavern is unknown; but doubtless the whole mountain is bored through, and was used formerly as a means of communication between different portions of these ancient strongholds. From the side that looks directly on the sea, and near where Æneas landed, one sees but little of the immense cavern that dives into the mountain. Our guide, however, lighted his torches, and led us through long and dark passages until the ruins blocked the arches and stopped our progress. The entrance from the other side of the hill is on the shore of Virgil's Tartarus. A beautifully shaded walk leads to it, which opens dark and gloomily in the mountain. Here our torches were again lighted, and we entered from the shores of the very same Tartarus where Æneas entered in his '*descensus facile*' into hell. You pass along a level gallery for some time illuminated only by the glare of your torches, and then reach an abrupt descent into a dark and narrow passage. My guide here put the torch into my hand and bade me mount. Holding it in one hand and grasping his neck with the other, I mounted his brawny shoulders, and the

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next moment found my feet dragging through the water. My torch would light up here and there a projecting point of rock, and fling its red light on the black-smeared visage of the fellow that carried me, till I began to think I really was on the road to the lower world and had fairly straddled the Devil's neck. We soon emerged into a room half filled with water, which we went splashing through into another, on the farther side of which my grim carrier set me down on a flight of steps that rose from the water. I really began to suspect, as I stood and gazed off into the darkness and saw the reflection of the light, now on the arched cavern, and now on the water, that Virgil was dealing somewhat in facts when he described this road to the Infernal World. Indeed, I should not have been surprised to have heard the bark of old Cerberus or the roar of the Cocytus.

In another chamber decorated with Mosaics, are what are termed the Sybil's Baths, and also little recesses in which the guide said she was accustomed to cool herself after her warm ablutions. Coming from a land of steamboats and railroads, where everything is practical and real, it seemed odd enough to hear men run over these traditions as matters of fact. Before you are aware, you find yourself following the narrator as if he were relating real occurrences; and, as he points out the particular localities and relates some incident belonging to each, you for the moment believe him. Being all told in a foreign tongue, and *that* Italian, adds to the delusion: and I found myself looking into the baths, where the beautiful limbs of the Sybil reposed, and around on her chambers, as if it all were a fact and not a fiction. But when I was shown the narrow hole into which she crawled to cool herself after the bath, the beautiful vision vanished. This was too much for even *my* imagination; and I roused the echoes of the Sybil's home by one of those long and hearty laughs that does the soul good. My cicerone had run on with increasing volubility, distancing Virgil miles out of sight, and adding such notes and comments on the way as would have staggered the poet to have heard. As he waved the torch to and fro, and splashed the water around him, he saw my eyes glaring on him like one completely gulled—as I most assuredly was for the time, though not by him so much as by my own imagination—and,

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taking the hint, he 'piled up the marvels,' as a Western man would say, 'a little too high.' My hearty, incredulous laugh acted like a condenser on his steam, and he began to mistrust I was a sensible man. He stopped short, and asked if I did not wish to mount.

An English lady had entered as far as one could without being carried, and, impelled by a woman's curiosity, asked to be taken into the Sybil's chambers. Without thinking *how* she was to be carried, she was just adjusting her dress, when the guide, stooping down, suddenly inserted her carefully astraddle of his neck, and plunged into the water. The squeal that followed would have frightened all the sybils of the mountains out of their grottoes. It was too late, however, to retreat;—the passage was too narrow to turn round in, and she was compelled to enter the first chamber before she could be relieved from her predicament. When she came again into the open day-light, a more astonished and pitiable looking object I never beheld. Her elegant bonnet was blackened and crushed, and she stood fingering it with an absent look, uttering now and then an expression of horror at what she had passed through.

This entire shore is a heap of ruins, and each ruin a history.

Fagged out and weary as ever, we drove slowly home in the mild evening air.

Truly yours.

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LETTER XX.

A Visit to Salerno—Ruins of Pæstum.

SALERNO, April, 1843.

DEAR E.—I have just returned from Pæstum. My New York friends and myself made a party, and, selecting a beautiful morning, started for the deserted city. Our road lay for many miles along the Bay, that spread away brightly in the morning sun, and through the towns that skirt the base of Vesuvius, and along the barren lava-tract near Pompeii, and finally opened into the cultivated plains,—when we trotted quietly off towards Salerno. Vineyards came up to the road as far as the eye could reach, interspersed with open cultivated grounds, in which the peasants, in their picturesque costume, were gaily at work. The vines in this region are trained on tall poplars, that give the vineyards the appearance of a wood, and do not produce so fine an effect as those farther north. The fields being without fences have an open look, and the mingling of men and women together in their cultivation give them a chequered appearance, and render them very picturesque. In the middle of a large green wheat-field would be a group of men and women weeding the grain, the red petticoats and blue spencers of the latter contrasting beautifully with the color of the fields. In one plat of ground I saw a team and a mode of ploughing quite *unique*, yet withal very simple. The earth was soft as if already broken up, and needed only a little mellowing. To effect this, a man had harnessed his wife to a plough, which she dragged to and fro with all the patience of an ox, he the mean time holding it behind, as if he had been accustomed to drive and she to go. This was literally "ploughing with the heifer." She, with a strap around her breast, leaning gently forward, and he, bowed over the plough behind, presented a most curious picture in the middle of a field. The plough here

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is a very simple instrument, having but one handle and no share, but in its place a pointed piece of wood, sometimes shod with iron, projecting forward like a spur, and merely passes through the ground like a sharp-pointed stick, without turning a smooth furrow like our own.

As we approached the Mountains the scenery changed and assumed a wilder and more varied aspect. We stopped at Nocera, a place founded it is supposed by the Pelasgi—once taken by the Saracens, and once bravely and successfully defended against Hannibal. Here is an old Cathedral, about which antiquarians have differed much; and the only safe result finally reached is, that it is of great antiquity, and whether originally a Church, or not, was built when Nocera was a far richer and more important place. A small collection of houses is near it, from which swarmed children and young women to beg for a few grani. Though dirty and ragged, their features were much finer than those near Naples. You would have laughed to have seen me fairly blocked in by babies and urchins, and young women clamoring for money. Wishing to look in their houses to see how they lived, I scattered some small change among them, which immediately made them my warm friends; and the invitations I had to their dwellings, *especially* from those who had not yet received any money, were excessively warm and urgent. I walked into one house from which I had seen no one come forth to beg. In the centre of the room was a cradle with a sick infant in it, while the mother sat at the side of it at work. She was a fine-looking woman, and seemed quite superior to the herd that dogged my footsteps. She looked up as I entered, and muttered something of my impoliteness. I thought she was about half right; but stepping up to the cradle, I inquired after the child and laid some money in its hand. Mercy! what a change! The sullen look with which she had greeted me passed away, and she addressed me with all the blandness of an Italian woman. But oh! what dwellings for human beings! I have been into the quarterings of slaves at the South, but they are comfortable apartments compared with these. A miserable bed and an old loom, with a few chickens and a pig, complete the entire furniture. I passed in and out followed by the same ragged gang, till all at

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once it occurred to me that these beggars were in general notorious thieves. I had, as I supposed, a note-book in my coat-pocket which closed like a pocket-book, and hence presented a strong temptation for a thief. I immediately put my hand behind me and found it was gone. I was enraged at their ingratitude. There I had been talking good naturedly, and scattering money among the ragged, vermin-covered little thieves, and they had rewarded me with stealing my note-book. I mustered my best Italian and abused them as a gang of ungrateful pickpockets. They looked quite astonished and innocent, and seemed willing and ardent to find the lost property. Knowing the frequent cases of robbery, it did not once occur to me that I might have left the thing behind; and, conscious that as soon as they had opened it they would find it valueless, I offered a reward for its return. Men and women ran to and fro screaming to one another, and then returned to report progress, which was always '*non si trova*,' (not found). Our driver exerted himself most patiently, until I finally called him back and told him to drive on. As he mounted the box, he knocked up his cap on one side, and scratching his head with a most knowing look, said:—"I will bet my head you have left it at home, for these people *dare* not steal." There was no more to be said on the subject; and I confess that just that moment I remembered I had taken it out of my pocket in the office of the hotel as we were starting off, to write a note to our Consul, and it was at least possible I had left it behind. The thought, I acknowledge, did not please me much, and I would have given a little to know I had not wronged the beggars.

I however soon forgot it all in the glorious scenery that surrounded us. Woods, rocks, vineyards, streams, castles, convents and watch-towers were scattered on every side. Now a sweet village lay nestling under a dark-browed hill; and now a ruined castle stood out in bold relief against the sky, perched on an almost inaccessible peak, around which, in the old lawless times, had been many a fierce struggle. Here we passed a solitary house peeping out from a mass of foliage in the side of the mountain, with a little rivulet brawling by it; and there saw the spire of a church shooting up behind a crag on the very summit of a high, bald mountain—placed in that eagle-like spot to be half-

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way between two little villages that lay scattered on either side below. The path to it wound and wound up and along the barren mass, until it finally dropped into the bosom of the church, whose bell, every Sabbath morning, woke the sleeping echoes around those villages to call their inhabitants to their mountain worship. A little farther on, we passed nearly over a village, the spires of whose churches barely rose to our carriage-wheels. Over the ravine that led into the town was a slender foot-bridge, from the farther end of which a narrow path commenced and went straggling up the hill, and finally dropping over the ridge, was lost from view. I inquired where it went, and was told to a little village perched on the farther side that looked down on the sea. A few more turns and the beautiful Bay of Salerno opened to view,—blue, quiet and mild as heaven. Its natural beauties are almost, if not quite, equal to those of Naples. We had hardly driven into the yard of our hotel before the usual retinue of beggars was behind us.

In bargaining for our meals and rooms, everything was so reasonable that we could not complain; and for once I did not attempt to beat down the landlord. The entire arrangement of the prices was always left to me in travelling, and I had acquired quite a reputation in dickering with the thieving Italian landlords and vetturini. We made the man specify the dishes he would give us; and among other things he mentioned an English pudding. This required some discussion; but we finally concluded not to trust an Italian in Salerno with such a dish, and had its place supplied with something else. He promised enough; and I was turning away quite satisfied, when my friends slyly hinted at my principle, never to close a bargain with an Italian on his own terms. It wouldn't do to lose my reputation; and so turning round, I very gravely said:—"I suppose you will *throw in* the English pudding." He as gravely and with blandness replied:—"Oh, yes." A peal of laughter closed the contract and we strolled out to see the town. The mountains rise directly over it, on the cragged summit of which stands an old fortress. Salerno is an old town, and once boasted one of the most celebrated Medical Schools of Italy. Its Cathedral also has some rich ornaments; but its great beauty is its Bay. We returned to our ho-

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tel, and, sitting down on a balcony that overlooked it, drank in the fresh evening air, and feasted on the quiet beauty of the scene. The sun went down over Amalfi, pencilling with its last beams the distant mountains that curved into the sea beyond Pæstum. Along the beach, on which the ripples were laying their lips with a gentle murmur, a group of soldiers in their gay uniform was strolling, waking the drowsy echoes of evening with their stirring bugle-notes. The music was sweet; and at such an hour, in such a scene doubly so. They wandered carelessly along, now standing on the very edge of the sand where the ripples died, and now hidden from sight behind some projecting point where the sound confined, and thrown back, came faint and distant on the ear, till emerging again into view, the martial strain swelled out in triumphant notes till the rocks above and around were alive with echoes. It was a dreamy hour; and just then, as if on purpose to glorify the whole, the full moon rose up over the sea and poured its flood of light over the waters, tipping every ripple with silver, and making the whole beach, where the water touched it, a chain of pearls. One by one my friends had dropped away to their rooms till I was left alone. I felt that "night, most glorious night," was not sent for slumber. Every vagrant sound had ceased, except the very faint murmur of the swell on the beach. The grey old mountains were looking down on Salerno, and Salerno on the sea; and all was quiet as night ever is when left alone. And yet, quiet and peaceful as it was, it had been the scene of stirring conflicts. There were the moonbeams sleeping on the wall against which Hannibal had once thundered with his fierce Africans; and along that beach the wild war-cry of the Saracen had rung, and women and children lain in slaughtered heaps. But the bold Saracen and bolder African had passed away, while the sea and the rocks remained the same. I turned to my couch, not wondering the poets of the Augustan age sang so much and so sweetly of Salerno.

In the morning we rose with the sun and rattled off merrily for Pæstum, still twenty miles distant. For a while we passed through cultivated fields, in which were groups of Calabrian peasants, dressed just as Salvator Rosa has painted them. At length we entered on the long and pestiferous swamps, in the midst of

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which Pæstum stands, or rather *stood*. For miles and miles it was the same dead level, with nothing to relieve the eye but here and there a straw and mud hut, shaped like a bee-hive, in which the keepers live who watch the herds driven here to graze; and the herds of buffaloes themselves that roam over the plain. These buffaloes are wild-looking creatures, but tame as our farm-yard cattle. Each has its peculiar name, which it knows like a dog, and the overseer rides among them, calling to this and that, as a huntsman to his pack of hounds. We passed in sight of the Royal Chateau and Hunting-Grounds of Persano, which seemed the only fertile spot in sight.

At length the ancient Temples became visible in the distance, and gradually brightened as we approached, till they stood clear and well-defined in all their naked grandeur and fine proportions against the summer-sky. There are but three of them, Ceres, Neptune, and the Basilica, as it is termed. I had imaged to myself crumbling walls, falling arches, and masses of ruins. But all such fragments had long ago been melted by time into the common mass of earth; and these three naked, perfect skeletons are left standing alone. The roofs are fallen in, and yet you scarcely notice it till you enter them. They are all in the form of parallelograms, composed entirely of columns with their entablatures.

After wandering through them we went to a stream near by, whose petrifying qualities formed the stone from which the Temples were reared. It is called *Travertine*, and still lines the borders of the stream in immense quantities. The peasantry told me it still possessed this remarkable property, and that a cane left in it would in six months be converted into stone. We collected some curious specimens, and returned to the Temple of Neptune. Here, on the fragment of an old column, our servant had spread our "dejeuner;" and the mysterious Past was forgotten in the strong demands of a keen appetite. After I had finished I threw a chicken-bone and an orange-peel to Neptune, and without waiting for the oracle's answer, prepared to depart. The clouds were fast gathering on the sky;—the wind was increasing, and here and there a drop of rain admonished us to hasten away. We reached here about dusk. The bells were gaily ringing, and

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the town was illuminated, in honor of the birth of a Princess to the Queen of Naples. Lonely, exhausted, and weary, I think of you and home to-night, and the wide sea that rolls between us. But even you grow dim under the stronger claims of Somnus, and I throw down my pen to creep to my couch.

Truly yours.

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LETTER XXI.

Castellamare—The Italian—A Storm at Naples, &c.

CASTELLAMARE, April, 1843.

DEAR E.—"Castellamare!"—it is quite a high-sounding name, and has doubtless once been an important stronghold, but it is now only a small town. It is interesting chiefly as the site of ancient Stabia, where once the torch of civil war, under Scylla, burned high and hotly. It seems impossible, as one stands on these vine-covered grounds of a bright spring-day and looks off on so quiet a scene, that war and havoc have once ploughed up the very rocks around. Yet it is true; and what the passions of men have left, Vesuvius has taken for *its* prey. The storm of fire and ashes that buried Pompeii stooped also on this town, and gave it a burial-place here upon the rocks that overlook the sea. An old castle still stands on the edge of the water, which once must have been impregnable. There are some mineral springs in the place, and other things of trifling importance which we did not see. The main object of interest was the view from the heights, which we mounted without the aid of donkeys, although pressed upon us with surprising liberality by their owners. At length, after toiling up a long ascent shaded by ilexes, and which Royalty never yet mounted on foot, we reached the Royal Villa, and passing it, went up, up, till we came to the "QUEEN'S Place of Prospect." It was a beautiful view; and made, thank Heaven, not for a Queen, but for *Man*—for every man who has a soul to enjoy it. To *him* they belong by a "peculiar right." The sea lay below us, swept by a strong gale, against which, here and there, was a ship leaning to the blast and beating anxiously into port. Closer in stood two war vessels, clothed from mast-head to deck, in flags, gaily flaunting out in honor of the birth of another Prince,—while,

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farther off, the islands of Capri and Ischia looked blue and quiet as ever in their sea home.

Naples, ten or fifteen miles distant, bent beautiful as ever around the Bay,—while off on the right in solemn grandeur, towered away Vesuvius, lifting its solemn invocation to Heaven, with the lonely ruins of Pompeii sleeping humbly at its feet. Oh! how mournful they looked in that smoky atmosphere, as if scarcely daring to lift their heads in sight of their old and triumphant foe. Vesuvius seems omnipresent to the traveller around Naples; he cannot turn a point, or ascend an eminence, or look back on his path, without beholding that bold, bleak mountain, looking moodily down upon him. It seems to stand so conspicuously as if on purpose to remind the gay Neapolitans that danger is ever near.

Our guide was a talkative fellow, and seemed not in the least afraid to express his opinions. Indeed, he was a thorough-going Democrat, and, if he had the privilege of voting, would most certainly cast his ballot against Kings. I have always endeavored to get at the real feelings of the lower classes in Italy. Nobles and the like are very close-mouthed, knowing their words are watched and borne to other ears. When they speak on Governments, they speak as if in the audience-chamber of the King; but the Poor, whose words weigh nothing, are allowed to talk as they please; for a few bullets will quickly stop their prating when it begins to generate action. Hence, I have ever found them quite free, and usually very republican in their thoughts. I inquired of our guide how many palaces the king had. "Five," he replied. "How long does he live in this one during the year?" "A month, perhaps."—"Ah!" said I, "the king has five palaces, then. It must cost something to keep them all in order."—"Ah, è vero" (true enough), he rejoined, with that peculiar shrug which an Italian knows how to give. "Would it not be better to have less—say one or two—and give the avails of the rest to those poor wretches I see starving around me?" "Yes, indeed; but it won't be." He seemed quite brief in his replies till I changed my tone; and, pointing to the glorious valley that spread inland from the sea, dotted with vineyards, said:—"After all, I don't know but it is as well. Those people must be very comfortable

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yonder in the valley. I doubt not they have enough to eat." "No, no, Signore," he quickly replied, "they do not have enough to eat. The heavy duties take away all they earn. There is much misery there," said he, looking off on the lovely plain and shaking his head. "Well, but," I asked, "why do you have Kings if they burden you so heavily?" "Ah! what will one do? if we utter too many complaints we are thrown in prison; and what do we gain?" He seemed to take fire at once; and, hurrying on with all the impetuosity of an Italian, uttered a fearful tirade against the Government, and ended by saying:—"We want another Massaniello to lead us. But the time will come—let us wait—the time will come when we will do thus to Kings," [drawing, as he spoke, a piece of board he held in his hand across his throat with a gesture no one could mistake.] His eye fairly flashed as he said this; but the next moment it had all vanished, and, Neapolitan like, he uttered some careless joke. I sometimes think it is well these people are not serious or lasting in their feelings. Let a volcano rise up and bury two or three cities in any part of England every few years, and the country around it would be as desolate and uninhabited as the African Desert. But here they build on the lava before it looks fairly cold. A Neapolitan never thinks long on one thing; yet there is not a beggar in the street or a fisherman on the Bay that does not know the history of Massaniello. He is the People's Washington.

NAPLES.

To-night we arrived from Castellamare. Our road wound along the Bay—near Pompeii, through Torre del Greco, into the city. The sky was darkly overcast—the wind was high and angry, and the usually quiet Bay threw its aroused and rapid swell on the beach. Along the horizon, between the sea and sky, hung a storm-cloud blacker than the water. Here and there was a small sailing-craft, or fisherman's boat, pulling for the shore, while those on the beach were dragging their boats still farther up on the sand, in preparation for the rapidly-gathering storm. There is always something fearful in this bustling preparation for a tempest. It was peculiarly so here. The roar

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of the surge was on one side; on the other lay a buried city—a smoking mountain; while our very road was walled with lava that cooled on the spot where it stood. The column of smoke that Vesuvius usually sent so calmly into the sky, now lay on a level with the summit, and rolled rapidly inland, before the fierce sea-blast. It might have been fancy; but, amid such elements of strength, and such memories and monuments of their fury, it *did* seem as if it wanted but a single touch to send valley, towns, mountain and all, like a fired magazine into the air. Clouds of dust rolled over us, blotting out even the road from our view; while the dull report of cannon from Naples, coming at intervals on our ears, added to the confusion and loneliness of the scene. As we entered the city and rode along the port, the wild tossing of the tall masts as the heavy hulls rocked on the waves, the creaking of the timbers, and the muffled shouts of seamen, as they threw their fastenings, added to the gloom of the evening; and I went to my room, feeling that I should not be surprised to find myself aroused at any moment by the rocking of an earthquake under me. The night did not disappoint the day, and set in with a wildness and fury, that these fire-countries alone exhibit. My room overlooked the Bay and Vesuvius. The door opened upon a large balcony. As I stood on this, and heard the groaning of the vessels below, reeling in the darkness, and the sullen sound of the surge, as it fell on the beach, while the heavy thunder rolled over the sea, and shook the city on its foundations,—I felt I would not live in Naples. Ever and anon a vivid flash of lightning would throw distant Vesuvius in bold relief against the sky, with his forehead completely wrapped in clouds that moved not to the blast, but clung there, as if in solemn consultation with the mountain upon the night. Overhead the clouds were driven in every direction, and nature seemed bestirring herself for some wild work. At length the heavy rain-drops began to fall, one by one, as if pressed from the clouds; and I turned to my room, feeling that the storm would weep itself away.

Truly yours.

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LETTER XXII.

Capua—A Priest—Cenotaph of Cicero—a Proud Peasant Girl.—Sunset on the Sea.

ALBANO, April.

DEAR E.—Bright and early on Wednesday morning our driver cracked his whip through the streets of Naples, and we rattled off for old Rome. Do not understand by this, that there was any thing like locomotive speed in our movement, for nothing would be farther from the truth. We had, however, four horses attached to our carriage, and the road was good enough to tempt a rapid drive, if the thing had been possible. We entered on a flat country covered with vineyards, and crossed with hedges, and came at noon to Capua, where we breakfasted. The dirty town is strongly garrisoned, and filled with soldiers and priests. An old Capuchin friar came into the yard of the inn soon after we arrived, rattling his wooden box, and asking in a whining tone for charity. He had a most amiable face, and its benevolent expression quite charmed me. He seemed to be aware of the impression he made upon me, for with his cowl thrown back from his shaven crown, and his cross and rosary dangling at his rope girdle, he approached me in a most insinuating manner, asking for alms, and promising to pray for me as long as he lived. I thought I would test his creed for once; and so pulling out a handful of small change, I rattled it before his greedy eyes and said,—"You say then you will pray for me, if I will give you money?" "Si, signore!" "But a priest—your superior in rank, has told me, there is no chance for a heretic; that he did not even stop in purgatory, but went straight past into the lowest depths of perdition. Now you say you will pray for me; but if I am damned at the outset, your prayers will be of no use." "Oh," said he, "I will pray that you may become a good Catholic." "I

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am much obliged to you," I replied, "but I wish no such prayers for me, with or without money. I am a confirmed heretic, and desire to remain so; so good morning." With this I put my money into my pocket. He saw it disappear like a treasure going into the deep, and wriggled and leered, till his simple face expressed more shrewdness than I thought it capable of doing. "Oh," said he, "I will pray for your *body*, that it may be kept well." "No," replied I; "the doctors will take care of that; besides, the soul is of more importance than the body, and if you cannot say there is a chance for me as a heretic, and that you will pray for me as such, there's no use of talking farther." The covetous fellow was cornered, and he had sense enough to see it. He found there was no dodging the point, and finally, with a desperate effort, declared he would pray for my salvation as a heretic. I held the money over his box and said, "Now there is no mistake about this, and no deception?" "No, signore." "Then there is a hope for me?" "Si, signore!" I dropped the money in his box, and we then entered on a long conversation about his religion. He said he fasted and scourged himself frequently; and that lately, in one of his self macerations, the evangelist Matthew had appeared to him in the form of a baby, and that he expected another visit soon. At length, getting weary of his nonsense, I bid him good morning; and he shuffled away, wishing all the blessings of two worlds on my head.

Towards evening we approached a range of hills, and a shower that had passed over that part of the country, had clothed every thing in a brighter green, while the fresh air from the heights around, visited my fevered system, as if on an angel's mission of love. I got out of the carriage, and strolled along, drinking in health with every breath. I fairly shouted in the new life that had suddenly opened around me. Convents perched on the side of the green hills, and villages reclining along distant slopes, glittered in the yellow sunlight, while not a sound disturbed the deep quietness of the scene, save the vesper hymn of the bird, or the sweet chime of far off bells. It was an hour of enchantment. At length, as we made a bend in the road, Vesuvius burst on our view, blue and dim in the distance, and sending up its everlasting column of smoke in the evening air. It looked

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lonely and sad at that distance, as if almost regretting its own destiny, and weary of its diabolic work. It was with no ordinary feelings I bade it farewell. Those great—and if I may use the term—*active* features in scenery, always fasten themselves on my affections.

At night we stopped at a most primitive inn; it was built around a court, with the stables under a part of the chambers, adorned with bulrush carpets, and window curtains, &c., of the same material. The next day we breakfasted at *Mola*. Not to trouble you with details of the ruins here, and skipping over also the ingratitude of a garrulous old woman, who conducted me round to see the different objects of interest, I mention only the Cenotaph of Cicero, standing near by, erected on the spot where he was murdered. He had a villa here, to which he had retired from the storm of persecution that was darkening over his head. "There is a tide in the affairs of men," and he knew that the ebb of his own had come. At length he heard that messengers were on the way to slay him. Though lying sick and almost helpless, his friends placed him in a litter, and started for the sea, for the purpose of embarking to some distant port. He had reached this spot when the murderers met him. The old orator saw that his hour had come, and prepared himself for the blow. It is said, he met his fate with the composure that became him. His cenotaph consists of three stories, but it is now in ruins. Clambering up its rough and ruined sides, I came very near breaking my neck, and thus making it stand for Cicero and me together. However consoling such an event might have been to my future fame, I was not particularly desirous for such an immediate association of our names.

I was pleased with an illustration of pride in a poor peasant girl that I passed soon after. We overtook three women, two of whom immediately began to beg. The third, a dark-eyed, handsome young creature, carrying a load on the top of her head, moved on with a stately step without deigning us a look. I asked the old women what was her name. They replied, "Elizabetta."—So I called out "Elizabetta! Elizabetta!" The old women laughed, but *she* never turned her head or gave any sign of recognition. I saw the blood mantle in her dark brown cheek

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and her eye flash, and I half regretted my actions, and threw the money to the old women; they picked it up with a cry of joy, and I could see that Elizabetta, as she turned a moment, and saw the amount, was half sorry she had lost it. So I called out again, and she turned round, but immediately wheeled back and walked on prouder than before—a perfect Dido in her bearing. It was amusing to observe the struggle between her pride and her need. She saw she had lost more than she could gain by an entire day's work, yet she was too proud to receive it as a beggar.

Towards evening we came to Fondi, the spot where Horace had such a hearty laugh over the pomposity of the Prætor. The road from thence to Terracina is anything but pleasant. We entered the town by the famous pass in which Hannibal received his first check from Fabius. It seems strange that so good a general as Hannibal should have attempted to force such a pass, against the great odds that were against him.

Terracina is a dirty hole—the women blackguards, and the landlord a rascal. So much for the town that introduced us into the dominions of his holiness. The passage of the twenty miles of Pontine marshes next morning was gloomy enough—the road goes in a straight line as far as you can see; the only *terra firma* in sight, and wherever the swamp showed a crust thick enough to bear, or mud dense enough to sustain an animal by sinking to its middle, there were buffaloes, half wild, and horses, browsing on the stunted herbage. That twenty miles was the gloomiest ride I ever took—it seemed like passing through the very valley of death. I wonder Virgil did not fix his Avernus here, no one would then have doubted his veracity. Towards evening we began to ascend the hill to Velletri. For miles and miles we crawled up the ascent—through the town itself, (where our driver wished to stay over night, but I would not let him,) and up the mountain, which looked back on the drear region stretching away to the Pontine marshes. We reached a high elevation just as the sun was going down, and a more glorious sunset I never beheld. Far, far below us and away, slept the Mediterranean, bluer than the heavens over it, while the flaming fire-ball hung only a few feet from its surface. Underneath it, the waters piled up like a hillock of gold, while the heavens beyond seemed like the very

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portals to the world of glory. I gazed and gazed till the glorious orb disappeared, and then thought of home and friends.

The night at length enfolded us, and the stars came out one after another, while far away on the horizon, spread dim and white the tail of the unannounced comet, that is rushing through our system. Amid the deep defiles we went floundering on in the dark, our driver, now and then throwing in between his curses —"Ain't this a pretty road to ride over in the night?" and, "Ah, a poor vetturino never knows anything." At length we came smack up against a team that was standing still in the darkness, and amid howling, and screaming, and cursing, that were enough to deafen one, I went forward on foot and alone. I walked at least ten or twelve miles, and I hailed the lights of Albano, as if they had been those of my home. I went to bed thoroughly exhausted, and have been wandering this morning over this classic hill, but will not weary you with a description.

Yours truly.

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LETTER XXIII.

The "Eternal City"—St. Peter's Church.

ROME, April, 1842.

I DATE from the ETERNAL CITY. Yesterday we descended the Albano along the Appian way, with a scene before us, if not the most magnificent, at least the richest in association, of any in the world. Just as we were leaving the village, we passed the tomb of Pompey the Great, a huge, gray structure, rising in a single square tower of gray stone, erected by Cornelia over his ashes. He sleeps well with his ivy-covered monument looking down on the Rome that was almost his. Adown the entire descent the whole desolate campagna of Rome (as far as Socrate) was in view. Amid its ruins, with its towers and domes and obelisks, arose the modern city, a living tomb-stone over the ancient one long dead. Between us and it, like long broken colonnades, stretched the miles of her ancient aqueducts.—Beyond, in the smoky distance, the blue Mediterranean drew its pencil along the sky, making a single line on the horizon, while around all, like guardian spirits, seemed to lean in mournful attitude, the ancient, silent Centuries. The grandeur and the loneliness of the wide scene weighed on my heart. ROME, the brightest vision of my early dreams, and the Mecca of all my boyish imaginations, was before me, and yet how different from those dreams! A person at home cannot appreciate the feelings of one who for the first time looks down on imperial Rome. The impressions which the imagination, from earliest childhood, has graven on the soul, and the aspect presented to the actual eye, are so widely different, that one seems struggling between waking and sleeping—he cannot wholly shake off the early dream, and he cannot believe that what rises before him is all that about which he has dreamed so long. But the very desolateness of the campagna around Rome which every

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traveller so deeply regrets is, after all, a great relief to one's feelings. It harmonises more with their mood and speaks their language. Bright fields and thrifty farm-houses and all the life and animation of a richly cultivated country would present too strong a contrast to the fallen "glory of the world." But the sterile earth, the ruins that lie strewed over the plain and the lonely aspect all things around it wear, seem to side with the pilgrim as he muses over the crumbled empire. Besides, his faith is not so grievously taxed and his convictions so incessantly shocked. He is not compelled to dig through modern improvements to read the lines that move him so deeply. There they are, the very characters the centuries have writ. He sees the foot-prints of the mighty ages, and lays his hand on their mouldering garments. As we passed over this mournful tract, every stone that lay in the sunshine seemed a history. We were on the Appian way, over which the Roman Legions had thundered so often, and in the very plain where the Sabines—the Volsci—the Pelasgi had in their turn striven to crush the infant empire.

At length we entered the gates, rolled over the Celian hill and descended into the heart of modern Rome.

The sensations one experiences in passing through the streets are odd enough. His feet are on a dead empire, and here an ancient obelisk and there a fountain or a ruin keeps up the mystery and awe with which he first contemplated the city. But suddenly an object passes between him and that ruin—he looks, and it is a modern belle—a Roman, with her French hat, finery and bustle, rustling by. He rubs his eyes and looks again. It cannot be: for upon that proud marble front stands written in haughty characters, S. P. Q. R., "SENATE AND PEOPLE OF ROME." He turns; the black-eyed Roman has tripped by, but right among those grim, old columns is a blacksmith quietly shoeing a Roman's horse. Thus you go on, one moment reminded of Cæsar —the next of tobacco—one moment imagining the haughty form that once passed beneath that arch—the next seeing a beggar crouched in his rags beneath it.

After I had become domiciled, the first object I sought was St. Peter's. Every body has written of St. Peter's, and every body says that the first view disappointed them—that the admirable pro-

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portion maintained throughout diminishes the greatness of the whole. It was not so with me. Although in general every thing is under my anticipations, this was beyond them.

As I stood in front of the noble area with the ancient obelisk rising in the centre, and the snow-white fountains sending up their foam against the fourfold colonnade that swept down in a semi-circle on either side to where I stood, surmounted by their one hundred and ninety-two statues, and looked up to the front of St. Peter's rising majestically from its noble flight of steps, I lifted up my hands in amazement.

My astonishment was only increased as I ascended into the vestibule and entered the main body of the church. The rich marble floor—the lofty nave—the stupendous columns, and the wealth of statuary that leans out on every side, make it appear more like an artist's dream than an actual creation.

You are lost in the amplitude around you, and the men and women that creep over the floor are mere insects amid the gigantic objects that stand on every side. At length, as you approach the immense bronze canopy and gaze up into that solemn dome, circling away into the heavens, you exclaim, "It is enough!" It seems as if Art had fallen in love with her own creation, and in the enthusiasm of her passion had thrown away all her wealth upon it.

Truly yours.

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LETTER XXIV.

Saturday before Easter and Easter Sunday.

Rome, April, 1843.

Dear E.—I will skip over the ceremonies of Holy week, and give you simply a brief sketch of Saturday before Easter Sunday, and Easter Sunday itself.

Saturday before Easter I gave up St. Peter's, as nearly the same thing was to be done over again, and went in the morning to St. John's, in Laterano, (as it is called,) one of the oldest and most magnificent churches of Rome. From its greater contiguity, it claims precedence of St. Peter's, and the feeling between the rival churches, is not of the most brotherly kind. St. John's being the mother church, *ought* to be the residence of the Pope; but the conveniences and splendor of St. Peter's, correspond better with the tastes of his Holiness, and *he* you know is not a *responsible* being. The consequence is, that as soon as a pope dies, the College of Cardinals at St. John immediately assert their supremacy, by issuing new coin.

But we will leave them to their quarrels for to-day. This morning is always devoted to the ordination of priests and the baptism of converts—such as Jews, Greeks, &c. Having heard that several Jews and Greeks were to be baptized, I went early to witness the ceremony. I was surprised to find the church so little crowded; and after listening a short time to the chanting of the priests, I began to roam over the church. Still few people came, and I began to suspect there was something wrong; so seeing a priest come out from a side chapel with a book under his arm, I accosted him. He told me that the ceremony was in the Baptistry, which is a separate building, erected by Constantine, and repaired by two popes. I immediately hastened to it, and

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descending to the interior, saw the entire circle around the font, literally blocked with human beings who were patiently waiting the commencement of the imposing ceremony. Putting my foot on the plinth of one of the magnificent porphyry columns that support the dome above the font, and throwing one arm around it, I was enabled to get a bird's eye view of the whole.—After waiting a half hour or more, the bishops with the priestly procession entered. All were standing silent and intent, waiting the appearance of the Jews and Turks, &c., who were thus publicly to abjure their faith. The water in the font was blessed, and oil poured on it in the shape of a cross, and chantings uttered, but still no Turks appeared. At length a woman brought forward an infant, that seemed about three days old, and it was baptized. A second, that seemed its counterpart, was also brought to the bishop and baptized. Still the crowd stood in breathless expectation for the commencement of the interesting ceremony that was to crown the whole; but, alas! the whole was finished, and the bishop with his train wheeled away. I never beheld such blank looks of astonishment as for a few moments surrounded that font. —Every face expressed in the most emphatic language, "*is this all—can it be all.*" And then one would turn to another with such a look of earnest inquiry, as much as to say, "*what do* you think." Those who had mounted benches and chairs, to overlook the throng, stepped down with such a softly step and shamed look, as if afraid to be noticed, and one after another began to slink away so quietly, and the whole pageant had ended in such a ridiculous farce, that I involuntarily burst into a laugh. Yet it was not on account of the *ceremony*, but the *people*.—Many a one had risen before her time of waking, and many a hurried breakfast taken, and many a scudi expended in carriages, and St. Peter's given up with reluctance to witness the baptism of two very *small infants*.

My friend and myself, after loitering around a while, and again seeing the poor creatures mounting "Scala Santa," on their knees, turned to walk home. St. John's, standing close by the gate that leads to Naples, it is a long walk from it to the centre of the city. We at first repented of our choice, for the sun was beating on our heads with terrific force; but we were soon amply repaid;

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for this being the day whose evening saw the Son of God rise from the dead—it is filled with joyful celebrations. Yesterday, the Tenebræ and Miserere had been sung over the death and burial of the Savior; but to-day, there was no mourning. The *Miserere* was over, and the Jubilate commenced. About midday, as we stood on the Quirinal, suddenly every bell of the city seemed unloosed in its tower, and swung, and shouted out its hallelujah. You cannot conceive the exciting effect of so many bells ringing at once in their gladdest notes.—The city seemed fairly to lift under it; and suddenly from the far castle of St. Angelo, thundered forth the deep cannon, blending their sullen joy with the emulative bells, till the Sabine hills sent back the jubilee, and the sound came rolling down over the Quirinal, saying in wild, yet stirring accents, "Christ the Lord is risen to-day." As we walked along, from every corner guns were fired till the city shook again. However inappropriate the *kind* of joy, one could not feel indifferent to it. But after it had subsided away, and the city lapsed again into its usual quietness, it *did* seem strange enough. In viewing the pageantries and senseless ceremonies in honor of St. Peter, I have often wondered what the great Apostle would have said, had he foreseen it all; so now I felt that our Savior must have turned with pity and disgust from such a celebration of his resurrection. In St. Peter's on this day, the principal ceremonies are "blessing of the fire and incense"—the *new light*, (quite different, however, from our new lights at home,) and the blessing of the paschal candle, which is large as a small column.

Easter Sunday. This is the last great day of the Popish feast; and the Pope celebrates high mass in St. Peter's. This is done but three times in the year—this day—the festival of St. Peter and Paul—and Christmas. To-day also the Pope wears the Tiara or triple crown. It was first worn by Pope Sylvester, with a single coronet; Boniface Eighth, about the year 1300, added a second, and John the Second, or Urban Fifth—it is not certain which, added a third, making it a triple crown, representing the pontifical, imperial, and royal authority combined.

At any early hour the streets were thronged with carriages, and Rome turned out of doors, poured itself towards St. Peter's. It is a mile or more from the main part of the city to the church;

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and the principal street leading to it, presented two unbroken lines of carriages, one going and the other returning. If for a moment, you got a view of the street for some distance, it appeared like two currents of water, one bearing the multitude on, and the other returning without them. At length, the cardinals began to arrive. Carriage after carriage, to the number of 40 or 50, came clattering along with black horses, and crimson plumes, and gilded trappings, resembling any thing but a cortege of priests.—Each had its three gaily attired footmen; and some seemed half covered with gold, even to the hubs of the wheels, which glittered with the precious metal. One after another, they dashed into the semicircular colonnade that goes up to the main church, and rolled up through its columns, more like the grandees of court, (as they indeed are,) than humble worshippers crowding to the sanctuary of God. As the Pope entered the church, the entire chapter received him, and his procession; and the choir struck up, "Tu es Petrus et super hanc petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam," &c. Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church, &c. Along the whole immense nave were ranged in opposing files, leaving the middle pavement empty, the grenadiers, national troops and capitoline guards.—Between these in his chair borne upon men's shoulders and covered with a canopy, passed the Pope, the Peacock feathers nodding behind him. The soldiers received him kneeling, and as the choir paused in their "Tu es Petrus," &c., the military stationed in the gallery at the end of the church, midway to the roof, filled their trumpets, and the great bell of the Cathedral rung out its acclamations to the "*two hundred and fifty-seventh successor*" of the great Apostle. I noticed the holy father kept his eyes shut as usual, while he was borne along in state; but I did not feel much respect for his devotional aspect, for I had been told by an Italian that the old man was compelled to close his eyes, as the motion of the chair made him *sea-sick*. Alas, that greatness must have the same stomach as ordinary men.

I will not weary you with a detailed description of the mass and communion, and other ceremonies of the day; for it would simply be saying that his Holiness knelt on a crimson and gold cushion—that now he laid aside, or rather *had* laid aside, his

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tiara, and put on his mitre, and now vice versa—that there were benedictions, and genuflections, and chantings, and incensings, and *nonsensings* of every sort. I loitered it out till the time of giving the benediction, when I pressed through the crowd and threaded my way to the top of one of the colonnades, to witness the imposing ceremony. To imagine it well, you must place before you a magnificent church, with the paved ground gently sloping up to the flight of steps that lead into it. From each corner imagine an open colonnade running down in a semicircular form, enclosing a vast area, and you have the front of St. Peter's. The centre of the area was kept clear by the military, ranged round it in the form of a hollow square. Between the upper file of soldiers and the church steps, stood the living mass that waited the benediction. Behind the lower file were crowded the countless carriages. The open colonnades, and the top of one of them, are given to strangers. In the front of the church, over the main entrance, there is a gallery, covered with a crimson cloth and shaded by an immense piece of canvass. Into this gallery the Pope advances, and blesses the people.

Standing on the top of a colonnade, leaning against the base of a statue, I had a complete view of the whole. It was a grand spectacle, and I contemplated it with mingled feelings. The Pope had not yet made his appearance—and indeed I almost forgot him. It was both a pageant and a farce, combining all the magnificence that dazzles the crowd, and all the folly that "makes the angels weep."

Nearly under me were a group of pilgrims, ragged and dirty, lying along the steps, unconscious of all around—their staves leauing across them, their head on their hand, and they either nodding or fast asleep. One boy held my attention for a long time. He lay on the hard stone, in deep slumber, with his father asleep beside him. Suddenly there was the blast of a trumpet, and the father started from his repose, and, supposing the Pope was about to appear, roused up his boy, so that they might not lose the invaluable blessing. The tired, ragged little fellow rose half up, and then fell back again heavily on the steps, sound asleep. The Pope did not appear, and the father, too, was soon in deep slumber beside his boy. What were their dreams, in the

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midst of this pomp and splendor? They had wandered far from their quiet home, to receive the blessing of the Holy Father. Reckless of the magnificence around them—of the crowd—the ocean-like murmur that went up to heaven—they had fallen asleep under the shadow of St. Peter's. That boy, ragged and dirty as he was, had also *his* dreams, and his palace and objects of ambition; but they were all far away, and many a weary mile must be traversed before he would be amid them again. What a change, to be waked from that quiet dream by the sound of trumpets, and instead of his own rude hut by the mountain stream, to find the lofty cathedral before him, and the rumor of thousands around him!

At length the Pope appeared—engaged in a short prayer—stretched out his hands over the multitude that sunk to the earth,—and pronounced the benediction. The long lines of soldiers kneeled in their ranks, and all was silent as the grave. But the last word was scarcely spoken, before they were on their feet—drum and trumpet pealed out their joy—the cannon of St. Angelo answered them, and the bells threw in their clang to swell the jubilee—the multitude began to sway and toss and disperse—and all was over. The people had been blessed, but their condition had not been bettered; and I thought of what a vetturino whom I once engaged said to me—"The people," said he, "are taxed so that they cannot live, and all the country is filled with misery and poverty, and all the return they get from the Pope is his benediction once a year. Ah," he added, with a scorn it was well his Holiness did not see, "non è un benedizione è un maledizione;" "it is not a *benediction*, but a *malediction*."

There could not have been less, I think, than 40,000 people assembled. After all the ceremony is over, you can walk, if you will, through St. Peter's and view its magnificence. On one side is arranged a row of temporary confessionals, with a placard over each, in every language in the civilized world. There the Arab, Russian, German, Greek, Swede, Spaniard and Englishman, can confess his sins in his own tongue, and receive absolution. Poor wretches are kneeling before them, pouring the tale of their sorrows and sins into the ears of the yawning confessor, who dismisses them, one after another, with lightened consciences, though

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not with purer hearts. At sun-down, if not too tired, you can return and stroll over the marble pavement, and listen to the vespers that, chanted in a side chapel, come stealing sweetly out into the amplitude, and float away among the arches in ravishing melody. The lamps are burning dimly before the altar—twilight is deepening over the glorious structure, and forms in strange costumes are slowly passing and repassing over the tesselated floor. The heart becomes subdued under the influence of sight, and sound, and a feeling almost of superstition will creep over the sternest heart. The gloom grows deeper, leaving nothing distinctly seen, while that vesper hymn steals forth on the bewildered ear, like a strain from the unseen world.

Truly yours.

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LETTER XXV.

Illumination of St. Peter's—The Girandola.

Rome, April, 1843.

Dear E.—I was too weary to give you in my last a description of the closing up of Easter Sunday. It is a principle in all Catholic ceremonies, never to wind off gradually, as is too frequently the case among Protestants, but to have the last display the most magnificent of all. Thus on Easter Sunday, the closing up of Holy Week, the Papal throne crowds its entire pomp into its ceremonies, and as, during the day, the interior of St. Peter's has done its utmost to magnify his Holiness, so at night the exterior must do *its* share of glorification. This great building, covering several acres, is illuminated in its entire outer surface. It is an operation of great expense, and attended with much danger. It is caused by suspending *four thousand four hundred lanterns* upon it, covering it from the dome down. To accomplish this, men have to be let down with ropes, over every part of the edifice, and left dangling there for more than an hour. Even from the base of the church they look like insects creeping over the surface. Hanging down the precipitous sides of the immense dome, standing four hundred feet high in the air, is attended with so much danger, that the eighty men employed in it always receive extreme unction before they attempt it. The last sacrament is taken, and their accounts settled, both for this world and the next, so that death would not, after all, be so great a calamity. The Pope must amuse the people, and glorify his reign, though he hazard human life in doing it. But he has the magnanimity to secure the sufferer from evil in the next world. If a rope break, and the man is crushed into a shapeless mass on the pavement below, his soul immediately ascends to one of the most favored seats in Paradise. He fell from God's church—he

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died in the attempt to illuminate it, and in obedience to God's vicegerent on earth. How can the man help being saved? But to make assurance doubly sure, the Pope gives him a passport with his own hand, which he declares St. Peter, who sits by the celestial gates, will most fully recognize. This is very kind of the Pope. If he kills a man, he sends him to heaven, and secures him a recompense in the next world for all he lost in this. The ignorant creature who is willing to undertake the perilous operation for the sake of a few dollars, wherewith to feed his children, believes it all, and fearlessly swings in mid heaven, where the yielding of a single strand of the rope would precipitate him where the very form of humanity would be crushed out of him.

But one forgets all this in looking at the illumination, which it is impossible to describe. There are two illuminations. The first is called the silver one, and commences about eight o'clock in the evening. These four thousand four hundred lamps are so arranged as to reveal the entire architecture of the building. Every column, cornice, frieze and window—all the details of the building, and the entire structure, are revealed in a soft, clear light, producing an effect indescribably pleasing, yet utterly bewildering. It seems an immense alabaster building, lit from within. The long lines of light made by the columns, with the shadows between—the beautiful cornice glittering over the darkness under it—the magnificent semicircular colonnades all inherent with light, and every one of the hundred and ninety-two statues along its top surmounted with a lamp, and the immense dome rising over all, like a mountain of molten silver, in the deep darkness around; so completely delude the senses that one can think of nothing but a fairy fabric suddenly lighted and hung in mid heavens. This effect, however, is given only when one stands at a distance. The Pincian hill is the spot from which to view it. All around is buried in deep darkness, except that steadily shining glory. Not a sound is heard to break the stillness, and you gaze, and gaze, expecting every moment to see the beautiful vision fade. But it still shines calmly on.

This illumination lasts from eight to nine, and just as the bell of the Cathedral strikes nine, sending its loud and solemn peal

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over the city, a thousand four hundred and seventy-five torches are suddenly kindled, beside the lanterns. The change is instantaneous and almost terrific. The air seems to waver to and fro in the sudden light—shape and form are lost for a moment, and the vision which just charmed your senses is melting and flowing together. The next moment, old St. Peter's again draws its burning outline against the black sky, and stands like a mountain of torches in the deep night, with a fiery cross burning at the top. How the glorious structure burns, yet unconsumed! The flames wrap it in their fierce embrace, and yet not a single detail is lost in the conflagration. There is the noble façade in all its harmony, and yet on fire. There are the immense colonnades wavering in the light, changed only in that they are now each a *red* marble shaft. The statues stand unharmed, and all fiery figures. The dome is a vast fire-ball in the darkness, yet its distinct outline remains as clear as at the first. The whole mighty edifice is there, but built all of flame—columns, frieze, cornice, windows, towers, dome, cross—a temple of fire, perfect in every part, flashing, swaying, burning in mid heavens. The senses grow bewildered in gazing on its intense brilliancy, and the judgment pronounces it an optical illusion, unreal, fantastical. Yet the next moment it stands corrected—that *is* St. Peter's, flaming, unwasted in the murky heavens. Hour after hour it blazes on, and the last torch is yet unextinguished when the grey twilight of morning opens in the east. This you say is a glorious spectacle; yes, but it is on *Sabbath evening*—The successor of the apostle—the spiritual head of the church—the "vicegerent of God on earth has sanctified the Sabbath by this glorious illumination in honor of the Son of God!" What a preposterous idea, what a magnificent folly! And do you think the modern Roman is so complete a fool as to believe in the propriety and religion of all this? By no means. He admires and enjoys the spectacle, then sneers when it is over.

There are hundreds who go to witness it and return to their homes with dark and bitter thoughts in their bosoms. The patriot (for there are patriots still in Rome, mindful of her ancient glory), to sigh over his degenerate country—the poor and half-starved artisan (for there are many such in the imperial city), to

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curse the wastefulness of his monarch and spiritual father, who in this costly amusement robbed hundreds of mouths of their daily bread. Could one look through the darkness that wraps Rome and beneath the calm surface that is presented to the eye, he would see rebellion enough were it once harmonized and concentrated, to shake the papal throne into fragments on its ancient foundations. The flames around St. Peter's would be seen to be typical of the moral fires around the seat of Papacy. But the embrace of the latter would not be found so harmless as that of the other, and men would not gaze on it in such pleasing ecstacy, but with the dark forebodings of him who feels the first throb of a coming earthquake. The years do not move round in a treadmill, but each pushes on its fellow, and all are tending to a certain goal. They have their mission and God his designs, and he is stupid and blind who believes that man can always be deluded by the same follies. The age of interrogation has commenced. Men begin to ask questions in Rome as well as in America, and every one tells on the fate of papacy more than a thousand cannon shot. Physical force is powerless against such enemies, while pageantry and pomp only increase the clamor and discontent.

How much more befitting the head of any church, however corrupt, or the monarch on any throne, however oppressive, to take the thousands of dollars spent in these two illuminations and buy bread for the poor! Were this done, the day of evil might be postponed; for on the Pope's head would be rained the blessings of the poor, which under the government of heaven are always so powerful to avert evil. The money squandered on these illuminations would have poured joy through hearts that seldom feel its pulsations, and been a benediction that the poor would have understood and appreciated. To spread out one's empty hands over the multitude is an easy thing and accomplishes nothing. But with those hands to fill thousands of hungry mouths, would accomplish much, and exhibit something of the paternal care of a "FATHER."

But this does not close the ceremonies of Holy week. The Pope furnishes one more magnificent spectacle to his subjects and his flock. The next night after the grand illumination is the "Girandola," or fire-works of his Holiness, and we must say

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that he does far better in getting up fire-works than religious ceremonies. This "Girandola" does credit to his taste and skill. It is the closing act of the magnificent farce, and all Rome turns out to see it. About half way from the Corso—the Broadway of Rome—to St. Peter's, the famous marble bridge of Michael Angelo crosses the Tiber. The castle of St. Angelo, formerly the vast and magnificent tomb of Adrian, stands at the farther end. This castle is selected for the display of the fire-works. None of the spectators are permitted to cross the bridge, so that the Tiber flows between them and the exhibition. There is a large open area as you approach the bridge, capable of holding twenty or thirty thousand people, or perhaps more. In a portion of this, near the river, chairs are placed, to be let to strangers at two or four pauls apiece, according as one is able to make a good bargain. The windows of the neighboring houses that overlook the scene are engaged weeks beforehand. The ordinary price of a seat, or even of a good standing spot in one of these houses, is a scudi or dollar. Towards evening the immense crowd begin to move in the direction of St. Angelo, and soon the whole area, and every window and house-top, is filled with human beings. About eight the exhibition commences. The first scene in the drama represents a vast Gothic cathedral. How this is accomplished I cannot tell. Everything is buried in darkness, when suddenly, as if by the touch of an enchanter's wand, a noble Gothic cathedral of the size of the immense castle, stands in light and beauty before you. The arrangement of the silver-like lights is perfect, and as it shines on silent and still in the surrounding darkness, you can hardly believe it is not a beautiful vision. It disappears as suddenly as it came, and for a moment utter darkness settles over the gloomy castle. Yet it is but for a moment. The next instant a sheet of flame bursts from the summit with a fury perfectly appalling; white clouds of sulphureous smoke roll up the sky, accompanied with molten fragments and detonations that shake the very earth beneath you. It is the representation of a volcano in full eruption, and a most vivid one too. Amid the spouting fire, and murky smoke, and rising fragments, the cannon of the castle are discharged, out of sight, almost every second. Report follows report with stunning rapidity, and it seems for a

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moment as if the solid structure would shake to pieces. At length the last throb of the volcano is heard, and suddenly from the base, and sides, and summit of the castle, start innumerable rockets, and serpents, and Roman candles, while revolving wheels are blazing on every side. The heavens are one arch of blazing meteors—the very Tiber flows in fire, while the light, falling on ten thousand upturned faces, presents a scene indescribably strange and bewildering. For a whole hour it is a constant blaze. The flashing meteors are crossing and recrossing in every direction—fiery messengers are traversing the sky overhead, and amid the incessant whizzing, and crackling, and bursting, that is perfectly deafening, comes at intervals the booming of cannon. At length the pageant is over, and the gaping crowd surge back into the city. Lent is over—the last honors are done to God by his revealed representative on earth, and the Church stands acquitted of all neglect of proper observances. Is it asked again if the people are deceived by this magnificence? By no means. A stranger, an Italian, stood by me as I was gazing on the spectacle, and we soon fell into conversation. He was an intelligent man, and our topic was Italy. He spoke low but earnestly of the state of his country, and declared there was as much genius and mind in Italy now as ever, but they were not fostered. An imbecile, yet oppressive government monopolized all the wealth of the state, and expended it in just such follies as these, while genius starved and the poor died in want. I have never heard the poor Pope so berated in my own country. At the close of the representation of a volcano, I remarked that it resembled perdition. "Yes," said he with a most bitter sneer, "*hell is in Rome nowadays.*" Had the Pope or one of his gens-d'armes heard it, he would have seen the inside of a prison before morning. I was exceedingly interested in him, for he was an intelligent and earnest man, and when I turned to go away I took him by the hand and bade him good bye, saying, another day is finished. "Yes," he replied, with the same withering sneer, "another day of our Master, another *day of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.*" I was perfectly thunderstruck at the man's boldness. Such a satire on his Holiness and his mode of celebrating a holy day, in the midst of a crowd, startled me, and I trembled lest his imprudence should

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bring down on him the vengeance of papal power. But the man's heart was evidently full of bitterness at the mockery and folly before him, while his country lay prostrate in the dust. "Addio," said he, as he shook my hand, and the next moment was lost in the crowd. Many a time have I thought of him since, and would give much to know his after history. Perhaps he has before this suffered as a conspirator, and gone with the multitude of those whose tongues his Holiness has silenced in prison or death. And yet the man was right. What a close to religious ceremonies had these last two nights been! Their moral effect on the people was like that of any fire-works, with the exception that the successor of the apostle had got up these and graced the Sabbath with the illumination, having provided beforehand for the breaking of a few necks, by administering the last sacrament to the poor creatures who climbed up St. Peter's. The sanctity and infallibility of the Spiritual Father are not so easy to believe in under the shadow of the papal throne, and it puzzled us prodigiously to account for the conversions to Catholicism of English and Americans in Rome. How a man of ordinary sense and penetration can become a Romanist in Rome, is passing strange.

But it is now late at night—the noise and magnificence of the day are over. Rome is once more asleep, and the same moon that shone on the ancient capitol, looks mournfully down on the few columns that stand in the old Roman Forum. In the ancient circus of Nero, all this religious pomp has been to-day. Around St. Peter's is now the gathering and the greatness—formerly it was around the Coliseum. But to-day the Coliseum has been forgotten; no foot has sought its falling corridors. The gladiatorial shows have been exchanged for popish ones; and the Roman Eagle that flew over the old city, has been smitten down by the Cross, and Pagan Rome has become Christian Rome. What revolutions time effects! His chariot wheels, as they roll along, drag down thrones and empires, and leave on their ruins a Christian Emperor and a Christian government. They roll on, and Christianity is stretched in the dust, and its fragments lie scattered over the wreck of its foe. They will still roll on, and another scene is to be displayed on the ruins of both, and more

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glorious than either. Ruins are piled on ruins till history seems but a record of overthrows.

"Such is the moral of all human tales.
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past:
First freedom, and then glory—when that fails,
Wealth, vice, corruption, barbarism at last,
And history with all her volumes vast,"
Hath but one page.

Affectionately yours.

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LETTER XXVI.

Chanting of the Miserere.

April.

DEAR E.—One of the most impressive ceremonies of Holy Week is the chanting of the Miserere. Music is everywhere in this land of passion and pleasure. It bursts on you from the palace and the hovel—out of every house and every vineyard, and seems a part of the atmosphere, and to have almost the power to remove the curse of despotism itself.

But to know the full *effect* of song and scenery together, one must hear the chanting of the *Miserere* in the Sistine Chapel of St. Peter's. That the Pope should select the best singers of the world for this service is not strange, but that he should with these be able to produce the effect he does *is* singular. The night on which our Savior is supposed to have died is selected for this service. The Sistine Chapel is divided in two parts by a high railing, one half being given to the spectators, and the other half reserved for the Pope, his cardinals and the choir. The whole is dimly lighted, to correspond with the gloom of the scene shadowed forth. This dim twilight falling over the motionless forms of priest and monk and cardinals, and the lofty frescoed arches, together with the awful silence that seemed hanging like a pall over all the scene, heightened inconceivably the effect to us.

The ceremonies commenced with the chanting of the Lamentations. Thirteen candles, in the form of an erect triangle, were lighted up in the beginning, representing the different moral lights of the ancient church of Israel. One after another was extinguished as the chant proceeded, until the last and brightest one at the top, representing *Christ*, was put out. As they one by one slowly disappeared in the deepening gloom, a blacker night seemed gathering over the hopes and fate of man, and the lamen-

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tation grew wilder and deeper. But as the Prophet of prophets, the Light, the Hope of the world, disappeared, the lament suddenly ceased. Not a sound was heard amid the deepening gloom. The catastrophe was too awful, and the shock too great to admit of speech. He who had been pouring his sorrowful notes over the departure of the good and great seemed struck suddenly dumb at this greatest wo. Stunned and stupified, he could not contemplate the mighty disaster. I never felt a heavier pressure on my heart than at this moment. The chapel was packed in every inch of it, even out of the door far back into the ample hall, and yet not a sound was heard. I could hear the breathing of the mighty multitude, and amid it the suppressed half-drawn sigh. Like the chanter, each man seemed to say, "Christ is gone, we are orphans—all orphans!" The silence at length became too painful. I thought I should shriek out in agony, when suddenly a low wail, so desolate and yet so sweet, so despairing and yet so tender, like the last strain of a broken heart, stole slowly out from the distant darkness and swelled over the throng, that the tears rushed unbidden to my eyes, and I could have wept like a child in sympathy. It then died away as if the grief were too great for the strain. Fainter, and fainter, like the dying tone of a lute, it sunk away as if the last sigh of sorrow was ended, when suddenly there burst through the arches a cry so piercing and shrill that it seemed not the voice of song, but the language of a wounded and dying heart in its last agonizing throb. The multitude swayed to it like the forest to the blast. Again it ceased, and the broken sobs of exhausted grief alone were heard. In a moment the whole choir joined their lament and seemed to weep with the weeper. After a few notes they paused again, and that sweet, melancholy voice mourned on alone. Its note is still in my ear. I wanted to see the singer. It seemed as if such sounds could come from nothing but a broken heart. Oh! how unlike the joyful, the triumphant anthem that swept through the same chapel on the morning that symbolized the resurrection.

There is a story told of this *Miserere*, for the truth of which we can only refer to rumor. It is said that the Emperor of Austria sent to the Pope for a copy of the music, so that he could have it performed in his own cathedral. It was sent, as requested,

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but the effect of the performance was so indifferent that the emperor suspected a spurious copy had been imposed on him, and he wrote to his Holiness, intimating as much, and hinting also that he would find it for his interest to send him a *true* copy. The Pope wrote back that the music he had sent him was a genuine copy of the original, but that the little effect produced by it was owing to the want of the scenery, circumstances, &c., under which it was performed in St. Peter's. It may be so. The singer, too, is doubtless more than half. The power of a single voice is often wonderful. We remember an instance of this on Easter Sunday, as the procession was moving up and down the ample nave of St. Peter's, carrying the Pope on their shoulders as they marched. In the procession was a fat, stout monk, from the north of Italy, who sung the bass to the chant with which the choir heralded the approach of his Holiness. A band of performers stationed in a balcony at the farther end of the church was in full blast at the time, yet over *it*, and over the *choir*, and up through the heaven-seeking dome, that single voice swelled clear and distinct as if singing alone. It filled that immense building, through which were scattered nearly thirty thousand people, as easily as a common voice would fill an ordinary room.

No where is music so spontaneous and voluntary as in Italy, and no where is it studied with such untiring and protracted effort. We might except the Germans here, who, perhaps, are as great composers as the Italians. But there is no *song* in the stern old Saxon heart. The sudden and exciting transitions of music are not found in their character. The free and fountain-like gushings forth of feeling in an Italian render him peculiarly fitted to enjoy and utter music, though we think this very trait in his character was formed in the first place by music. They have reacted on each other, making both the Italian and his music what they are.

It is a singular fact that the best singers of Italy come from the northern provinces. The people of the south are more fiery and passionate, yet less distinguished for music, than those of the north. Nothing strikes the traveller in Italy with more force, or lives in his memory longer, than the gay street singing of the lower classes, yet one hears little of this in Rome or Naples.

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There is a sombre aspect on old Rome, taken fr
haughty ruins, giving apparently a coloring to the feeling
people. The gay, lighted-hearted Neapolitan seems *too* gay fo
music—like the French, his spirits burst out in action. The Piedmontese are forever singing, while Genoa is the only Italian city over which our memory lingers ever fresh and ever delighted. There is not a moonlight night in which its old palaces do not ring with the song of the strolling sailor-boy or idle lounger. The rattling of wheels seldom disturbs the quietness of the streets, while the lofty walls of the palaces confine and prolong the sound like the roof of a cavern. The narrow winding passages now shut in the song till only a faint and distant echo is caught, and now let it forth in a full volume of sound, ever changing like the hues of feeling. Hours and hours have we lain awake, listening to these thoughtless serenaders, who seemed singing solely because the night was beautiful. You will often hear voices of such singular power and melody ringing through the clear atmosphere that you imagine some professional musicians are out on a serenade to a "fayre ladye." But when the group emerges into the moonlight, you see only three or four coarse-clad creatures, evidently from the very lowest class, sauntering along, arm in arm, singing solely because they prefer it to talking. And, what is still more singular, you never see three persons, not even *boys*, thus singing together, without carrying along three parts. The common and favorite mode is for two to take two different parts, while the third, at the close of every strain, throws in a deep bass chorus. You will often hear snatches from the most beautiful operas chanted along the streets by those from whom you would expect nothing but obscene songs. This spontaneous street singing charms us more than the stirring music of a full orchestra. It is the *poetry* of the land—one of its characteristic features—living in the memory years after every thing else has faded. We like, also, those much abused hand-organs, of every description, greeting you at every turn. They are the operas of the lazzaroni and children, and help to fill up the picture. Passing once through a principal business street of Genoa, we heard at a distance a fine, yet clear and powerful, voice that at once attracted our attention. On approaching we

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found it proceeded from a little blind boy not over eight years of age. He sat on the stone pavement, with his back against an old palace, pouring forth song after song with astonishing strength and melody. As we threw him his penny, we could not help fancying how he would look sitting in Broadway, with his back to the Astor House, and attempting to throw his clear, sweet voice over the rattling of omnibuses and carriages that keep even the earth in a constant tremor.

Truly yours.

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LETTER XXVII.

System of Farming in the Papal States—Suffering of the Peasantry.

ROME, April.

DEAR E.—Though you are not much of a farmer, perhaps the farming system, as it works in the States of his Holiness, may not be uninteresting. The Mezzaria system, or letting the farm upon shares, is the old and universal custom, both in the Papal States and in Tuscany. The landlord furnishes the necessary capital, and the tenant all the agricultural instruments and labor. The seed is paid for jointly, and the entire gross produce divided equally. This partnership of the landlord and tenant works very well in Tuscany, but destructively in the dominions of the Church. This is owing to the want of encouragement to industry, and the oppressive action of the government. The mode of managing rich arable lands around the eternal city, would be considered rather odd in the New World. I am not now speaking of the system of small farms with poor landlords and poorer tenants, but of the mode of farming the large districts. The tract of land called the Maremma district, embracing the territory that lies on the sea betweeen Tuscany and Naples, the low land around Ferrara and Ravenna, and the Campagna around Rome itself, called by agriculturists the "Agro Romano," are all divided into immense farms, owned of course by a few wealthy men. Thus the whole Maremma district is owned by only one hundred and fifty farmers. So also in the Agro Romano, embracing 550,000 acres, exists the same impolitic division. One of the farms, called the "Campo Marto," contains 20,000 acres, others 3,000, while there are none below 1,000. This whole territory is owned by forty-two or three landlords, called "Mercanti di Campagna," (merchants of the country.) They constitute a privileged corporation, under the protection of government. Each merchant rents

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several farms, paying tax only for that portion under cultivation. These Mercanti are, of course, extremely wealthy. They never reside on their farms, but build for themselves palaces in Rome, where they live in unbounded luxury. Their counting-houses and clerks are also all in the city. The "fattore," as he is called in Italian, or steward, resides with a few herdsmen in the solitary Casale—the only occupants of the immense plain. It requires a capital of $100,000 to manage one of the largest of these farms, and the smallest require $10,000.* The rent of the Campo Marto alone is $25,000 a year. The Mezzaria system, as I remarked, prevails almost universally, although, in some parts, leases or fixed rents are common. This is where the large farms are let to individuals, who immediately subdivide them into smaller ones, and rent them to men of smaller capital.

These immense half barren tracts are as lonely looking as our western prairies; nay, more so, for the dilapidated form of some old ruin rising on the view, tells you that it was not always so—that once, glorious structures adorned that plain, and the hum of a busy population was heard on its surface. I have seldom seen a more lonely spectacle than the rude mud huts, shaped like a bee-hive, of the herdsmen, standing here and there on the unfenced plain, while the stewards, alone or with keepers dressed in their shaggy sheep-skin coat, with pike in hand, were galloping amid the herds on their half wild horses. They look more like Arabs than peaceful farmers. This system of grazing is practised only in the winter, when on the Campagna alone are collected more than *half a million* sheep, and three or four hundred thousand of the large grey Roman oxen. In the summer, these plains become too hot and unhealthy for the herds, and they are driven off to the mountains, to graze on the green pastures of the Sabian hills and the high grounds around the city, where they feed in safety till the season of malaria is past. But the horses on which the herdsmen ride, are turned loose among the morasses, to take care of themselves. They feed with perfect impunity on the unhealthiest tracts. I have seen them almost to their backs in swamps, feeding with the half wild buffaloes and swine, that are equally impervious to the climate. In this savage state they run about till

* Vid. Murray.

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autumn, when they are again caught, rode over the Campagna, fit companions for their wild-looking riders. The crops are raised during summer, when the herds are among the hills, and the harvest is gathered in by the mountaineers, who dwell on the Volscian hills and the more elevated land towards the frontier of Naples. At this time the heat is intense, and would make even the slave of a cotton plantation wince. The poor peasantry, who have been accustomed from their infancy to the fresh mountain breezes and clear running streams of their native home, lured by the prospect of gaining a few pauls to support their families during the approaching winter, descend into the plains, to gather in the harvest. Then the slaughter commences, and does not end till harvest is over, and often not even then. The malaria seizes the hardy mountaineer as its lawful prey, and hurries him with fearful rapidity into the grave. Unaccustomed to the scorching sun that beats on these plains, he finds himself at night exhausted and feeble. Inured to toil, and delving among his native hills from morning till night, he wonders at his weariness. Without a hut to shelter him, he flings his complaining limbs on the damp earth, as he has often flung them on the mountain side, expecting the morning will find him fresh and vigorous as ever. But ere slumber has wrapped his weary form, the pestilential vapors begin to steam up from the noxious earth, and noiselessly embrace their unconscious victim. In the morning, he who has felt all his life long his blood leap in his veins like his native torrents, now feels it creeping heavy and hot through his depressed system. Ignorant of his danger, or the cause of his ills, he renews his task, and again staggers on under a burning sun, and lies down again to sleep on the moist earth, in the embrace of his foe. The next day the poor fellow toils with hotter brain and a wilder pulse, and flings himself at night on the cool earth, from which he will never rise again to his labor. Thus, while the scanty harvest of grain is gathered in, the malaria has been reaping its richer harvest of men. Not scores and fifties, but *hundreds* are thus left every summer on the Roman Campagna, while the wives and children they hoped to feed by their industry, look in vain from their mountain homes for their coming, and turn to meet the winter with blasted hopes. Oh, what haggard faces, miserable forms, have I seen peep out

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from the low mud huts on the outskirts of this desolate region. Many that have dragged out the harvest season, come to the frontier hoping to recover; but the seeds of death are too deeply implanted, and they slowly waste away. In the more cultivated parts, grass and grain are grown alternately on the same land; but here on the Campagna, they raise only one crop of grain in four years; the intermediate time it is left for grazing.

What a contrast this country presents to its former greatness, and to my own land. When the Cæsars owned these palace and temple-covered plains, and their haughty legions thundered over them—who would have believed that the time would ever come when nought but a few solitary herdsmen would gallop across them; or, stranger still, that a then unbroken forest, beyond the unknown ocean, would be a fruitful field, and its crowded population look with pity on Roman desolation. The mightiest empire the world ever saw, and an untrod forest, stood on the same earth together. The mighty empire has become a desolate province, while the wilderness has become greater than an empire. Rome, the mistress of the world, rules now a territory less than the state of New York. The eagle that soared over the imperial city, has left it and her battling armies, and now sails with our commerce. Men flock to her to see *fading* glory—to our shores to behold *rising* glory. Not merely the "schoolmaster" but the *merchant* "is abroad," laying his hand on objects and places, the poet and scholar have long considered holy. Institutions and structures honored by time and great names are no longer sacred to him. The scholar may complain and the enthusiast weep, it matters not, the spirit and power are abroad, and there is no resisting either. The old Roman Forum is turned into a rope-walk to make ropes and cordage for commerce, and the Baths of Diocletian into a cotton mill.

Truly yours.

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LETTER XXVIII.

The Coliseum at Midnight.

ROME, April.

DEAR E.—Last night was a beautiful clear night, and "the full round moon" seemed sailing the heavens on purpose to see how mysterious and solemn a light she could throw over the ruins of ancient Rome. Byron says the Coliseum should always be seen by moonlight, as the glare of day is too strong for it. So acting under his advice I sallied forth at midnight to visit it. It is at least a mile or a mile and a half from the centre of the city, and the dark and deserted streets and Trajan's lonely column that stood in the way, naturally put me in the mood to enjoy a ramble through it. I passed through the ruins of the Basilica of Constantine, climbed over its fallen columns, and finally emerged into the open moonlight right before the Coliseum. Its high and uneven top stood against the blue sky, with the pale and yellow light falling all over it, while the arches opened like caverns beneath, and the clambering ivy glistened and rustled in the passing night wind. Here, said I to myself, one can for once romance and dream with nothing but the moonlight and the Coliseum to criticise him. But alas, my expectations were soon blasted, for to my surprise, as I approached, I saw a long line of carriages drawn up under the arches. Other people knew the Coliseum looked well by moonlight beside myself. I was half inclined to turn back, but finally concluded to enjoy it another way—by seeing how the fashionable world took such a scene. After groping through one of the arches, by which a carriage stood, with the driver fast asleep on the box, I stepped into the arena and looked around me. Arch above arch, seat above seat, arose that vast amphitheatre, the ruined corridors, the black cavernous arches, the rustling ivy, the mysterious grandeur of the whole,

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and the sudden rush of centuries over the weak and staggering memory, completely swept every thing but the past from my vision. I felt afraid where I stood—I could not wholly grasp the scene—I seemed amid something awful, and yet could hardly tell what. I turned, and lo! I was leaning over the lion's den. I started, as if a sudden roar had burst up around me. The next moment it was all gone. The quiet moon was sailing along the quiet sky—the night breeze sighed mournfully by, and nature was breathing long and peacefully.

A gay laugh dispersed the whole, as a fashionable couple passed near me, speaking of some one's grand soirée. I wandered around, meeting groups of sauntering idlers, talking French, Italian and German. A French couple promenaded backward and forward across the arena, without once looking up to the moonlit ruin. They spoke low and earnestly, and their walk was of that slow and steady pace which always denotes an absorbed mind. I stood for a long while in the shadow of the ruins and watched them. It was a love scene in the Coliseum, but the Coliseum itself was quite forgotten. The voice of one man thrilled deeper in that fair one's heart than the thousand-tongued ruin around her. Her heart was busy amid other scenes. Under its magic power the Coliseum was buried and Rome forgotten, and a fabric more beautiful than both, in their glory was reared above them—a fairy fabric where love dwelt and fate spun her golden thread. Alas, I sighed, as I turned away, there are more ruins in the world than the Coliseum, and more awful. The saddest fragments are not those that meet the eye, and the light that memory flings over buried hopes, is lonelier than moonlight here.

This second dream was also dispelled by a shout above me: a company, guided by a man with a torch, now emerged in view overhead, and again dropped through the corridors. Suddenly a French girl near me exclaimed, as they again came on to an arch and stood looking down upon us, "C'est tres joli?" "Oui," was the answer. "C'est magnifique," and then a laugh as clear and mirthful as ever rung from a careless heart. I wished also to ascend the ruin for the view, but kept deferring it, as it was necessary to have a guide and torch to prevent one from ventur-

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ing over weak arches and tumbling down ruined flights of steps. It was abominable to be compelled to trot around after a sleepy guide who was thinking the while of the paul each was to give him. It seemed downright sacrilege, but I must do it, or not go at all. So I joined a mixed party of ladies and gentlemen and commenced the ascent just as one does an unpleasant duty. I followed doggedly the guide and torch awhile, when, seizing a favorable opportunity, I dodged one side, threaded my way amid the darkness to the top of the building, and clambering over a ruined parapet lay down, determined to take my own time to view the Coliseum. The humdrum guide did not miss me, and I was left alone with the Coliseum and the night. One by one the groups retired, and I heard with joy the last carriage rattle away toward the city. Behind me stood the arch of Constantine—on my left was the Palatine hill, the Roman forum with its few remaining columns and the Capitol, and beneath me was the arena where thousands had been "butchered to make a Roman holiday." Up those very stone steps below me had passed hasty feet more than a thousand years ago. Right around me had been the bustle and hum of the eager assembly. Before me, through that grand archway in which now the bayonet of a solitary sentinel glistened, had passed the triumphal Cæsars, while the mighty edifice rocked to the shout of the people. Beneath me, far down in the arena, on which the moonlight lay so peacefully, had stood the gladiator while his quick ear caught the roar of the lion, aroused for the conflict. "Hic habet," had been shouted from where I lay, as the steel entered some poor fellow's bosom. There the dying gladiator had lain as the life stream ebbed slowly away, while his thoughts, far from the scene of strife, reckless who was the victor, were

> "Where his rude hut by the Danube lay—
> *There* were his young barbarians all at play,
> *There* was their Dacian mother."

Oh, what wild heart-breakings had been in that arena! Every inch of it had been soaked in blood, and yet not a stain was left —not a scar remained to tell of the death-struggles these walls had witnessed. The Cæsars and the people, the slave and the martyred Christian, had all passed away. The spot where the

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one looked and the other suffered alone was left.—Thought crowded on thought as I looked down upon it, till the solitude and silence became too painful for me. I seemed to have lived years in those few minutes. I turned to descend, but alas, I was without a guide or a torch, locked up on the Coliseum after midnight. To thread my way through the dark galleries and down the broken steps, was no easy task; but after going and returning, mounting and descending for near a quarter of an hour, (and which seemed an hour,) I found the way, and landed safely at the entrance. After some thumping, the guide came and set me free.

I returned through the Basilica of Constantine, and while standing and musing over one of its fallen columns, I suddenly heard the scream of a night bird which came from the Palatine hill, and was echoed back by another from near the Capitol. I had never heard it then, though I often have since. It was a shrill, single cry, that, heard amid those ruins at midnight, was indescribably thrilling.—Right above me, on a ruined front, leaned several marble statues, in attitudes so natural, that it was almost impossible to believe they were not human beings keeping watch among the ruins. Just then the wind began to sweep by in gusts, shaking the ivy over my head, while the wild, mournful cry of that night bird seemed like the wail of a ghost amid the surrounding desolation. The hour, the place, and the silence, made it too lonely. It was fearful. I would stand and listen, anxious, yet afraid to hear it repeated, and when again it rung over the ruins, it sent the blood back with a quicker flow to my heart. I passed under the great arch, and began to enter the city, feeling as if I had heard the ghost of Rome crying out amid her ancient ruins. But I know all description must seem rhodomontade to you at this distance, yet to a heart that has not lost all worship for "the great and the old," it is widely different. The only good description I have ever seen, is in Byron's Manfred. It is much better than in Childe Harold.

> "I do remember me that in my youth
> When I was wandering; upon such a night
> I stood within the Coliseum's wall
> 'Midst the chief relics of Almighty Rome;
> The trees which grew along the broken arches
> Waxed dark in the blue midnight, and the stars

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Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber; and
More near from out the Cæsars' palace came
The owl's long cry, and interruptedly
Of distant sentinel's the distant song
Began and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypress beyond the time-worn beach
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bow-shot where the Cæsars dwelt.
* * * * * * * *
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light
Which softened down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and filled up,
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great and old!
The dead but sceptred sovereigns who still rule
Our spirits from their ruins."

Truly yours.

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LETTER XXIX.

Ruins and Epitaphs in Rome.

Rome, April, 1843.

Dear. E.—To-day I have had a beautiful drive with an English gentleman and his lady, without the walls of *Modern* Rome, amid the ruins of *Ancient* Rome, for you know that the city formerly covered an area of which the present occupies but a fraction. —With its declining splendor it contracted itself, till, from the millions it was supposed formerly to contain, it now, suburbs and all, counts scarcely 150,000. To-day has seemed a little more like being in Rome. I have been away from the rattling of carriages—the passing crowd—and what is still worse, long rows of gaily decorated shops. I have wandered over *Old* Rome, and the shadows of its Cæsars, Scipios, and haughty leaders, have risen around me.

We first drove to the Temple of Vesta, which is now a Church —a small orbicular building, of Greek architecture, and surrounded by nineteen Corinthian columns of Parian marble. We then passed on to the tomb of Caius Cestus, which is built in the form of the Pyramid. Near by is the English Burial Ground. There I saw Shelley's tomb, a plain marble tablet only. On it is written:

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.—'Cor Cordium.'

"Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

Cor Cordium, "heart of hearts," is an allusion to the singular fact that when Byron and Hunt burned his body by the gulf of Spezia, his heart alone remained unconsumed. With all his scepticism, he was a kind-hearted man. His Italian teacher was mine at Genoa, and he told me that Shelley was a nobler man than either Byron or Hunt. In an adjoining cemetery sleeps John Keats.

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A small marble slab, half hid amid the long grass, stands over the young poet. On it is written, "This grave contains all that was mortal of a young English poet, who, on his death-bed, in the bitterness of his heart, at the malicious power of his enemies, desired these words to be engraved on his tomb-stone: 'Here lies one whose name was writ in water.'" Feb. 28, 1821. I stood alone over this solitary grave of genius and wept. I have read of broken hearts, but nothing ever indicated to me half so lonely and desolate a heart, as the dying language of Keats. So utterly broken was his spirit, and so reckless his despair, that he wanted to record his own ruin, and have his very tomb-stone tell how worthless were his life and name.

A strangely sensitive being he was, to feel so deeply an unjust criticism that a hired Reviewer could publish.

Oh, can one envious tongue
So blight and blast earth's holiest things,
That e'en the glorious bard that sings,
Grows mute—and all unstrung,
His bleeding, quivering heart gives o'er,
And dies without one effort more?

'Tis "writ," as thou hast said,
Upon the cold gray marble there,
Each word of that wild, bitter prayer,
On which thy spirit fled!
But oh, that injured name is known,
"Far as the birds of fame have flown."

Yet thou hast said aright,
Thy name *is* in the water writ,
For tears are ever shed on it,
Till dims the aching sight,
By pilgrims from each distant land,
Who, weeping, round thy grave-stone stand.

I plucked a flower that was drooping with rain-drops beside the grave and turned away.

From this we drove to the Basilica of St. Paul, formerly one of the most magnificent churches of Rome. In 1829, on the morning of the 16th of July, the whole roof was seen to be in flames, and very soon fell with a crash into the centre aisles,

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where the fire raged with such fury that it calcined the rich columns of Parian marble near it, and indeed destroyed the great part of the Church. They are now rebuilding it, and some of the fluted columns that escaped the fire, are the most beautiful I have ever seen. It will again be a noble edifice. From this we drove to the far-famed fountain of Egeria. It is a grotto in the midst of a meadow all overhung with foliage. Within the side walls are several niches; and at the extremity, a reclining statue, old and mutilated, often called the statue of the nymph. But it is a *male* statue, and is doubtless that of a river god. Here (so runs the fable) the mortal and immortal used to sit and discourse of an earthly passion, and watch the moon and stars sailing through the nightly heavens. Numa and the nymph meeting beside this fountain by moonlight, and breathing into each other's ears language never repeated to mortals, are about all I remember of Livy and his hard sentences. I care not whether the story be true or false. I agree with Byron—

"Whatsoe'er thy birth,
Thou wert a beautiful thought and softly bodied forth."

Above it stands the Temple of Bacchus, and beyond crowning a hill, a dense grove of olives. A company of English ladies stood on the green mound in front of the temple, while groups were strolling around in the bright meadow gathering flowers. It was a scene of beauty. The bright blue sky, and the exhilarating air, and the fragrance of fields and flowers soon brought my spirits up to the *enjoying point*.

The picturesque tomb of Cecilia Metella in ruins—the Circus of Romulus—the Catacombs of the old city, where martyrs sleep, followed in quick succession. Then the Tomb of the Scipios, through whose dark, damp and silent chambers we passed by candle light. Oh how strange over the empty sarcophagi to read in the mouldering stone, the name of Scipio, and the date of burial. I had stood on the solitary sea-shore, where Africanus sleeps, and sighed over the fallen hero.—But here was a more familiar—a family scene; and I almost started from the close proximity of the Past. I felt like one who had ventured too far, and was becoming too familiar with awful things.

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We then passed Caracalla's Baths, the Palace of the Cæsars, along the Appian Way, through the Sebastian Gate—passed by the Coliseum, under the Capitoline Hill, by the Roman Forum and its solemn ruins—entered the city by the ancient Via Flaminia, now the gay Corso, and ended the day of great remembrances, as all days of toil must be ended, in a hearty dinner. Yet all night long I was wandering amid old Rome. Its mailed legions thundered along the Appian Way—Cicero, and Brutus, and Cæsar, and Nero, and gladiatorial shows, and fierce battle scenes, danced through my excited brain in most glorious confusion.

Truly yours.

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LETTER XXX.

The Capitol and Vatican.

ROME, April 28, 1843.

DEAR E.—You may be surprised to find these two remarkable objects put in one letter, but I am going into no description of galleries. I wish to mention two or three things only in each. To-day I went to the Capitol, and after having traversed the length of the Corso I came to a noble flight of steps that brought me to the top of the Capitoline hill. The buildings on it were designed by Michael Angelo. They stand in the form of a parellelogram, with the main flight of steps at one end. At the bottom of the steps is the old Roman mile-stone that marked the first mile of the Appian way. At the top are two statues of Castor and Pollux standing beside their horses.—In the centre of the parallelogram stands the bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, the only one that has been handed down from antiquity. It is considered the finest equestrian statue in existence. It was once covered with gold, and spots of the gilding still remain. The enthusiastic love of Michael Angelo for it is well known. When it stood in front of the Lateran, it was an important object amid the festivities that celebrated Rienzi's elevation to the rank of Tribune. Amid the rejoicings of that memorable day, wine was made to run out of one nostril and water out of the other.

The building at the farther end is the "PALACE OF THE SENATORS." In the two side palaces are busts, statues, paintings, &c. —many of the deepest interest. Among others, the bronze wolf—"the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome"—about which so much has been written and so much controversy expended in vain. From all that can be gathered, it is doubtless the one to which Cicero more than once alluded. That wolf was once struck with lightning in the Capitol, and one leg of this has evidently been partly melted away in a similar manner.—Said Cicero, in one of

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his memorable attacks on Cataline, "Tactus est ille etiam qui hanc urbem condidit Romulus quem inauratum in Capotolio parvum atque lactantem, uberibus lupinis inhiantem fuisse meministis." This, too, one of the objects of deepest reverence, had the Gods smitten, as an evidence of their anger. In the palace is the famous "dying gladiator." This is one of those few statues I was not disappointed in. As I looked upon that manly dying form, and caught the mingled expression of pain and sorrow on his noble face, I could scarcely refrain from tears. I am vexed at the discussions of antiquarians about this statue. I care not whether it be a fancy piece, or a slave, or a Gallic herald, or a dying gladiator. There he lies dying—dying from a wound a foe has given him—dying too innocent. His whole expression tells of a man who fought from necessity, not will. There is no anger in it, but the reverse; none of the fierce passions that kindle in the human face when foe meets foe. The whole countenance is beyond expression mournful. The eye utters his despair, telling in thrilling accents that the last hope of life is given up—the slightly wrinkled brow and yielding lip speak his pain, while the clotted hair tells of the long and exhausting fight before he fell. Every limb of the noble form speaks of the terrible exertion it has put forth in the struggle for life. And then over all the face is that *dreamy* expression that shows the heart is far away amid other scenes. How natural he lies upon his arm, gradually sinking lower and lower, as the "big drops" ooze from the fountain of life! I thought of Byron as I stood beside it, and of the intense feeling with which he gazed upon it. His stanzas are the most literally correct description ever written. He has hit every expression of the figure, and when the "inhuman shout" rung over the arena to his victor, you know

> "He heard it but he heeded not—his eyes
> Were with his heart, and that was far away;
> He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
> But where his rude hut by the Daunbe lay,
> There were his young barbarians all at play,
> There was their Dacian mother—he their sire,
> Butchered to make a Roman holiday—
> All this rushed with his blood."

With one long stride step into the Vatican, as the papal palace,

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museum, &c., that join St. Peter's, are called. Here is Laocoon, that men have poetized, as well as the dying gladiator, and yet it pleases me not. I have a feeling of horror it is true in looking upon it, and that is all. I have no deep sympathy for Laocoon himself. Master critics have long ago settled the perfection of the work. There is life and force in it. The little child with one foot raised to press down the folds of the serpent that are tightening around the other leg, is terribly true and life-like. But the whole expression of Laocoon is that of a *weak* man, utterly overcome with terror—mastered more completely by fear than a strong-minded man ever can be. There seems no resistance left in him, and you feel that such a character never *could die decently*. While I admired the work, I could not love the character. On the gladiator's face such utter terror never could be written. The sights that could paint such fear on his features do not exist. I will not attempt to take you through the Vatican. This first time I roamed through it without guide-book or question. The Apollo Belvidere and Laocoon I could not mistake, neither did I wish any one to tell me when I came to the Transfiguration. The glorious figure of Christ in this latter picture, suspended in mid heaven, and the wonderful face, so unlike all other faces ever painted before, held me spell-bound in its presence. Why could not the artist have left out the some dozen or more saints that he has placed below, gaping with astonishment on the wondrous spectacle? The three shining figures beside the still more radiant Savior are enough to complete the group. The addition of others destroys the simplicity, and hence injure the grandeur of the whole. It was foolish to attempt to improve on the original group. Yet I went away vexed and irritated. My utter inability to see *half* as it ought to be seen, prevented my enjoying any thing. Again and again I strolled through its immense halls, and can only say it is a forest of statuary, and ought to be divided among the world. But what shall I say of the Vatican? How can I describe it? I cannot—I can only say it is more than 1,000 feet long, and nearly 800 wide—that it contains eight grand staircases, 200 smaller ones, 20 courts, and 4,422 apartments, and a library no one knows how large.

Truly yours.

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LETTER XXXI.

The Pope—Don Miguel—Mezzofanti.

ROME, April, 1843.

DEAR E.—To-day I received an invitation to be presented to his holiness the Pope, but as I found that 'shorts' and some other inconvenient et ceteras were necessary I declined. I regretted it afterwards, as I found I could have been presented in my ordinary dress. Whenever ladies are presented, court dress is not required. A lady unexpectedly became one of the number who were to accompany our consul to his holiness, and I could have seen him without the inconvenience I anticipated.

It was a matter of very little consequence, however, as I had on several occasions been within a few feet of him an hour at a time, and heard him speak, and got, as I supposed, a very good idea of the *Man*. He is nearly 80 years of age, but robust and healthy; he stoops considerably and walks slowly; yet when he mounts his throne his step is light and elastic as that of a young man. He has marked aquiline features, a mild eye, and a very benignant countenance. He was a prelate of no distinction, and mounted to the chair of St. Peter as many others have done before him, by party strife. As soon as the Pope dies there commences a furious struggle between the rival families for the throne. The only way the Cardinals can reconcile the factions, and escape from their imprisonment, often is to fall on some old and indifferent Cardinal and elect him. The present Pope Gregory was elected under these circumstances. He is not regarded as a very clever man, although he bears an excellent moral character.

I forgot to mention that the other day at some exercises in the Sistine Chapel, I saw Don Miguel. He is a very good-looking man. He now lives at Albano, fifteen miles from Rome, whither he has been banished by the Pope. While he was in power in

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Portugal, he lavished his wealth on the Pope, who now, in return, supports him on a salary, it is said, of $20,000. The cause of his banishment was an insult he offered to the wife of Prince Borghese, one of the first families in the Papal dominions. She was the daughter of the famous Catholic Earl of Shrewsbury, and with true English spirit, resented deeply the insult offered her. Borghese told his Holiness either Don Miguel must leave Rome, or he. The Pope, placed in this dilemma, exiled Don Miguel fifteen miles off, to the beautiful hill of Albano, from whence he drives into town no oftener than he wishes.

There is a singular custom here during Holy Week. Pilgrims from every quarter journey on foot during Easter to Rome, for which they are entertained at the Church of the "Trinita"—their feet washed by distinguished individuals, who also serve them at table, and finally put them nicely to bed. They are the completest set of ragamuffins you ever beheld, and it is really revolting to look at their nasty feet. A few nights since *Don Miguel* attended in one of the convents attached to the Church, and washed and served several of these lousy beggars. Great merit is attached to this act, and Don Miguel expects, doubtless, to wash out, in this way, some of his peccadilloes, of which there is any quantity. The next night, some friends and myself jumped into a carriage at St. Peter's, and rode down to see the performance. The pilgrims all sat in a row, on an elevated bench, with each a wooden dish under his feet. There is no humbug about this washing, as there is in the Pope's washing the disciples' feet. The dirt on these beggars is, as Carlyle would say, well authenticated dirt, and it is no joke to remove it. Two Cardinals were among the *washers;* and to my surprise, one of them I observed to be *Cardinal Mezzofanti*, the greatest linguist in the world. He speaks fifty-two different languages. His acquirements alone have obtained for him a Cardinal's hat and *Post-Mastership* of Rome.

The Pope attributes his knowledge of languages to a miraculous gift. Conversing to-day with a priest on the subject—a friend of Mezzofanti—he told me that Mezzofanti himself attributes his power in acquiring languages to the divine influence. He says that when an obscure priest in the North of Italy, he

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was called one day to confess two foreigners condemned for piracy who were to be executed next day. On entering their cell he found them unable to understand a word he uttered. Overwhelmed with the thought that the criminals should leave this world without the benefits of religion, he returned to his room resolved to acquire their language before morning. He accomplished his task, and next day confessed them in their own tongue. From that time on, he says, he has had no difficulty in mastering the most difficult language. The purity of his motive in the first place, he thinks, influenced the Deity to assist him miraculously. A short time since a Swede, who could speak a *patois* peculiar to a certain province of Sweden, called on him, and addressed him in that dialect. Mezzofanti had never heard it before, and seemed very much interested. He invited him to call on him often, which he did, while the conversation invariably turned on this dialect. At length the Swede calling one day, heard himself, to his amazement, addressed in this difficult *patois*. He inquired of the Cardinal, who had been his master, for he thought, he said, there was no man in Rome who would speak that language but himself. "I have had no one," he replied, "but yourself—I NEVER *forget a word I hear once.*" If this be true, he has a *miraculous memory* at all events. This the priest told me he had from Mezzofanti himself. At home this would be headed "Strange if true."

I forgot to say, while speaking of the ceremony of washing the pilgrims' feet, that there is a separate apartment in the same building for the females, and that princesses are sometimes seen engaged in this menial office. Every one so washed receives a certificate of it, and if he wishes, a *medal* entitling him *to beg*.

At the ceremony of washing there were several pilgrims that were mere boys, who seemed frightened enough at the sudden notoriety they had acquired. One little fellow in particular attracted my notice. He was half frightened and half roguish; and between the curious gaze of the spectators, the odd position he was in, and the Cardinal in his awful robes at his feet; his countenance had a half scared, half comic look, and his eye rolled from the Cardinal to the spectators, and back again in such queer bewilderment that it quite upset my gravity, and I indulged in one of Leather Stocking's long silent laughs. Truly yours.

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LETTER XXXII.

New Mode of Selling Milk—Lake Tartarus—Adrian's Villa—Tivoli.

TIVOLI, April, 1843.

DEAR E.—This morning, for once at least, I was up before the sun. A gentleman who formerly held an appointment under our Government and finally married a wealthy English lady and spent his time in travelling, promised to call and take me in his carriage with him and his lady to Tivoli. Of course I was sure not to keep them waiting, but was up betimes, and by means of it I made a remarkable discovery which I give for the exclusive benefit of New-Yorkers.

Morning after morning I had been awakened by a shrill signal whistle under my windows, and what it could mean at that early hour would always puzzle me till I fell asleep again. This morning as I opened the windows and stepped out upon the balcony (and by the way windows here are never made to raise, but to open like a double door), I was greeted by this same shrill whistle ringing directly beneath me. I looked down, and lo, it was the *milkman's cry*. A boy had driven to the door six or seven goats, and with his fingers in his mouth was whistling out the servant. In a few moments she appeared with her pint cup, which he took, and stepping up behind the goats milked it full, received his penny and drove on. Under a palace directly opposite I saw three cows standing in the same way, the boy who drove them whistling away till the servant appeared, when he milked the measure full, and then passed on towards the Corso. This plan, you perceive, introduced into New-York, would effectually prevent *watering* the milk; and give it always fresh and pure from the fountain-head.

In a few minutes the carriage drove up, and under as bright a sky as ever bent over the Cæsars we rattled out of the city. We

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passed San Lorenzo gate, and trotted along the "Via Tiburtina," crossed the Anio, and finally fetched up by the monument of "Giula Stemma." I will not describe it. At length the walls on either side of the way, built entirely of petrifactions, reminded us that we were in the vicinity of Lake Tartarus, "Lago di Tartaro," the petrifying qualities of whose waters furnish the stone called travertine. Its sulphur stench was Tartarian enough, and at length it sparkled on our sight, a mere pond, in the midst of a large field. Petrifying its own borders, it has contracted its limits till it bids fair to *petrify itself to death* and become a *stone lake*. The rocks around it are all formed from moss and turf and masses of cane, whose tubes still remain in the stone. Remembring a certain brother of mine who has a perfect mania for odd specimens of this sort, and who had never failed in every letter to insinuate in no ambiguous language that he supposed I would "forget to pick up some old stones" for him, I loaded down the carriage with fragments of rock to my particular discomfort.

Leaving this we came to the Solfatara (sulphur) canal. The odor from this stream, which drains the ancient Aqua Albulae, was still stronger than from Tartarus. This canal is nine feet broad, two feet deep, and two miles long, and the water that flows rapidly through it is almost of the color of milk. The Aqua Albulae is about a mile distant, and by its petrifying qualities has contracted itself from a mile in circumference to 500 feet. Near by are the Baths of Agrippa, patronized by Augustus and enlarged by Queen Zenobia, who was permitted to retire to Tivoli with her children, after she had graced the triumphal entry of the ravager of Palmyra into Rome.

A little distance from the road stands the ruins of Adrian's villa —the most picturesque and imposing of any in Italy. They surpass those of the Palace of the Cæsars. This villa was overthrown during the siege of Tibur by Totila. I will not describe to you the old Greek Theatre with its ruined Procenium; nor the beautiful Nymphaeum; nor the *Pecile*, 600 feet long, with its double row of columns still standing, nor the imperial Palace, nor the old barracks of the Pretorian guards—nor the grand *Serapeon* of *Canopus*, nor the beautiful VALE of TEMPE—nor the promenades of the poets and philosophers who used to loiter in their

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green shades. I will leave you in ignorance of them all. You cannot appreciate them unless you wander in "propria persona" amid their haunted shades, with the dark cypress waving above you and the spirit of the Past whispering in your ear.

Amid these ruins were found all the Egyptian antiquities in the Roman Capitol—the beautiful Mosaic of Pliny's Doves; and the Venus di Medici. The road from hence up to Tivoli (the ancient Tibur) is through the most venerable olive grove I have ever seen. Between its dark foliage you get a glimpse now and then of the Roman Campagna, stretching on toward the sea—toward the eternal city—and the Sabine Hills. I should like to run on awhile about this ancient Tibur throned on its beautiful hill. Horace was accustomed to spend much of his time here, and wrote enthusiastically of its beauty. Not the broad Lacædæmon, said he, nor the rich fields of Larissæ strike me so much

> "Quam domus Albuneæ resonantis,
> Et preceps Anio; et Tiburni lucus et uda
> Mobilibus pomaria rivis."

Here he would sit and compose his verses, and prayed that it might be the retreat of his old age. But a truce to Horace. I like him not and never did. His heartless lines ran in my head all the while I was on the track of his journey to Brundsuium, on which the lazy, voluptuous sneerer lingered. He always appears to my imagination like a little, thin, weasle-faced man, strutting slip-shod along, turning up his nose to mankind, and loving wine and women as much as the latter feared him.

As I ascended the long hill toward the town, I thought more of the royal Zenobia than of all the emperors and poets that ever lived here. As she stood and looked off on the same valley on which I was gazing—now so desolate—then so magnificent with temples and palaces, how often she sighed for her queenly Palmyra—the beauty of the desert. Her realm exchanged for the Tiburtine hill, and a throne for the irksome kindness of a haughty captor, was enough to break her queenly heart. But let us enter Tivoli, once the head-quarters of the Ghibelline chiefs, and afterward of Rienzi, in his expedition against Palestrina. It is a dirty, contemptible little city of 17,000 inhabitants. Its *situ-*

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ation is highly picturesque, but its climate so unhealthy that the popular distich runs,

> "Tivoli di mal conforto
> O, Piove, o tira vento, o suona a morto,"

which perhaps might be rendered thus:

> "Oh Tivoli! small comforts in thy climate dwell,
> Where blows the wind, or rains, or tolls the funeral knell."

The *morals* of the inhabitants may be gathered from the fact that in the year 1838, out of a population of 17,000 there were brought before the magistrate of the district 1,500 cases of fights, in which 180 persons were dangerously wounded, and 22 killed.

The same ratio of crime in New-York, putting the population at half a million, would give 45,000 fights during the year, 5,400 persons dangerously wounded, and 660 murders. At home this would be headed "HORRIBLE STATE OF PUBLIC MORALS."

But I beg pardon: I came here to see its water-falls, the most beautiful with the exception of Terni in the south of Europe. However, the Tivolians deserve this exposure for the villanous dinner they gave me. I will not bore you with the description of the ruined villas and temples that attract the traveller to Tivoli. I will mention but one—the *Temple of the Tiburtine Sybil*, perched on a cliff overhanging the valley of the cascades. It is a circular temple surrounded with an open portico of 18 columns, ten of which remain. Standing on that eminence, with its fine proportions and ancient classical look, it forms one of the most beautiful images I ever contemplated. As we emerged from the narrow path on to the platform of rock, which forms its base, we saw a table spread and an English company sitting around it, who had ordered their dinner to be brought to this picturesque spot.—There they sat eating under the shadow of the *Temple of the Tiburtine Sybil*, with the gulf beneath them, and the roar of the water-falls in their ears. English like:—they can eat any where. Standing on the edge of this cliff, the chief waterfall of the Anio is full in view a little to the left, on the other side of the gulf. Right out from the green hills it leaps, 100 feet into the mass of verdure below. From the moment it starts it shows a belt of foam, and from the disordered rocks where it strikes, springs a rainbow,

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like a being of light, starting for the skies. The form of the hills —the deep verdure contrasting with the ruins around—the classic air hovering over all—combine to render it a spot of singular wildness and beauty.

From this Sybilline Temple, a winding narrow path descends into the gulf and mounts the other side to the top of the waterfall. Adown this we descended, stopping at intervals to catch a glimpse of the foaming track of the "Cascatella," and hear the roar of its vexed waters. At length we reached the grotto of Neptune, a black cavern into which the cataract formerly emptied itself from the high wall of rock above it. The inundation of 1826 changed the course of the river and now a dark wild stream alone hurries through it. From this deep gulf the view of the Sybilline Temple standing in its beautiful proportions high above—in the portico of which, looking down on us, were gathered a group of English ladies, twirling their bonnets in their hands, and looking as if they might be the ancient Sybils returned to their homes—the massive rocks around, and the singing of the water-falls in our ears, with the wizard-like names of the Syren's and Neptune's grotto, attached to the caverns over which we were leaning—combined to render it for the moment a scene of enchantment.

The water, before it takes its leap, passes through two artificial tunnels, cut side by side, through the solid rock, in which the English lady and myself awoke the echoes with our mirth. I do not know why it is, but I never get into a cavern or dark hideous hole without an irresistible impulse to halloo till all rings again. From this point we took donkeys and rode around the semicircular hill to get a view of the series of cascades unseen before; that come springing one after another into sunlight right out from the bosom of the green foliage. As we passed along, first spray, like mist boiling up from the earth, would appear, hovering in the air—and then the laughing Iris bowing to the green banks beyond, and then the rapid shoot of the stream. It was a succession of surprises.

Returning we fell in with the suite of a Venetian Prince that had haunted us ever since we left Naples—dining where we

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dined—sleeping where we slept, and by some strange fatality visiting galleries and ruins the same day we visited them.

Speaking of the donkey ride reminds me that I have omitted a curious specimen of this mode of travelling which I witnessed this morning near the famous Plautian Tomb. On a little mouse-colored donkey, a trifle larger than a Newfoundland dog, shaggy and meek, were mounted a burly man and his wife, both astraddle, with the *woman before and the man behind.* The docile little fellow went ambling along, picking up carefully his slender feet, and with his long ears flapping over his face looking as unconscious and innocent as a lamb.

Truly yours.

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LETTER XXXIII.

An Improvisatrice—Ascent of St. Peter's.

Rome, April.

Dear E.—I have just returned from hearing an Improvisatrice. Bah!—what a world of disappointment. I had read Corinna till I expected to behold in an Italian Improvisatrice an embodied inspiration. She sung to a small audience in one of the rooms of the Theatre Argentina. An Urn was left at the door, in which every one, who wished, dropped on a bit of paper the subject he wished her to improvise. This Urn was to be handed to the Improvisatrice, from which she must draw, by chance, the number of topics she was to render into verse during the evening. I sat all on the "*qui vive*," waiting her appearance, expecting to see enter a tall, queenly beauty, with the speaking lip and flashing eye uttering poetry even in their repose. I expected more, from the fact that these inspired birds are getting rare even in Italy, and this was the second opportunity there had been of hearing one during the entire year. Well, at last she came, a large, gross-looking woman, somewhere between thirty-five and fifty years of age, and as plain as a pikestaff. She ascended the platform, somewhat embarrassed, and sat down: the Urn was handed her, from which she drew seven or eight papers, and read the subjects written upon them. They were a motley mess enough to turn into poetry in the full tide of song. I looked at her somewhat staggered, and wished very much to ask her, if, (as we say at home) she did not want to back out of the undertaking. However, she started off boldly and threw off verse after verse with astonishing rapidity. After she had finished she sat down, wiped the perspiration from her forehead, while a man, looking more like Bacchus than Cupid, brought her a cup of nectar in the shape of Coffee, which she coolly sipped before the

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audience, and then read the next topic and commenced again. Between each effort came the Coffee. Some of the subjects were unpoetical enough, and staggered her prodigiously. The "spavined dactyls" would not budge an inch, and she would stop—smite her forehead—go back—take a new start, and try to spur over the chasm with a boldness that half redeemed her failures; sometimes it required three or four distinct efforts before she could clear it. The large drops of moisture that oozed from her forehead, in the excitement, formed miniature rivulets down her cheeks, till I exclaimed to myself, well there is *per*spiration there, whether there be *in*spiration or not; and, after all, who can tell the difference.

I will do her the justice, however, to say that her powers of versification, in some instances, were almost miraculous. She would glide on without a pause, minding the difficulties of rhythm, rhyme and figures, no more than Apollo himself. Columbus was one of her subjects, and she burst forth, (I give the sentiment only,) "Who is he, that, with pallid countenance and neglected beard, enters, sad and thoughtful, through the City's gates. The crowd gaze on him as, travel-worn, he walks along, and ask, 'Who is he?'—Christopher Colombo, is the answer. They turn away, for 'tis an unknown name." Then, with a sudden fling, she changed the measure, and standing on the bow of his boat, flag in hand, the bold adventurer strikes the beach of a New World. The change from the slow, mournful strain she first pursued, to the triumphant bounding measure on which the boat of the bold Italian met the shore, was like an electric shock, and the house rung with "brava, brava." But, alas! there was no Corinna there; I had rather heard the fair, proud-looking pianist that accompanied her.

In the afternoon I drove with some friends to St. Peter's for the purpose of mounting to the top. No one can ascend it without an order from the office of the Cardinal Secretary of State. This order is obtained by a paper from somebody else, I forget whom. This paper my friend had sent me, with the request to send and get the order. I put it in my pocket with the full determination to do as he requested. But just as our carriage was driving up to the magnificent steps of St. Peter's he asked if I had the order.

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I slowly pulled forth the paper from the spot where it had lain snugly for two or three days, and shook my head. "Then we are done for it," said he. I had no apology to make—there sat his lady, who had taken all this trouble for nothing. "Never mind," said he, "let us try what we can do without an order."

We went to the Sacristan who kept the door, and told him our case, and plead to have the regulation dispensed with, but he was inexorable. I asked him if he could bear to have us return to our own country, after having come so far, without ascending St. Peter's. "Mi fa niente ma non posso permitterlo." "It is nothing to me, but I cannot allow it." I then appealed to his gallantry, and made up a long story about the lady on my arm. "Mi rincresce *moltissimo*, signore, ma non è possibile," "I am very sorry, sir, but I can't help it," was all I could get out of him. I then undertook to bribe him, but it was of no use. He was the first Italian door-keeper I had seen money would not buy. "Never mind," said Mr. ——, "I understand that some of these Sacristans keep permissions to sell." Off he started, and in a few minutes returned with one that cost just 4 pauls—a half a dollar. I handed it to the Sacristan, and said, "There, will that do?"—Oh, you would have shouted at the look of blank astonishment with which he regarded me. It was all right, signed and sealed as his Holiness directs, but said he, "Did you not write it yourself?" "What!" said I, "forge that seal?" pointing to the Cardinal's signet. He shook his head—"but where did you get it?" "St. Peter gave it to me," I replied. (He opened his eyes still wider)—"He did not wish me to leave his church without seeing its wonders." "Il Santo Pietro è piu generoso di le." "Pass on," said the old man, with an ominous shake of the head, and we began to mount. The ascent to the top of the roof is so gradual that horses pass up and down with loads. On the roof the houses of the workmen scattered around look like a little village.

The Dome is double and you ascend between the double walls. Every now and then a door lets you through to the inside, where there is a narrow path on which to walk, and gaze down—down on the pigmies that are crawling over the dim pavement below. The enormous statues are dwindled to a point, and the smoke of

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incense throws a haze like a summer atmosphere over the wealth of marble beneath. The concave of the Dome is wrought in Mosaic, representing virgins and saints, &c. From the pavement it seems to be the finest of work, while here the stones are large as the end of your thumb. The sentence in Mosaic, "Tu es Petrus," &c., (Thou art Peter,) which is barely visible from below, is found to be composed of letters *six feet long*. An American Vandal had been here a few days before, and in order to carry away a memento of the Dome, had gouged out one of the eyes of a saint with his jack-knife.

I will not attempt to describe the view from the top. The Mediterranean, blue and dim, in the distance on the one side, the Albano, the Sabine and Volscian hills on the other; Rome, the Coliseum, Forum, the winding Tiber, palaces and temples, immortal each with its history, and all grand and mighty with the Past, were too much for one glance. The mind became perfectly stupified with the crowd of images and emotions that overwhelmed it. Glorious old Rome, that "*coup d'œil*," has become a part of my existence. It is daguerreotyped on my heart for ever.

Now for a chapter of statistics. I hate them, but in no other way can you get an idea of the size of St. Peter's. I will not give you feet and inches, but say that if Trinity Church is finished on the plan with which it was commenced you could pile about 12 *of them into St. Peter's*, and have considerable room left for walking about.—By taking off the steeples you could arrange two rows of them in the Church, three in a row, then clap on the steeples again under the Dome and they would reach a trifle more than half way to the top. You could put two churches like the Trinity under the Dome and have the entire nave of the Church, and both side aisles wholly unoccupied. Take three Astor Houses and place them lengthwise, and they would nearly extend the length of the inside of St. Peter's—make a double row of them and they would fill it up half way to the roof pretty snug. Thirty or forty common churches could be stowed away in it without much trouble, and the four columns that support the Dome are each larger than an ordinary dwelling house. But this is nothing—the marble—the statuary—the costly tombs—the architecture—the art are indescribable. Truly yours.

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LETTER XXXIV.

Artists' Fête.

Rome, April.

Dear E.—To-day has been the great fête day of the Artists of Rome. I have endeavored in vain to discover the origin or design of this oddest of all anniversaries in the imperial city. It is confined to no nation, but embraces the artists of every land who wish to partake of its festivities and fooleries. For several days previous books are kept open at the Greek Café for those strangers who wish to enter their names as members on the occasion, and who receive in return a blue ribbon to wear as a badge during the festivities. The place of carousal is about ten miles from the city in the open Campagna. The location is as odd as the celebration that honors it. To be sheltered from the sun, if it be a bright Italian day, and to be protected from the wet, if it be a rainy one, they have selected the ancient *Quarries* of Rome for their festive hall. These Quarries are the interior of a slight eminence hollowed out into chambers and arches by the gradual excavations of former centuries. The dining-hall is an old forsaken ruin near by. At eight o'clock they meet from every part of the city in front of St. Maria Maggiore, to form their procession. First comes a cart and oxen, garlanded for the occasion, on which is throned the President, dressed like nothing you ever beheld, and after him the motley group of artists and their friends, to the amount of several hundred. Each has his costume, and one would think they had not studied the old paintings in vain. Such out of the way and yet often picturesque garbs could be found in no country except Italy—and then the animals they ride, some are horses, some mules, and some the smallest, most villainous looking donkeys Rome can furnish.

My friend and myself did not accompany the procession out,

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but walked up to view the baths of Dioclesian, and from them to the San Lorenzo gate, expecting to catch a return hack. Soon one came up, and I hailed the driver, asking him what he would demand to take us out to the fête. Just then it began to sprinkle —the first few drops of a heavy shower. The fellow looked as if he thought he had caught us, and his management you may take as a perfect illustration of an Italian's mode of making a bargain—*with foreigners*. He demanded just double of an extraordinary price, so I offered him half. No—he wouldn't listen to it—and after some altercation I told him to drive on, I could do without him. He then fell a third, but I persisted in my first offer, and bade him go on. He drew up his reins and started off. But just before he turned an angle in the road which concealed him from view, he pulled up and hallooed to know if I would go for so much, naming a trifle less. I shook my head, and he vanished from sight. "There," said my friend, "we are now in a pretty fix—raining like a storm, and no way of getting to the fête or to the city." But I knew my man, and replied, "Do you suppose he has really gone? In three minutes he will be back," and true enough the next moment a pair of black horses trotted into view, and our friend pulled up where we stood to drive another bargain. He fell still more from his original price, and began to praise his vehicle and show us all its comforts, *especially* in a rain storm.

I was vexed at the fellow's impudence, and coolly asked, "Why have you returned? I am not anxious at all to have your carriage; you had better drive back to the city, or you will lose the opportunity of taking some one else." He drew up his reins with all the hauteur of an old Roman, and cracking his whip drove away with an air that said, as plainly as actions *could* say it, "Good day, sir—this is the last you will see of me." After he had disappeared, my friend again began, "There, now, you have done it. He has gone sure enough, and we may get out of the scrape as we can." "Not a bit of it," said I. "The difference in the price he offers to take and I offer to give is trifling, but don't you see the rascal thinks to take advantage of our circumstances? I will stand here under this old colonnade till night before I will give him one baiocca more than I have offered him.

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—Besides, he will be back in a minute. It is true that last take off was very well done, but these fellows are used to acting. Such an offer as I made him he has not had to-day, and he is the last man to lose it. The next time he will return and tell us to get in." I was right. In a few minutes the black team was in sight. The hauteur of the Roman had vanished, and with a touch of the hat and a smile that would have made the fortune of an English valet, he bade our "Excellencies" mount, hoping we would remember and give him a "*buonomano*." "Not a bit of it," said I, though I afterward did, of my own free will. But I would not have it in the contract.

Such is *universally* an Italian's mode of making a bargain. After driving five or six miles, we turned into the fields, through which, far before us, were slowly winding along trains of carriages, filled with the fun-loving Italians. At length we came in sight of the spot consecrated by art—and such a sight. Did you ever see a "*general training*" in the country? Then you have the first view of the "artists' fête." Scattered over the green field, were carriages filled with fair spectators, patches of strolling peddlars, carts with the team detached and "wine and cake to sell," and all the strange and motley grouping of a Yankee "training ground." All these were on the summit of the eminence, underneath which were the quarries and the artists. As I approached, suddenly from out the bowels of the earth came a hurrah as wild and jolly as ever Bacchus, in the height of glory and greatness, made to ring through the home of the gods. The next moment I heard an earnest voice hurriedly inquire, "Ganymede, Ganymede! where is Jupiter?" and then the Bacchanalian song, "Io Bacche!" Really I began to think there might be, after all, a batch of the old gods below, holding a sort of anniversary revel there, on the borders of their old dominions. I hastened down, and oh, such a spectacle! It is impossible to describe it. At one end of the caverns sat the presiding god. Around him were flags of every description and ornaments of no description. He had on a necklace made, I should suppose, of a huge Bologna sausage, with pieces a foot and a half long, putting out at intervals all round it, at the end of each of which stood an imp striving with all his might to fill it with wind. At his side

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stood a drummer, that looked more like a griffin than a man, beating rapid and hurried beats upon his drum, while at every pause arose the chorus of some wild German song. Before him, in the dirt, were all sorts of divinities waltzing—two-thirds drunk. Round and round they would spin, ankle deep, in the powdered clay, until they came on the broken rocks with a jar that made my bones ache even to see. Poor fellows, thought I to myself, you will have enough to do to-morrow to count your bruises.

This is only a specimen of what was passing. There were other groups in various parts of the quarries, each with its peculiar scene. At length a company of Germans determined to have a ghost scene, and German like, they went through all the ceremonies of raising a spirit. In one of the darkest parts of the quarries was deposited a body wrapped in a sheet. At the entrance stood a company of Germans and began one of their ghostly incantations. It was enough to chill one's blood. Slowly and solemnly the incantation rose and echoed through the cavern until the ghost was actually raised. There were many excellent singers among the German artists, and some of the chorusses were admirable. I never beheld a revel to which there was no limit, and no law in which there was such perfect abandonment as this. It seemed impossible that the human heart could so utterly throw off all restraint. Indeed it could hardly be called a revel—it was a *frolic*, a wild and lawless frolic. The animal spirits of each seemed at the evaporating point.

In such reckless mirth, amid flowing wine and song and dance, the hours wore on, till the signal was given for the closing up scene, which was a general horse, donkey and mule race out upon the green sward. It was here that the figures and costumes showed to advantage. Thousands of people, some in carriages, some on foot, were scattered over the field. For a back ground a black rain cloud lay along the horizon. The sunlight from the clear West falling brightly over the grassy plain, threw the figures on it in strong relief against that dark cloud in the distance, till every color, ribbon and plume, was distinctly revealed. As the crowd gave way, and horseman after horseman galloped into view, it seemed more like a description I had read in some oriental tale, than an actual passing scene. Now ten or fifteen

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in a company, mounted without a saddle, would gallop like the wind over the plain, their velvet mantles and plumes streaming in the wind, and the spangles in their vests and bonnets flashing like diamonds in the sunlight. And half of them were such wild spiritual looking beings. They were none of your hearty revellers, but had come out this once from the studio with all the marks of severe study and privation upon them, to be young and thoughtless for one day. Some of them were remarkably handsome fellows, and with their long black hair and blacker eyes and thin pale faces and singular costumes, they shot past you like beings of another planet. There were Americans among the rest, and I am sure if they could have dropped into their native towns at home just as they were mounted and dressed to-day, their friends would have clapped them in a lunatic asylum "*sans ceremonie*." The *racing* was a mere general *scamper*. One bold rider on a powerful black steed, galloped round and round without end or aim, while in another direction three artists were mounted on one little donkey, not much larger than a Newfoundland dog, which they were trying to beat into a gallop. But the poor little fellow could hardly waddle under his enormous load, and seemed perfectly stupified at the sights and sounds around him. But the blows which fell thick and fast, were more natural and home-like, and seemed to restore his self-confidence, for the next moment he laid back his long ears, and with that villainous look a donkey alone can give, let fly his heels into the air, and over tumbled one of the sons of the divine art.

While I was laughing at this ludicrous scene, a beggar girl that had often molested me in Rome, came up and began her importunities again. She was the most impudent creature I ever met, and I could not shake her off, when a man dressed like a king, rode slowly up on his donkey, and addressing the girl in the most grave, deliberate, and solemn tone, said, "Andate via siete troppo importunente." "Go away, you are too importunate." The girl looked at him a moment, and walked away without saying a word. I could hardly thank him for laughter, but he never smiled, and wheeled his donkey away with the gravity of a philosopher. But it is impossible to describe the different groups in this strangest of all fêtes. An English lady whom I had often

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met in different parts of Italy, stood and looked on in perfect delight. She said she could not shake off the belief that she was in the midst of some Eastern romance. She was a beautiful sketcher, and in a few minutes the field and its grotesque groups were her own. How I envied her her possessions! At length the crowd, as all crowds must, broke up. But a small party galloped on before, and ascending a green mound on which stood an old ruin, wheeled and awaited the procession. In their picturesque garbs, beside that ancient ruin, and both revealed in the soft light of the setting sun, they formed a strange and beautiful group.

But soon the towers and obelisks of old Rome rose on the view, and I seemed to stand rebuked in their presence. I thought how these orgies had been celebrated over the grave of a fallen empire. I was told that Thorswalden a few years ago joined with them, and shook his gray locks with the merriest.

Truly yours.

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LETTER XXXV.

Sirocco—Mosaic Centre-Table—Borghesian Villa—Tasso's Oak—Farewell to St. Peter's, &c.

May, 1843.

Dear E.—I fear you are becoming tired of Rome, though one never wearies of writing about it. Each hour here would make a letter, but not to task your patience farther, I will give you a single chapter out of my diary, and then we will away for Florence and the green, free, open country.

Saturday, 10*th*.—Just returned from Villa Pamphylia, revived and almost cheerful. For three days a terrible sirocco has been blowing that has taken the very life out of me. The first day I grew weak; the second, hot and feverish, and took to my bed, and concluded a Roman fever was my destiny. But this morning the wind changed to the north, and the dirty sky looked clear again. A little revived, I called a carriage, and drove out to the Villa Pamphylia. Leaving the driver and his horses under the shadow of a clump of trees, I strolled away from the magnificent gardens into the open field, and lying down under a lofty fir-tree, and looking off towards the mouth of the Tiber and distant Ostia, drank in the fresh air till my blood grew cool again. Those grounds, how extensive and beautiful they are, with their promenades, and canals, and waterfalls, and fountains, and flowers, and statues!

Sunday, 11*th*.—Just returned from Vespers in St. Peter's. How I love to linger under those great arches, while the shades of twilight deepen on the statues and figures around; and hear the Vesper hymn steal out of the distant chapel, and float over this wondrous temple.

And that strange Pilgrim—how he arrested my attention. From the far off hills he had wandered there for once in his life, to worship. Amazed at the magnificence around him, he forgot

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his rags, that contrasted so strikingly with those costly ornaments, and leaned on his pilgrim staff—the blanket on which he had slept in his pilgrimage, beneath his arm—and gazed like one in a trance, around him. The lofty nave—the images of Prophets and Apostles, that leaned over him—the dim religious light; and that now dying, now triumphant music, was too much for him, and he bowed his head and wept. Drop after drop, the big tears fell on the tesselated pavement, and his swelling heart seemed ready to burst under the tide of emotions that pressed on it. Farewell, Pilgrim—we shall never meet again.

Monday night, 12*th*.—I have just returned from a social party at the house of an English officer—La Strada delle tre Fontane, (the street of the three fountains). I met there an Italian noble I had often seen in the north of Italy. He was an officer in the army of his Sardinian Majesty. Poor fellow! he had fallen in love with an English lady in Genoa, and had come down to get a dispensation from the Pope that he might marry her. It was slow work, but he thought he should succeed.

Tuesday, 12*th*.—Accompanied Mrs. ——— to see the top of a Mosaic centre-table. What a transcendently beautiful thing! It was finer work than I ever saw in a breastpin at home. It needed the closest inspection to detect it was not a painting. The man had been four years in finishing it, and had just received an order for it from a Russian Princess, who was to give him $4,000. It represented Rome in four different aspects, the scenes going round the outer edge of the table. First, the 'Piazza del Popolo,' by sunrise, with its gate and obelisk; second, St. Peter's, with its glorious colonnade, obelisk and fountains, under the blaze of a bright noon-day; next came the Forum, the Capitol, the ruined Palace of the Cæsars, and the lonely columns standing around this focus of old Roman glory, bathed in the soft light of the setting sun; last of all the Coliseum by moonlight, and a more perfect moon I never saw *painted*. It had beside an elaborately wrought centre piece. I never broke the commandment "Thou shalt not covet" so much in a half an hour in my life as during the time I was inspecting this table. The artist was an intelligent and pleasant man, and gave me some of the composition by which mosaic work is made, and explained the whole process,

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but I have forgotten it already. At sunset I strolled around the Pincian Hill, that overlooks Rome and the Tiber. It is a beautiful promenade, filled with trees, statues, &c.; but, alas! as I was passing near where some repairs were making, I saw thirty prisoners chained two and two, guarded by soldiery, and sullenly performing their allotted toil.

In the evening, after tea, our good professor, who never fails in his daily lessons, started up and said, "This is the night of the Feast of the Sepulchres, would you like to see the ceremony?" In a moment we were off. We entered church after church, in each of which the ceremony was different, but each representing Christ in the Sepulchre. The churches were dark with the exception of a few lights around the place of supposed burial. At length we entered one in a side chapel of which lay a wax figure, large as life, representing our Savior in the rigidness of death. The hair lay matted on his forehead—the blood was flowing over his agony-wrung brow, and his limbs composed in the decency of death. Close by his figure, kneeled two monks—their faces buried in their hands, and uttering not a sound. Away from the recess back in the darkness, were the silent figures of men and women kneeling amid the marble columns of the church; that grew dimmer and dimmer as they retired, till lost in the gloom. That bloody, murdered form—those cowled and silent monks kneeling over it—the deep hush and darkness amid so many forms, was too much for my nerves. I pushed open the door and rushed into the open air, drew a long breath while a fearful pressure seemed to lift from my heart. Well, 'tis a strange world, and the "lights and shadows of a human soul," who can write!

Wednesday, 13th.—Rode all over the grounds of the Borghesian villa. This is to Rome what Hyde Park is to London, and towards evening there is an incessant whirl of carriages around its groves of ilex and laurel, and through its long avenues of cypresses, and past its flashing fountains and delicate temples, and rows of statuary. These grounds are three miles round, threaded in every possible direction with roads. At the farther side is the palace filled with beautiful statuary. In one room is Canova's famous reclining Venus, for which Pauline, the beautiful sister of Bonaparte, sat. There is a story in Rome that a lady once asked

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Pauline if she did not feel a little uncomfortable in sitting before Canova for her statue (alluding to the *indelicacy* of being disrobed before the artist), and she pretending to understand her as referring to her feeling somewhat *cold* in such a predicament, answered, "Oh no, the room was very *warm*." (This Borghese married one of the daughters of the famous English Catholic Earl of Shrewsbury.) The statue is beautiful—so was Pauline, who is said to have had but one defective feature, and that her *ears*. They were so small as to be almost a deformity.

Saturday, 16th.—I skip over two days. This morning I received a note from an American gentleman inviting me to accompany him and his two sisters to the Pope's palace on the Quirinal. I was at the reading-room when they started, and as the carriage drove up the wheels came somewhat near to a peppery, half-crazy English cavalry officer. He began to swear and curse the driver, when I, somewhat piqued at his impudence in the presence of the ladies, stept in and told the driver to move on. The officer immediately tipped his hat to me and apologised, and said in the blandest manner, "Mr. H. (calling me by name,) I believe your book is not in this library," (referring to the one attached to the reading-room). How the fellow knew my name puzzled me, and the question and all taking me quite aback, I replied, What did you say, sir? "Are you not from New Orleans, and have you not written a work?" I have not the pleasure of hailing from New Orleans, I replied, nor have I been guilty of writing a book.

We strolled all over the great palace—into the very sanctum sanctorum of his Holiness. * *

The garden is a mile in circumference, and filled with flowers, and birds, and plants of every description. There is one fountain that plays an *organ*, (when it *plays at all*), and little statues standing in niches around the grotto in which the organ is placed lift, at the same time, instruments to their lips, and chant an accompaniment. The chief gardener is an Irishman, and Pat is the same practical joker, wherever you find him. Even living in the shadow of the palace of his Holiness, cannot knock the fun out of him: and there was so much of the 'lurking devil' in this fellow's eye, that I watched every movement, lest he should play us a trick—for every now and then, he would disappear in the

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thick foilage, and the next moment from some unexpected quarter would issue jets of water, crossing each other in all directions, and making an arch over our heads as we passed. There was a group of some half-dozen Priests, just before us, who had come from the country to attend the ceremonies of Holy Week in Rome. They were visiting the garden of their Spiritual Head, and stared about them in undisguised astonishment. At length they got tangled in with our party, and, as we were passing up a walk hedged closely in, I saw Pat slip slyly away amid the foliage. Expecting some mischief on hand, I halted and fell a little back, bidding my friends do the same. In a moment the walk spread out into a circular form, and the long black-robed Priests scattered themselves over it; when suddenly, right out of the gravelled path, sprang a group of jets, perfectly deluging the poor Priests. They suddenly stopped like chickens when the shadow of a hawk darkens over them, and then scampered off, as Pat said, "as if the Divil was after them." Dripping with water, and shaking their broad-brimmed beavers, they presented a most sorry spectacle. * *

Tuesday, 24th.—Walked all over the ruins in the region of the Forum and Caracalla's Baths. This is the only way to see and *feel* them. I never would ride again here. Oh! how sad to muse amid these fragments of a shivered world, with nought to disturb you but the chirp of the cricket, or the sigh of the passing wind as it stirs the ivy that dangles from some mouldering wall. There they are in the bright sunshine, men spinning ropes in the old Roman Forum, or singing with Italian carelessness under the shadow of that lofty, solitary column, that stands like a tombstone over the grave of an empire. How those peasantry stared at me as I stood, like one bewildered, under the great arches that supported the Palace of the Cæsars, gazing on the cattle stabled there, and on the thoughtless owners pitching hay into apartments right under the very throne of Rome. The sentence of Gibbon came like a mournful echo to me—"and the barbarian has long since stabled his steed in the Palace of the Cæsars."—I strolled on to the old Circus Maximus, where the rape of the Sabines was committed. It is a garden, and an old man was carting manure into it. I thought I would see how much he would know of

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that field of fame, so I inquired if that was the Circus Maximus. He looked at me as if he thought I was an ignoramus, and replied, "No, signore, it is a *garden*." And this is glory! * *

At evening we drove to the convent San Onifrio, or rather to the foot of the hill on which it stands. After knocking for nearly a quarter of an hour at the gate we gained admittance. Here Tasso died. An oak stands near, called Tasso's oak. He came to Rome to be crowned, and was taken sick. He retired to this convent, which overlooks entire Rome, and from its elevation has a pure air, to recover his health. Under this oak he used to sit and gaze down on the imperial city in its glory, which was weaving a crown—for his grave. The oak has been broken down by a storm, but the stump still remains. I plucked some of the splinters to bring away as a memorial. I was in the room where he died. A cast was taken of him after his death, which is preserved with great care; and near by in a glass case hangs the last letter the poet ever wrote. While I am writing the daughter of the man who owns my rooms has answered the bell and wishes to know what I want. It is somewhat chilly and I request a little fire. In order to kindle it she picks up my splinters from Tasso's oak. I spoke out so sharply that she turned her large eyes on me in wonder. Why, said I, those are from Tasso's oak—I would not take 50 scudi for them—I am going to take them to America. She clapped her hands and laughed till all rung again. She took it for a good joke and proceeded to lay them on the fire. I remonstrated so earnestly that she felt I must be in earnest, and asked with the most perfect naiveté, 'What, have you no such wood in America?' Oh Tasso, such again is glory!

Saturday, 28th.—Saturday again. I have, these last few days, strolled over the city—made a few calls and wrote a few letters. I have seen Pompey's Statue, 'which all the while ran blood' when great Cæsar fell at its base. I have wandered over the "Jews' Quarter," where the old clothes hang in masses along the streets. Every night at eight o'clock they are locked up in the two streets they occupy. Palaces, Studios, and Paintings have come in for their share. What a beautiful young Bacchus I saw in Thorswalden's Studio. The drunken God could be seen, in the baby sleeping amid the rich clusters of grapes. A note is

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on my table from Dr. D——y of New York. He knows not what pleasure his last conversation gave me.

Sunday, 29th.—To-morrow, I expect to start for Florence, and have been this evening to bid St. Peter's good bye. It is strange how affection will grow on one, for a mere pile of stone and brick; but I have really and forever fallen in love with this glorious old Temple. I did not feel sadder when the setting sun went down over the lessening shore of my father-land, than to-night when I knew I must behold St. Peter's no more. I strolled around—now across the nave—now up and down the side aisles, and away into the transept, looking at nothing in particular, but letting the impression of the whole fall like a mighty shadow on my heart. The smoke of incense spread like a mist over the tesselated pavement, and the pealing organ now swelled out through the amplitude in triumphant bursts of music, and now died away in mournful cadences through the dim arches, while the chant of priests arose and fell in strange echoes on the air. Far, far away up through the heaven-seeking dome stole the rays of the setting sun, as if he wished his last look to be in this great Temple. One by one, the crowd departed, till I was almost alone amid the forest of marble. Every statue became a spiritual being worshipping silently there—every shadow the passing of the Invisible One. My heart beat audibly in my bosom, and I could have knelt before the silent altar and wept. The spirit of the Eternal seemed to have breathed on his Temple. The silence and solitude at length became painful, and I turned towards the door. There I gave the last farewell look. The great columns stood dim and stately in the gathering gloom, while the lofty arches were lost in the darkness. Far away burned the feeble tapers before the high altar, while the shadow of a monk now and then gliding before them in his silent duty, added to the mystery of the scene.

Farewell, great Temple; thou hast taught my heart a lesson it will never forget, and as I dive into the living stream of men again, thy shadow shall ever be on the water. Thy heart-breaking Miserere and thy sweet Vesper Hymns shall never lose their echo; thy mighty dome and magnificent proportions, and thy perfect form lighted by its thousands of torches standing like a fairy creation amid the deep night, I carry with me. Yours, &c.

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LETTER XXXVI.

Out of Rome—An English Captain.

TERNI, May, 1843.

DEAR E.—We are out of Rome, and I will not trouble you with our long quarrels with Vetturini before we got off. For several successive days, an English gentleman and myself went to the Post House to get a carriage and horses, to be posted on to Florence; but Rome was emptying itself, and all had been engaged days beforehand. So we finally struck up a bargain with a Vetturino to carry us through with one team.

We started with rather a bad omen. I was up before it was daylight, and stepping into a narrow street for the purpose of crossing to the lodgings of my English friend, encountered four men bearing, noiselessly and rapidly along, a *corpse*.

But imagine us finally standing at the Piazza del Popolo, while the officers examine our passports to see if all is right. (By the way, how odd it is, that one must fortify himself with any quantity of signatures, and quarrel his way *into* a city, then encounter the same trouble in getting *out* of it.) But, as I was about to say, picture to yourself a vehicle, built somewhat like a hack, except that it has a calash top over the driver's seat in addition to the main covering—painted pale green, with a gold-leaf grape-vine running around it for a border, and four fat lazy horses attached to it, and you have our "establishment." It was finely cushioned, however, and rode easier than any hack.

As we trotted away from the walls of the eternal city, an indescribable sadness stole over me. It seemed like leaving the grave-yard of all that was great on earth. There the heart of the world once beat till the farthest extremities felt the mighty pulsations. The greatest and fiercest souls earth ever nurtured had stormed and died there. There man had wrought with high-

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est pride, and skill, and force; and there now were only his greatest ruins. Oh what a bitter mockery that fallen empire, its broken thrones, and faded glories uttered on man and man's ambition. And yet there was as much of pity as sarcasm in their silent language. Ambition with thy heated blood, and wild fever tossings, and cursed devastations, and bloated pride; come look on thy greatest, most perfect work!

As I was indulging in this train of bitter reflection, I looked up, and lo, there stood before me a small house perfectly buried in grape-vines, and hedges, and flowers; and on it painted in large capitals, "PARVA DOMUS SED MAGNA QUIES." The singularity of the inscription, and the sweet little nest on which it was written, took me wholly by surprise, and captivated me at once. "A small house but great repose"—then thou art worth all Rome—aye, and the world to boot. "Magna Quies," I wished I had the house! Rest—repose!—Oh, that is heaven to the endless chase and disappointments of life! I looked again on the little paradise. Bah! it was written there to *make it rent well.* Fleas and filth! who ever found rest in an Italian house unless he had the hide of a shark?

Ascending a long hill, twelve or fourteen miles from Rome, I paused, and turning toward the city, now dim in the smoky distance, bade it a long, last farewell.

"There she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe,
An empty urn within her withered hands
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago."

Stopping to breakfast, about 12 o'clock, at a small inn, I wandered off in the fields. On returning, who should I encounter but my old peppery English officer, who once took me for an author and from New Orleans. He was foaming and swearing away at his Vetturino. As soon as he saw me he poured forth a perfect volley of invectives against the Italians. His horses had broke down, beside having próved balky. He would not go another inch—he would return to Rome immediately—then crashed one of John Bull's sturdy oaths. I had cherished a little grudge against the sputtering old egotist, and I confess took a wicked pleasure in his trouble—nay, added to it. I told him the same

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carriage and horses had been offered to me but I durst not trust the concern, and added the owner proposed to take me for fifty scudi, but I would not have it on any terms. (This was literally true.) Fifty scudi! exclaimed he; I give *eighty-five*. Seeming to grow warm myself at the enormity of the deception, I replied, Eighty-five scudi! Why, my dear sir, you are robbed—shamefully robbed, and then if you should never get to Florence with that team. "I know it," said he, "I will go, back to Rome immediately." But, I replied, there is *one* difficulty in the way: as you have made a bargain, the authorities will doubtless compel you to fulfil it, especially as the fellow promises to take you on without delay. I am sorry—but—really, my dear sir, I am afraid there is no help. The Captain now stood at boiling heat, and the poor Vetturino fairly shook with terror. "Come," said the Captain, "come tell my wife and daughter how they offered you this same ricketty concern, when they knew it would break down. Come, come on," said he. I did not exactly like the prospect before me, but made the best of it and followed on.

Judge of my astonishment on entering the room to see a fair young sweet English face, that had often arrested my attention in the streets of Rome, the owner of which I never dreamed of being the daughter of my sputtering Captain. She was an authoress of some fame, and a novelist to boot. The first thought that struck me was—"how extremely odd, and what a misfortune if she should turn back. What a bit of sunlight she would be on the road during the six days' journey before us. To see her at the lonely hotels we shall stop at, and amid the glorious scenery we shall gaze on, would be no slight addition to the pleasure of the journey." The Captain immediately started off on his furious gallop, repeating what I had said before. At the first pause the little beauty remarked, "Yes, we must return I think as soon as we have breakfasted." This was tipping over my castle in the air in a moment, and how to counteract what I had told the Captain seemed not so plain. I could have bitten off my tongue with vexation. However, I determined to put a bold face on it, and replied, "By no means; I think you have a remarkably excellent carriage—it is light and easy, while ours is a huge lumbering affair." "Oh the carriage is well enough," said she, "but the

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horses are such dreadfully poor creatures, I am sure they will die before they get to Florence." "Not at all, not at all—I can assure you; these lean Cassius looking horses are the best to get over the ground—your fat Italian animals are perfect oxen on the road; beside there is nothing better in Rome now—all are '*en route*.' Moreover we will make the Vetturino change the horse that gave out, and continue to do so as often as one fails." The Captain seemed utterly unable to comprehend the sudden change in my views, and stood and stared at me in a perfect puzzle. He could not understand the difference between the prospect of having a Captain Brimstone for a companion on the way, and a young beautiful English woman. Just then a happy thought came to my aid. It occurred to me that the Captain had raved so on the way that the poor apologies for horses had been urged to their utmost powers by the frightened Vetturino, and I inquired how long they had been in driving from Rome. It was as I supposed; they had come like distraction. Why, said I, you have come it in an hour and a half less time than we. Why you will trot right away from us. This idea tickled the Captain amazingly; he rubbed his hands, chuckled, and turning to his daughter said, "Don't you see, my dear, we have beat them an hour and a half. I think we can venture to go on." We made the Vetturino change one of his horses and all was soon settled.

You may smile at this episode, but it is one of those things that make up a traveller's existence, and interest him perhaps deeper than more important matters. The first night I had a quarrel with our Vetturino from principle. Paying for our lodgings himself, I knew that he, like all his fraternity, would cheat us if he could. A terrible fuss the first night, as if you expected vastly more than *any body* could give, and was one of the most querulous of the fretful species, is indispensable to secure decent treatment on the way. I will not weary you with our slow desolate ride through Etruria. Take one hut as a specimen of many. It stood by the road-side, in the open ground that stretched away as far as the eye could reach, without enclosures, and without cultivation—built of a sort of weed that grows wild in that section, and which has the appearance of small brushwood. I entered it, and there on the bare ground, sat a mother with several children. A pot

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was boiling in the centre, with some vegetables in it. The fire frightened me in the midst of so much combustible matter. I spoke to the mother, and inquired about her circumstances, and added, "Are you not afraid of that fire? What would you do if this tinder-box here in which you live should catch fire?" She clasped her hands, turned her black eyes toward heaven, and laughing outright, exclaimed, "God help us then." I do not believe an Italian woman ever prayed without a laugh in one corner of her heart.

I thought I would describe, but cannot, the approach to picturesque Civita Castellana—the wonderful ravine that passes it, with the huts of washer-women dwindled down to a point at the bottom—the beautiful valley of the Tiber which we dropped into beyond, where Macdonald, in the retreat of the French army from Italy, cut his way through the Neapolitan ranks, though they out-numbered him three to one—a valley then filled with the smoke of battle, but now the sweetest, loveliest spot, that ever smiled in the sunshine. Here the artists from Rome flock in the summer, and dream away its oppressive heat in this Elysian field. I wished also to take you along the vale of the Nar, with its milk-white flood, and hermitages perched on the rocks, like eagles' nests—and bid you listen to the chattering of one of the most ignorant monks I ever conversed with; but I must hasten on.

At Narni was a celebration in honor of St. John, and such a collection of queer costumes you never beheld. The streets were strewn with evergreens; and processions were formed, headed with a wooden cross, some fifteen feet high, while in the Churches were drums, and trumpets, and armed men. But this, too, I must pass by, and a queer adventure that befel me here, and ask you only to accompany me while the carriage is left to meet us some three miles ahead, to the Gulf where stands the ruinous arches of the '*Bridge of Augustus.*' This Bridge, built by the Emperor, connects two hills, and has three arches more than sixty feet high, built of blocks of marble, without cement or cramps of any description to fasten them. The middle arch is broken, and beneath it rushes the torrent as it rushed when strode the Emperor of the world over. It is a noble ruin, and through the arch a distant hermitage among the rocks looked picturesque enough. Truly yours.

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LETTER XXXVII.

Falls of Terni.

TERNI, May, 1843.

DEAR E.—We reached here about 3 o'clock this afternoon, and immediately hired another carriage and started for the "*Falls of Terni.*" You can visit them in two ways—by beginning at the bottom, and walking to the top, or riding up a mountain by a recently made road, a mile or two, and descending to the bottom. Our guide and driver thought of course it would be far better to begin at the bottom, for more than "eighteen reasons," but especially as it would save driving us some two or three miles up a steep, narrow, and winding way. But let me advise the traveller in the first place always to ride to the top, and send his carriage back. In the second place, to fill his pocket with coppers, and as soon as he sees a beggar approach, or a man picking up stones out of the path, or even standing still, to hurl one at him. A dollar or two spent in this way is a clear gain, to one who wishes to enjoy the scenery; otherwise he will have every fine emotion dissipated, and his very soul tormented into madness, by the incessant cry of "Signore, un baiocca—per carita—mi miserabile," et cetera. *My* small stock was soon exhausted, and the moment I stopped amid the roar of the cataract, to listen to its great anthem, or look on its torn waters, I was besieged by some half dozen ragamuffins, till I had no resource but run for it. They always take it for granted you lie when you tell them you have no more small change. I will not attempt to describe these Falls. I will say only that the upper Fall is about 50 feet high, the second between 600 and 700, and the long sheet of foam which forms the third 270 feet, making in all about 1,000 feet—and then refer you to Byron's description, beginning—

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"The roar of waters!—from the headlong height
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;
The fall of waters! rapid as the light
The flashing mass foams, shaking the abyss;
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set."

I will merely add by way of comment that this description *is stretched a little*. I will say, however, in justice to Byron, that I have ever found Childe Harold's descriptions faithful almost to the letter, except in this single instance, and here I excuse him on the ground that he had never seen any large cataracts, and hence was naturally impressed beyond measure with the sublimity of this really fine water-fall. But the "infant sea" he speaks of I could throw my hat across, and "the eternity" he thinks he sees "rushing on" is the smallest probably most men will ever experience.

Yet the cataract is worth a visit. The rapid shoot of the waters at the summit—the long reckless leap of the torrent that is dashed into the minutest particles of foam at the bottom, which go rising up like smoke over the face of the rock—the dizzy height—the roar and the solitude, impress the mind with awe and wonder; and then the hidden and mysterious paths that lead to the bottom—now burying you in the side of the hill, and now carrying you to the very brink of some precipice, whose forehead is bathed in the falling spray, keep you in a state of constant excitement.

The finest view, however, is from a rock on the opposite mountain. From this point you look directly on the face of the cataract, and take in the whole at a glance. In gazing on this waterfall I was struck with the power of a poetic imagination to impersonate every thing. Byron says,

"While the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet," &c.

And sure enough, there it is—the "sweat of their great agony." The spray, condensing on the black sides of the rocks, trickles

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down as if pressed out of them by their torment, under the eternal shock of the falling cataract upon them. As I stood gazing at this mad stream, breaking itself into a thousand fragments in its desperate leap, a thunder-cloud slowly threw fold after fold over the dwarf firs that fringed the top, till the heavy masses seemed fairly to press their dark bosom on the summit of the hill—while the roar of the blast, and the low growl of the distant thunder, mingling with the roar of the cataract, made it a scene of wild sublimity. I had missed the "Iris," but I was repaid by the storm. The day seemed changing into night, and I at length turned away to find some place of shelter before the cloud should burst over me. Descending, I met my peppery Captain and his sweet daughter. I had no particular solicitude about the Captain's skin, but I was anxious to save the little beauty from the shower I knew would soon be upon us. I besought her to return, assuring her she would be drenched if she proceeded. "What," said she, in a voice like a bird, "is not that point of rock I just saw you sitting upon the best spot from which to view the cataract?" Undoubtedly, madam; but if you attempt to reach it you will certainly be overtaken by the storm. "But I *must* see it," she replied. I urged her in vain to desist, and was on the point of offering my services, when wisely considering it would not improve my personal appearance to get a thorough drenching, nor make the rain any the less heavy on her, I concluded to let the wilful little creature take her soaking alone.

I had scarcely reached our carriage before the rain came down in solid masses. I took shelter in a curious looking hole, tenanted by an old hag whose company was almost as bad as the thunder storm. I stood and looked out on the driving rain, and shrugged my shoulders as I thought of my English Hotspur and his wife and daughter. At length, tired of waiting the motion of the storm, I hired a half of an umbrella for two pauls, and started off, and such a wild-cat ride I never took before. The driver whipped his horses into a dead run till the carriage spun like a top.

After we had fairly got home and down to our tea the Captain and his family arrived. He was cool as a cucumber, while the young authoress, drenched to the skin, crept demurely along, looking the very picture of desolation. In a few minutes, how-

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ever, the Captain's blood was again up, and he came in sputtering away about fevers, and agues, et cetera, that he feared would follow this exposure. You must know an Italian is nervously afraid of getting wet, as in this climate it induces fever.

So ends my trip to Terni, and the Cataract of Velino. It is singular that Terni and Tivoli, two of the finest waterfalls in Europe, should both be artificial. The Romans made this cascade by turning the waters of the Velinus from their original course, over this precipice. In this way they drained the rich plains of Rieti. It has been changed and modified much since, according as the inundations of the valley demanded it.

Truly yours.

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LETTER XXXVIII.

Perugia—Clitumnus—Battle-Field of Thrasymene.

Dear E.—I have been five days on the road from Rome to this place, and designed to give you a letter filled with the occurrences of each day; but I will crowd the five into one letter, and by this process endeavor to give you the cream of the whole. Spoleto, with its ruined aqueducts and ancient gate, called the gate of Hannibal, I must pass over, and hurry away to Foligno, just bidding you stop a moment—and you must be very careful or you will pass it unnoticed—to see the tiny temple mentioned by Pliny, and dedicated in olden time to the river god, Clitumnus. Childe Harold is the best guide-book for this region, and Byron stopped here and sung—

> "But thou, Clitumnus! in thy sweetest wave
> Of the most living crystal that was e'er
> The haunt of river nymph, to gaze and lave
> Her limbs where nothing hid them," &c.

And again—

> "And on thy happy shore a Temple still
> Of small and delicate proportions," &c.

But you can read it for yourself. At Foligno we staid all night, and a gloomy one it was. The rain had poured all day, and the streets were muddy and lonely, while on every gloomy church was painted a death's head and cross bones. With the uprising sun we were off, and the clear air of the open country quickly effaced the memory of the dirty town.

Assisi sits on the slope of a hill, about a mile and a half from the road, one of the most picturesque towns in Italy. Its long rows of aqueducts, stretching from mountain to mountain—its lofty commanding citadel, and its old battlements and towers encompassing it around, combine to render it a striking object as it

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lies along the height. Dante gives a most beautiful description of it, beginning—

> "Intra Tupino e l'acqua, che discende
> Dal colle eletto dal beato Ubaldo," &c., &c.

Perugia comes next in the catalogue, situated on the top of a hill, and the capital of the second delegation of the Papal States. It is a polished city, abounding in works of art, and worthy a longer stop than travellers usually give it. It is true it contains now but 18,000 inhabitants, but its works of art are the relics of the period when it could lose 100,000 by the pestilence in one year and still be a large city. I visited the Etruscan tombs in this region, and would give you a learned dissertation on them if I could throw any light on this intricate subject. To stand before the urns and mouldering marble that were ancient when Rome stood, and Cæsar was a modern, and read, or rather attempt to read, characters that no man *can* read, fills one with strange sensations. These Etruscans understood the arts, especially sculpture, and were certainly to some extent a polished race. Their epitaphs have reached posterity, but, alas, posterity cannot read them. What a comment on human fame! The proud chieftain who built him a tomb before he died, and ordered his own marble and epitaph, lies in the midst of his garnished sepulchre utterly unknown. This wise world cannot make out the letters of his name. If he had dreamed posterity would ever have become so degenerate as to be unable to read the letters of his alphabet, he would probably have scorned to have attempted to send his name and race down to it. Perugia has a Lunatic Asylum, managed on the modern improved system, and an excellent University. The fortress, called the *Citadello Paolina*, was begun by Pope Paul III., who laid waste a part of the town to reduce the Perugians, who rebelled against a salt-tax he levied on them. The first cannon was smuggled in a corn-sack, and the Perugians commemorated this violation of their liberty by the couplet—

> "Giacchi cosi vuole il diavolo
> Evviva Papa Paolo!"
>
> "Since the devil will have it so,
> Long live Pope Paul."

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The hotel where we stopped was an old palace, and in one of the chambers were old armor and paintings, and relics enough to make a small museum, and all for sale—cheap. But the greatest object of interest, especially to the antiquarian, is the Museum, from the number of Etruscan relics it contains, all of which are picked up in the neighborhood of the city. They have already collected nearly one hundred separate inscriptions, the longest of which contains forty-five lines.

This city looks down on a most magnificent view. The valley of the Tiber towards Rome, is spread out in its richness and verdure, sprinkled with villages and convents; while far away, the beautiful Umbrian Mountains finish the surpassingly lovely landscape. The Cathedral and fountain, etc., we will leave alone, and hasten away to get a sail on the beautiful lake of Thrasymene before sunset. The descent into the valley of Caina is steep, and we now see no more of the Tiber. Towards evening we came to a ridge of hills, from the top of which Thrasymene is visible. Here we were compelled to take oxen to drag us up. An old lofty tower stands on the top, overgrown with ivy, and presenting one of the most picturesque ruins of its kind I have ever seen. As I stood at its base, and looked back on the valley, cultivated like a garden, and green as an emerald, as it lay flooded in the light of the setting sun, I did not wonder the Italian loved his country. Thrasymene is immortal, from the terrible battle fought on its shores, between Hannibal and the Roman Consul Flaminius. With Livy as a guide-book, or Hobhouse's notes on the fourth Canto of Childe Harold, which are but little more than a translation from Livy and Polybius, you can fix every part of the battle-field, almost as accurately as you can the localities of Waterloo. The range of mountains called the Gualandro, approach at two separate points close to the lake, while between, the land recedes away, forming an arc larger than a semicircle. At the two points where the mountain touches the lake, are the two passes that lead into this semicircular area. In the interior of this area, and on the side towards Rome, rises a conical hill, on which Hannibal stationed the main body of his troops, while he placed men in ambush near the pass on the farther side, towards Florence, through which Flaminius was to come. Be-

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fore daybreak, the Roman Consul entered this pass, without sending forward a single spy to ascertain either the position of the ground or the enemy. At the farther side he saw on the hill-top the Carthaginian army, and pressed on. Just then a heavy fog rose from the lake, and covered the Roman host, while the hill-tops were left in the sun light, so that Hannibal could communicate with the different portions of his army unseen, and also detect, by the moving mist that stirred to the muffled tread of the fierce legions, every step of the advancing army. Hannibal's forces had dwindled from a hundred thousand down to twenty thousand, yet he had no choice but to fight or die. At a given signal, the men in ambush fell on the flank of the Romans, while Hannibal moved down on their centre. For three hours the battle raged with such terrific fury, that neither army were conscious of an earthquake that rocked under them the while. The tempest of passion and the shock of battle were more terrible than the passing earthquake. At length Flaminius fell, struggling bravely, but in vain, to retrieve his rash error; and then the battle became a slaughter. The Roman legions were trampled to the ground; and a rivulet that was loaded with the carcasses of the slain, rolled its purple torrent to the lake, till the lake itself was discolored far out from the shore. From that day to this, for two thousand years, it has bore the name of *Il Sanguinetto*, or the bloody rivulet. The peasantry retain the tradition of the battle, and the name of Hannibal is one of terror to them. As I looked over that plain, smiling in all the brightness of a spring morning, it did not seem possible it had once shook under the tread of the haughty African, and been soaked with the blood of so many brave Romans.

> "Far other scene is Thrasymene now:
> Her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain
> Rent by no ravage save the gentle plough;
> Her aged trees rise thick as once the slain
> Lay where their roots are ——"

At evening I took a sail on this "sheet of silver," (and it is a sweet lake with sweeter shores.) Thinking it would be somewhat romantic to have my boatmen sing as they rowed, I proposed to

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have them give me a song. They refused, under the plea of inability. I should as soon have thought of a duck being unable to swim, as of an Italian not knowing how to sing; so I offered them money. After much solicitation, and a liberal offer, they finally commenced—but such music! I am not very particular under such circumstances, if the harmony is not as perfect as it would be in a full orchestra, but this was altogether too much for my nerves. I begged them to stop, saying, "I'll pay you just as much as if you sung an hour—nay, double—if you will only stop."

Three beautiful islands rise out of the bosom of this lake, on one of which is a convent. Wishing to test the men's knowledge of their priests, I inquired if the monks lived there unmarried. "Certainly," they replied. "But," I added, "I should think they would be lonely." "Oh," said they, "there are people enough on the island, and the monks have women in plenty." "How do you know that?" I inquired. "Why they have got a great many children on the island." "How can you tell," I asked again, "their children from the others?" "*Oh, by their big heads.*" I laughed outright at the fellow's shrewdness. You must know the monks, as a general thing, have large heads, as well as fat round stomachs, and these good Catholic fishermen knew the proverb, "like father like son."

Arezzo, which lies a little off the road, is well worth a visit, if for nothing else than to see the house in which Petrarch was born, and the well near which Boccaccio placed the comic scene of Tofano and Monna Ghita his wife. The cathedral stands on a commanding eminence, and its stained windows are probably the finest in the world. Their brilliant colors seem, indeed, as *Vasari* once said, to be "something rained down from heaven for the consolation of men." They have a custom here (i. e., the distinguished families) of putting a marble tablet over their doors, stating their rank and greatness. This strikes one as ostentatious, but it is very convenient to the traveller.

Truly yours.

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LETTER XXXIX.

A Man built in a Wall.

FLORENCE, May, 1843.

DEAR E.—Leaving Arezzo yesterday later than we ought, we were compelled to stop for the night at a country inn, entirely removed from any settlement, and with no house in sight of it. It was growing dark as we drove up, and the lonely inn, though not particularly inviting, seemed preferable to the uninhabited road that stretched away on the farther side. Every thing was in primitive style; the stables were on the first floor, at the foot of the stairs, leading to the second story; and the horses slept below, while we slept above. As we went up we saw them standing by the manger, just where the bar-room should have been, quietly put away for the night. Having obtained some honey, my invariable resort in wretched inns in Italy, I made my simple meal and strolled out into the moonlight to breathe the fresh air, when on the hills in the distance—a bonfire suddenly blazed up, before which dusky figures were rapidly passing and repassing. On inquiry I found that it was kindled in honor of an approaching festivity, and that music and dancing would be in the peasant's cottage that night. I do not know why it is, but a mirthful scene in a strange country among the peasantry brings back the memory of home sooner than anything else. There is a freshness, a sincerity about it, that reminds one of his childhood years, and makes the heart sad. It was so with me last night. Every thing was quiet as the moonlight on the hills, and the stillness of nature seemed filled with sad memories. I returned to my bed, but not to sleep; the busy brain and busier heart drove slumber away. At length a feeling like suffocation came over me, and I rose and opened the window and leaned out into the cool air for relief. All was quiet within and without. The stars were burning on

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in the deep heavens, and the moon was hanging her crescent far away over the hills. The distant bonfire burned low and feebly, for the revellers had left it. The heavy breathing of my companion in the next room spoke of oblivion and rest, while my own loud pulses told how little sleep would be mine that night. Memories came thronging back like forgotten music, and the sternness of the man, and the indifference of the traveller, melted away before the feelings of the child, the son, and the early dreamer. As I stood looking off on the sparkling light and deep shadows of the uneven surface before me, suddenly from out a *grotto* of trees, came the clear voice of a nightingale. It was like the voice of a spirit to me, so strange and mysterious. Unconscious of any listener, it looked out from its thick curtain of leaves and sang on to the moon; its wild warble was like the murmur in one's dreams, and the music seemed half repressed in its trembling throat. I listened as it rose and died away and rose again, till I felt that the sweet bird was singing in its happy dreams. How long I listened I know not, and what the strange fancies that spell-bound me were, I cannot tell. * * * * *
At length the morning came and we started for Florence. While the driver was harnessing his team, I set off on foot and walked on for miles, while the quietness around was disturbed only by the mournful cry of the cuckoo, the sure precursor of rain. We at length entered the Val d'Arno, and wound along its beautiful banks. In the distance, on the right, was the Vallembrosa, immortalized by Milton, and the convent in which he dwelt. The scenery changed with every turn of the river, yet it was ever *from* beautiful *to* beautiful.

At length we entered the little town of San Giovanni (St. John), and after strolling over the cathedral, sent for the woman who keeps the key of the door that shuts over the withered form of a man cased in a side wall of the church San Lorenzo. As the sort of trap-door swung open, I recoiled a step in horror, for there stood upright, a human skeleton, perfect in all its parts, staring upon me with its dead eye-sockets. No coffin enclosed it—no mason work surrounded it, but among the naked, jagged stones, it stood erect and motionless.

This church had been built centuries ago, and remained un-

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touched till within a few years, when in making some repairs, the workmen had occasion to pierce the wall, and struck upon this skeleton. They carefully uncovered it, without disturbing its position or loosening a single bone. Why and wherefore I cannot tell, but the priests have left it to stand in the place and attitude it was discovered, an object of superstitious dread, yet of universal interest. A narrow door has been made to swing over it, to protect it from injury and shield it from the eyes of those who worship in the church. The frame indicates a powerful man, and though it is but a skeleton, the whole attitude and aspect give one the impression of a death of agony. The arms are folded across the breast in forced resignation, the head is slightly bowed, and the shoulders elevated, as if in the effort to breathe, while the very face—bereft of muscle as it is—seems full of suffering. An English physician was with me, and inured to skeletons as he was, his countenance changed as he gazed on it, his eyes seemed riveted to it and he made no reply to the repeated questions I put to him, but kept gazing, as if in a trance. It was not till after we left that he would speak of it, and then his voice was low and solemn, as if he himself had seen the living burial. Said he, "*That man died by suffocation*, and he was built up alive in that wall. In the first place, it is evident it was a case of murder, for there are no grave clothes, no coffin, and no mason work around the body. The poor civility of a savage was not shown here, in knocking off the points of the stones, to give even the appearance of regularity to the enclosure. He was packed into the rough wall, and built over, beginning at the feet. It is extremely difficult to tell anything of the manner of death, whether painful or pleasant, by any skeleton, for the face always has the appearance of suffering; but there are certain indications about this which show that the death was a painful one, and caused, doubtless, by suffocation. In the first place, the arms are not crossed gently and quietly in the decent composure of death, but *far over*, as with a *painful* effort or by force. In the second place the shoulders are elevated, as if the last, strong effort of the man was for breath. In the third place, the bones of the toes are curled over the edge of the stone on which he stands, as if contracted in agony when life parted. And," con-

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tinued the doctor, with true professional detail, "he died hard, for he was a powerful man. He was full six feet high, with broad chest and shoulders, and strong-limbed." I knew all this before, for I *felt* it. There was no mistaking the manner of that man's death. I could tell every step of the process. Doubtless there was originally some hanging, or church furniture in this part of the church, to conceal the displacement of the wall. In a dark night the unfortunate man was entrapped, bound and brought into this temple, where he first could be tortured to death, and then the crime concealed. Men of rank were engaged in it, for none other could have got the control of a church, and none but a distinguished victim would have caused such great precaution in the murderers. By the dim light of lamps, whose rays scarcely reached the lofty ceiling, the stones were removed before the eyes of the doomed man, and measurement after measurement taken, to see if the aperture was sufficiently large. A bound and helpless victim, he lay on the cold pavement, with the high altar and cross before him, but no priest to shrive him. Stifling in pride the emotions that checked his very sighs, he strung every nerve for the slow death he must meet. At length the opening was declared large enough, and he was lifted into it. The workman began at the feet, and with his mortar and trowel built up with the same carelessness he would exhibit in filling any broken wall. The successful enemy stood leaning on his sword—a smile of scorn and revenge on his features—and watched the face of the man he hated, but no longer feared. Ah, it was a wild effort that undertook to return glance for glance and scorn for scorn, when one was the conquered and helpless victim, and the other the proud and victorious foe! It was slow work fitting the pieces nicely, so as to close up the aperture with precision. The tinkling of the trowel on the edges of the stones, as it broke off here and there a particle to make them match, was like the blow of a hammer on the excited nerves of the half buried wretch. At length the solid wall rose over his chest, repressing its effort to lift with the breath, when a stifled groan for the first time escaped the sufferer's lips, and a shudder ran through his frame that threatened to shake the solid mass which enclosed it to pieces. Yet up went the mason work till it reached the mouth, and the

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rough fragment was jammed into the teeth, and fastened there with the mortar—and still rose, till nothing but the pale white forehead was visible in the opening. With care and precision the last stone was fitted in the narrow space—the trowel passed smoothly over it—a stifled groan, as if from the centre of a rock, broke the stillness—one strong shiver, and all was over. The agony had passed—revenge was satisfied, and a secret locked up for the great revelation day. Years rolled by; one after another of the murderers dropped into his grave, and the memory of the missing man passed from the earth. Years will still roll by, till this strong frame shall step out from its narrow enclosure upon the marble pavement, a living man.

Absorbed in the reflections such a sight naturally awakens, I rode on, for a long time unconscious of the scenery around me, and of the murmur of the Arno on its way through the valley. But other objects at length crowded off the shadow that was on the spirit; the day wore away, and at last, after ascending a long and weary mountain, Florence, with its glorious dome, and the whole vale of the Arno, rich as a garden, lay below us. Past smiling peasants and vine-covered walls we trotted down into the valley and entered the city.

Truly yours.

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LETTER XL.

American Artists in Florence.

FLORENCE, May.

DEAR E.—We have long been accused of wanting taste and genius, especially in the fine arts; and an Englishman always smiles at any pretension to them on our part. In his criticism, our poetry is imitation of the great bards of England; while our knowledge of music is confined to Yankee Doodle and Hail Columbia; and our skill in architecture, to the putting up of steeples, school-houses, and liberty poles. It may be so, but we will cheerfully enter the field with him in that department of the fine arts, calling for the loftiest efforts of genius, and the purest incarnation of the sentiment of beauty in man—I mean painting and sculpture, especially the latter.

There are two American artists in Florence, by the name of Brown; one a painter, and the other a sculptor. Mr. Brown the painter is one of the best copyists of the age. Under his hand, the great masters reappear in undiminished beauty. But his merits do not stop here—he is also a fine composer; and when the mood is on him, flings off most spirited designs. In his house we have seen pieces that indicate merit of the highest order.

We first saw Mr. Brown in the Pitti Gallery. Wandering through it one day with a *quondam attaché*, to one of the continental embassies, my friend paused before a magnificent picture, and introduced me to the artist as Mr. Brown of America. It was a copy of one of Salvator Rosa's finest pieces, and had already been contracted for, by a member of the English Parliament, for three hundred dollars. Walking one day through the gallery, the Englishman was struck with the remarkable beauty of the copy, and immediately purchased it, though in an unfinished state. Thus we lose them; and though we possess fine artists, our wealthy men refuse to buy their works, and they

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go to embellish the drawing-rooms and galleries of England. Mr. Powers stands undoubtedly at the head of American sculptors. His two great works are Eve and the Greek Slave. Critics are divided on the merits of these two figures. As the mere embodiment of beauty and loveliness, the Slave undoubtedly has the pre-eminence. The perfect moulding of the limbs, the exquisite proportion and harmony of all the parts, the melancholy, yet surpassingly lovely face, combine to render it more like a beautiful vision assuming the aspect of marble, than a solid form hewn out of a rock. There she stands, leaning on her arm and musing on her inevitable destiny. There is no paroxysm of grief, no overwhelming anguish, depicted on the countenance. It is a calm and hopeless sorrow—the quiet submission of a heart too pure and gentle for any stormy passion. That heart has broken it is true, but broken in silence—without a murmur or complaint. The first feeling her look and attitude inspire, is not so much a wish *yourself* to rescue her, as a prayer that Heaven would do it. It is beautiful—spiritually beautiful—the very incarnation of sentiment and loveliness. In its mechanical execution, it reminds one of the Appolino in the Tribune of the Royal Gallery.*

The Eve exhibits less sentiment, but more character. She is not only beautiful, but *great*—bearing in her aspect the consciousness she is the mother of a mighty race. In all the paintings of Eve, she is simply a beautiful woman, and indeed we do not believe that any one but an American or an Englishman could conceive a proper idea of Eve. Passion and beauty a Frenchman and an Italian can paint, but moral character, the high purpose

* We have been told a ludicrous anecdote of this Greek slave and an ignorant but wealthy American, for the truth of which we cannot personally vouch. An American, who had suddenly acquired great wealth by speculation, took it into his head to travel, and finding himself at length in Florence, made a visit to Mr. Powers' Studio. Looking over the different statues, his eye rested on the Greek Slave. "What may you call that are boy?" said he. "The Greek Slave," replied Mr. Powers. "And what may be the price of it?" continued our Yankee. "Three thousand dollars" was the answer, as the artist gazed a moment at the odd specimen of humanity before him. "*Three thousand dollars!*" he exclaimed,—"you don't say so, now. Why, I thought of buying something on you, but that's a notch above me. *Why, statiary is riz, ain't it?*"

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of calm thought and conscious greatness, they have not the most dim conception of. There is a noble Lucretia in the gallery of Naples—a fine Portia in Genoa, and Cleopatras by great painters in abundance everywhere, but not *one* figure that even dimly shadows forth what the mother of mankind ought to be. Stern purpose and invincible daring are often seen in female heads and figures by the great masters, but the simple greatness of intellect seldom.

Powers' Eve is a woman with a soul as well as heart, and as she stands with the apple in her hand, musing on the fate it involves, and striving to look down the dim and silent future it promises to reveal, her countenance indicates the great, yet silent struggle within. Wholly absorbed in her own reflections, her countenance unconsciously brings you into the same state of deep and painful thought. She is a noble woman—*too noble to be lost.* We wonder this subject has not been more successfully treated before. There is full scope for the imagination in it; and not a permission, but a demand, for all that is beautiful and noble in a created being. It has the advantage also of fact, instead of fiction, while at the same time the fact is greater than any fiction.

In composing this work, Mr. Powers evidently threw all the Venuses and goddesses overboard, and fell back on his own creative genius, and the result is a perfect triumph. Some, even good critics, have gone so far as to give this the preference to the Venus di Medici. The head and face, taken separately, are doubtless superior. The first impression of the Venus is unfavorable. The head and face are too small, and inexpressive. But after a few visits this impression is removed, and that form, wrought with such exquisite grace, and so full of sentiment, grows on one's love, and mingles in his thoughts, and forms forever after the image of beauty in the soul. Our first exclamation on beholding it was one of disappointment, and we unhesitatingly gave Mr. Powers' Eve the preference. But *memory* is more faithful to the Venus than to the Eve. There is something more than the form of a goddess in that figure—there is an atmosphere of beauty beyond and around it—a something intangible yet real—making the very marble sacred. One may forget other statues, and the particular impression they made grows dim

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with time, but Venus, once imaged on the heart, remains there forever, in all its distinctness and beauty.

Mr. Powers told me he had thirty different females as models for his Eve alone. She must be a rare being who would combine, in her single person, the separate attractions of thirty beautiful women, and yet the artist finds her still too ugly for the perfect being of his fancy, and turns away dissatisfied to his ideal form. If Jupiter was an artist, and Minerva sprang out of his forehead the living image of his idea of a perfect woman, she would be well worth seeing.

Clevenger* is also a true artist. His great work is an Indian Chief. It is a noble figure, and shows conclusively that our Indian wild bloods furnish as good specimens of well-knit, graceful and athletic forms as the Greek wrestlers themselves. He stands leaning on his bow, with his head slightly turned aside, and his breath suspended in the deepest listening attitude, as if he expected every moment to hear again the stealthy tread his ear had but partially caught a moment before. Clevenger is an open-hearted, full-souled man—western in all his tastes and great characteristics—and designs to spend his life in our western country, to let his fame grow up with its growing people. Among Clevenger's minor works was a beautiful bust of Miss ——, of New York, a perfect gem in its way.

I asked him what he thought an Indian would say to meet in the forest his statue, painted, and tricked off in savage costume. He laughed outright at the conception, and replied, "He would probably stand still and look at it a moment in suspense, and then exclaim *ugh*. That would be the beginning and end of *his* criticism."

Close to Clevenger's studio is that of Brown, the sculptor. He was also engaged on an Indian—not a warrior, or hunter, but a boy and a poet of the woods. Indians, among the gods and goddesses of Florence, were a new thing, and excited not a little wonder; and it was gratifying to see that American genius could not only strike out a new path, but follow it successfully.

But I forget my Poetic Indian Boy, though it is not so easy to

* Since dead.

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forget him, for his melancholy, thoughtful face haunts me like a vision, and I often say to myself, "I wonder what has become of that dreamy boy." In it, Mr. Brown has endeavored to body forth his own nature, which is full of "musing and melancholy." The boy has gone into the woods to hunt, but the music of the wind among the tree tops, and the swaying of the great branches above him, and the mysterious influence of the deep forest, with its multitude of low voices, have made him forget his errand; and he is leaning on a broken tree, with his bow resting against his shoulder, while one hand is thrown behind him, listlessly grasping the useless arrow. His head is slightly bent, as if in deep thought, and as you look on the face, you feel that forest boy is beyond his years, and has begun too early to muse on life and on man. The effect of the statue is to interest one deeply in the fate of the being it represents. You feel that his life will not pass like the life of ordinary men. This effect, the very one the artist sought to produce, is of itself the highest praise that could be bestowed on the work.

Mr. Brown corroborated an impression often forced on me in Italy, that the Italians are almost universally disproportioned in their limbs. The arms of opera singers had always appeared awkwardly proportioned, which Mr. Brown told me was true, and that the same criticism held good of the lower limbs of both sexes, and that often when he thought he had found a perfect form, and one that indeed *did* answer remarkably to the standard of measurement considered faultless by artists, he was almost universally disappointed in the shortness of the limbs between the knee and ankle. Here is a fact for our ladies, and upsets some of our theories of the beauty of Italian forms. Mr. Brown, who has had models in both countries, declares that the American form harmonizes with the right standard oftener than the Italian. The Italian women have finer busts, which give them an erect and dignified appearance, and a firmer walk.

There is a new artist just risen in Florence, who threatens to take the crown off from Powers' head. His name is Dupré—a Frenchman by extraction, though an Italian by birth. Originally a poor wood engraver, he designed and executed last year, unknown to any body, the model of a dead Abel. Without advan-

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cing in the usual way from step to step, and testing his skill on busts, and inferior subjects, he launched off on his untried powers into the region of highest effort. A year ago this winter, at the annual exhibition of designs and statues in Florence, young Dupré placed his Abel in the gallery. No one had seen it—no one had heard of it. Occupying an unostentatious place, and bearing an unknown name, it was at first passed by with a cursory glance. But somehow or other, those who had seen it once found themselves after awhile returning for a second look, till at length the whole crowd stood grouped around it, in silent admiration—our own artists among the number. It became immediately the talk of the city, and, in a single week, the poor wood engraver vaulted from his humble occupation, into a seat among the first artists of his country. A Russian princess passing through the city saw it, and was so struck with its singular beauty, that she immediately ordered a statue, for which the artist is to receive four thousand dollars. Many of the artists became envious of the sudden reputation of Dupré, and declared that no man ever wrought that model, and could not—that it was moulded from a dead body, and the artist was compelled to get the affidavits of his models to protect himself from slander.

I regard this figure equal, if not superior, in *its kind*, to any statue ever wrought by any sculptor of any age. It is not proper, of course, to compare it with the Venus di Medici, or Apollo Belvidere, for they are of an entirely different character. The dead son of Niobe, in the Hall of Niobe, in the Royal Gallery, is a stiff wooden figure compared to it. The only criticism I could utter when I first stood over it was, "*Oh how dead he lies!*" There is no marble there, it is all flesh—flesh flexible as if the tide of life poured through it—yet bereft of its energy. The beautiful martyr looks as if but just slain, and before the muscles became rigid and the form stiff, had been thrown on a hill side, and with his face partly turned away, and one arm flung back despairingly over his head, he lies in death as natural as the human body itself would rest. The same perfection of design and execution is exhibited in all the details, and the whole figure is a noble monument of modern genius. Being a new thing, and hence not down in the guide-books, most travellers have passed through

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Florence without seeing it. We were indebted for our pleasure to a young attaché who has resided some years in the city, and hence is acquainted with all its objects of interest.

Dupré is now engaged on a Cain, which is to stand over the Abel. It was with great difficulty we got access to it, it being yet in an unfinished state. This is also a noble figure, of magnificent proportions, and wonderful muscular power. He stands gazing down on his dead brother, terror-struck at the new and awful form of death before him, his face working with despair and horror, and his powerful frame wrought into intense action by the terrible energy of the soul within. This is a work of great merit, but in our estimation falling far below the Abel. The attitude is too theatrical, and the whole expression extravagant and overwrought.

Dupré is a handsome man, with large black eyes and melancholy features.

Yours truly.

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LETTER XLI.

Venus di Medici—Titian's Venuses—Death of a Child.

FLORENCE, May.

DEAR E.—I do not design to write you often from Florence, since the great attraction here are the paintings and statuary, and *those* cannot be written about. You wish, of course, to know what I think of the Venus di Medici. Like all others I am disappointed at first sight. The head and face certainly are inferior in expression and power to the rest of the figure. But the form itself grows on one the oftener he sees it, till it becomes a part of the world of beauty within, and enters into all his after creations. The Tribune, as it is called, or circular room, in which it stands, is a rare spot. A row of the choicest statuary surrounds it, while the walls are hung with exquisite paintings. The two naked Venuses by Titian, hanging behind the Venus di Medici, are admirably painted, but to me disgusting pictures, from their almost beastly sensuality. I should think Titian might have conceived the design of them when half drunk, and took his models from a brothel. I have no patience with such prostitution of genius. The *marble* Venus has something of the goddess about her. There is an atmosphere of purity—divinity if you please—surrounding it, that holds you as by a spell.

The Flora, so called, of Titian, in another apartment of this gallery, is surpassingly lovely. I would give his two Venuses, nay, a hundred of them, for this single picture. The group of Niobe disappointed me. With the exception of Niobe herself and her two daughters, the figures struck me as commonplace. This whole royal gallery is a wealth of art. It was once offered to PITT for a reasonable sum, but that statesman had got England too deep under water already to plunge her deeper by the purchase of works of art.

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In the cabinet of antique bronzes is an eagle of the 24th Roman Legion. I do not know when I have seen an object that interested me more. Long, long ago, when Rome was in her glory, it had soared aloft amid the smoke of battle and the shock of armies, the sign and hope of this glorious old legion, leading it on to victory and triumph. It had survived all who bore it, and, like the legion itself, had now sunk to rest. Its brazen wings will no more float over the field of the slain, nor its victorious beak bathe itself in the blood of its foes. It is now only a relic like the tombs of the Cæsars themselves.

The Pitti gallery, in the Ducal Palace, is the finest collection of paintings in the world, but I shall not describe *one*—only, if you ever go there, inquire out a head said to be by Vandyke, because they don't know to whom else to attribute it. Every artist will know what you mean. I consider it the most perfect head and face ever painted.

This evening I went to the "*Cascine*," or royal farms, constituting the great public drive and promenade of Florence. The Duke's family were strolling around, quite at their ease, and the whole place was as lively as Hyde Park at 5 o'clock in the evening. I walked home by the Arno, and entering the city, witnessed one of those spectacles that are constantly intruding themselves in our brighest dreams, and turning this world into a place of tears. As I was passing along the street, a little child hung playfully across the sill of a window, in the fourth story; suddenly it lost its balance, and came like a flash of light to the pavement. Its delicate form was crushed into one common mass by the blow. The mother rushed down like a frantic creature, and snatching it to her bosom, hurried with it into the house. A few spectators gathered around the pool of blood it had left on the pavement. I turned away sick at heart, and thinking how little it took to turn this beautiful world into a gloomy prison house.

But sauntering shortly after into a café, I forgot the mother, in the gay groups that surrounded me. Here I met my friend Ferguson, a noble man, whose face always made me think better of my race. I afterwards crossed the Arno, and spent the evening with an English family, composed of some seven or eight in all, and intimate friends of Carlyle. The conversation turned

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on America, and I could not restrain a smile, at the queer and endless questions put me of our country; though I must say, none of them were quite so absurd as a remark once made to one of my most distinguished countrywomen when in England. Speaking of the United States, this English lady very profoundedly observed that the climate in our country must be delightfully cool in the summer, from the *winds blowing over the Cordilleras mountains*. Most of their questions were of our Indians, and their forest and prairie life; how they looked, walked, and talked, and what they wore. (With regard to the latter, I could have much better told what they did *not* wear.) At last I went over their mode of warfare, and when I came to speak of their terrific war-whoop—the signal of the onset—a sweet creature of fifteen, who had hitherto sat in perfect silence, and staring eyes, and lips apart, suddenly exclaimed, "Oh! cannot you show us how that war-whoop sounds?" I stopped and thought a moment, and it was well I did, for the temptation was almost irresistible to send that excitable creature, like a startled pigeon, from her seat by a sudden whoop, which, whether Indian-like or not, would most certainly have met with a response. I had slightly learned the art, when a boy, from an old Indian, to whom I used to give a cent a whoop, just to feel my blood shiver, as, with his fingers rapidly beating his lips, he sent that wild, wavering cry, with startling power along the mountains; and I felt a most wicked desire just then to test my gifts. Why is it one feels at times this irresistible impulse to do some out-of-the-way thing, just to witness its effect? Just then Carlyle, with his massive head, rose before me; and I imagined him quietly asking me if I called that "a well authenticated whoop."

Late at night I left this circle of kind friends, with whom I had spent many a pleasant hour in Italy, and with the full round moon riding over the quiet city, and throwing its silver beams on the waters and bridges of the Arno, turning them all into poetry and beauty, I passed along through the deserted streets, to the Piazza della Santa Croce. The sound of my own footsteps, echoing amid the silent palaces; and the glimmering moonlight, bathing all in its saddening beams, filled me with strange feelings, almost

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like forebodings; and I arrived at my lodgings as different a man from the one I was when amid my Indian battles, as if I had changed souls within the last half hour. Metempsychosis does not seem at times so strange a belief, after all.

Truly yours.

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LETTER XLII.

Stroll through Florence—A Dominican Friar.

FLORENCE.

DEAR E.—The Duomo, beautiful as it is, I shall not attempt to describe, nor the Chapel of the Medici. Oh, what a strange history is that of the family of the Medici! What bloody murders and vice stain its greatness! If that Pitti palace could give back all the revels and groans it has heard, no man would enter its portals.

The gardens around Florence are beautiful, and the "*Giardino di Boboli*" a fairy land. You can stroll for hours through it without satiety. Florence is livelier than most of the Italian towns, and I should prefer it far before any other portion of Italy, as a place of residence. The custom of putting a marble tablet over the doors of houses, where some distinguished character has lived or died, saves one a deal of trouble. Thus you see where Dante was born—Corinna lived—Americus Vespucci—(the discoverer of America, as the inscription states)—made it his home—and last, though not least, on the hill near Galileo's tower, the house where the great astronomer died.

To-day has been one of my strolling days, and I have wandered hither and thither in search of incident and new objects. In the morning I went to Fiesoli, perched on a hill-top, and overlooking the gardens of Florence and the rich plain through which the Arno winds. I forgot its Etruscan relics in the lovely view that was spread out below me. From this point, Florence looks like a beautiful picture framed in a garden, which is itself framed by the beautiful hills.

Walking in the afternoon along the main street, I met Mr. C——a, an Italian exile. I had not seen him since he left the United States, and did not expect to meet him here. As he recog-

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nized me, he rushed across the street, and in true Italian manner, threw his arms around my neck, and kissed both of my cheeks. This being kissed by men, and in the streets, is rather awkward at first, but one soon gets accustomed to any thing. I took the embrace as it was intended; and knowing that I stood, in his view, as a representative of those he loved in America, having no particular claim on him myself, I distributed the kiss around to *his* friends, who were *my* friends; and by the time I got through with what I deemed a fair division, I found nothing remaining to my share.

I like to have forgot the Laurentian Library, with its manuscripts and illuminated missals, and I mention them now only to excite your cupidity over an illuminated copy of Petrarch, with portraits of himself and Laura, exquisitely wrought with the pen, and the Decameron of Boccaccio, copied by his friend, and a Virgil, of the earliest manuscript edition.

I had a letter of introduction to a friar of the Dominican Order, in the convent of St. Mark, who showed me many things I should otherwise have missed. He is a literary man, and is now engaged in a biographical sketch of the lives of the artists of the Dominican order. It will be a valuable work. In roaming with him through the cloisters and library of the convent, I fell quite in love with its quietness, and ceased to wonder men could pass their lives in such a secluded manner. I shall ever remember this friar with pleasure and affection. He is a good man, if there is one on the earth. He breakfasted with me yesterday morning, and in his kindness of manner and liberality of feeling, and gentlemanly bearing, I forgot the light robe of his order and his faith, and felt for him an affection and regard I seldom entertain towards a comparative stranger. The cloisters of this church contain some remarkable frescoes, executed by a friar. They have a finish almost like that of a miniature painting. My English friends were very anxious to get a peep at these frescoes, but the rules forbid the introduction of ladies into the convent. My good friend the friar presented a petition to the prior for special permission, but before it could be granted, it would be necessary to have it carried up to the archbishop; and before all that process could be gone through with, I knew I should be on my way to

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Switzerland. He gave me a sly hint, however, which I was half a mind to act upon. Being very anxious to have the ladies see these frescoes, especially as they were very desirous to do so, I asked him if there was no way of gaining access for them without the ceremony of a formal permit. "No," said he, "unless you do it without our knowledge. You can visit the convent; and it sometimes happens that the door to that painting (the principal one, and the only one on the lower floor) is left open, and if you should take advantage of it and go in, we could not help it, you know." I understood the hint, and seeing that it came from his overflowing kindness and desire to grant my request, I felt unbounded gratitude towards him. I saw he was willing to compromise himself to please me, and would see that the door *was* left open in that very supposable manner. I could not expose such goodness to the least inconvenience, and felt that I would rather disappoint myself and my friends a hundred times over, than cause him trouble on our behalf.

In this convent they make a peculiar kind of cordial, which they keep in a sort of druggist's shop close by the cloisters, and where a friar stands always ready to supply the purchaser. With this good Dominican I visited a friar artist, of his own order, whose studio was in one of the old cells of the convent. He stood with pallet in hand, dressed in the robes of his order, before a picture of a beautiful woman as I entered, which he seemed contemplating with no ordinary interest. He was a superb man in his physique, and in the large dark eye and jet black curling hair, clustering gracefully around his ample forehead, you could discern the poet and the dreamer far more than the devout friar. Exquisite paintings by himself of female figures and heads, were scattered around the room; and I must confess, this evidence of the good taste of the priest increased my respect for him every moment I remained in his studio. He has one of those faces I never forget to remotest time. His great black eyes seemed to look into my very soul. On my last visit to my friar friend, I took a cup of coffee with him in one of the rooms of the convent, and then bade him good bye. His farewell was unaffected, yet full of kindness, and he wished all blessings, present and to come, upon my head. God bless *him*, and would there were more men in our world as good as he.

Truly yours.

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LETTER XLIII.

Pisa—Condition of Italian Peasantry—Silver Mines—Seravezza Quarries—Love Scene of Peasants—Pass of the Apennines.

GENOA.

DEAR E.—I have skipped over many of the details of Florence, not because they were uninteresting to *me*, but because they *would* be to *you*. I could describe (with the help of a guide-book) the magnificent doors of the Baptistry and the Campanile, and Duomo itself, but it would be only description. I had thought of taking a boat from Florence to Pisa, and so sail down the Arno. If I could have been assured pleasant weather, I should have done it, but two days in an open boat, and drenched with rain, would have quite killed the romance of the thing.

We took a light carriage and reached Pisa before night. Making but a short stay in it, I will only say the quay along the Arno is very beautiful, and the Duomo, Baptistry, Campo Santo and leaning tower, standing together and rising out from the green field on which they are placed, form one of the most striking architectural views I ever saw. They alone are worth a long journey to see. The road from thence to Lucca is decidedly the most charming one I ever travelled. Now winding along streamlets, and now almost embowered in the grape vines that hang along its margin, with no fences to mar the beauty, and now opening on a sweet plain—it presents a constant succession of scenes, the last ever seeming the most beautiful.

Lucca itself stands in the centre of an extended plain, surrounded with a most perfect and symmetrical wall. Its baths are world renowned. On my route I was struck with the improved character of the Tuscan peasantry compared with other parts of Italy.

The peasantry of Italy, as a general thing, are more virtuous than the richer classes, and in many provinces do not suffer for

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the necessaries of life. The difference in this respect in the different sections, is as great as that between the cultivated and uncultivated land of those regions. Field-work, which in our country is chiefly confined to the men, except in the slave districts, is here performed also by women. Wheat is generally sown in drills, and after it has reached a certain height is weeded out generally by females and boys, who pass between the rows with narrow hoes. The peculiar costumes of the peasantry often gives them a very picturesque appearance in the fields. I have seen in the wheat fields near Naples twelve or fifteen women in a group, each with a napkin folded on the top of her head, to protect it from the sun—while the dark spencer and red skirt open in front and pinned back so as to disclose a blue petticoat beneath—contrasted beautifully with the bright green field that spread away on every side. They usually go to their work in the morning with their distaffs in their hands, spinning as they walk.

The distaff is one of those characteristics of the country you meet at every turn. It is like a common distaff and held under the arm, while the spindle rests in the hand. The flax is pulled out into a thread in the usual way, when the spindle is dropped and a twirl given it as it falls, so that it hangs dangling by the thread and twisting it as it revolves. I have often stopped of a bright morning and watched these picturesque groups, slowly sauntering along to their labor. Many of them will ask alms as you pass, as a mere matter of economy. To a cheerful looking woman who asks you for money, you cannot well refuse a few pennies. It is sought and obtained in a single minute, and yet it is the price of a whole day's labor. In the country between Naples and Rome, some parts of which are very beautiful, the wages of a woman in the field is a *Carline, or eight cents per day, and she finds herself.* One can hardly conceive how eight cents would buy her daily food, much less clothe and shelter her, but it is incredible on what a small sum an Italian will live. Many a poor noble would be supremely happy could he have the income of our common clerks.

Travellers who follow the main routes know little of the character of the Italian peasantry. Around the hotels and villages they have become contaminated by foreigners. But go back into

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the mountains and the extreme politeness and civility you meet at every turn endear them to you before you are aware of it. Male and female salute you as you pass, and in such a pleasant manner that you scarcely regard yourself as a foreigner.

Visiting the silver mines on the borders of Lucca and Carrara, I was struck with the change of character of the lower classes immediately on leaving the main road. But the pleasure I received was soon forgotten in the sad spectacle that met me as I approached the mines. I never saw paler and more woe-begone faces than those of the females I found myself among. They were mostly young women, but poor, with sunken eyes, and colorless cheeks, and a perfect marble expression of features. They are employed in various departments, but chiefly in washing silver dust. Whether it be the cold mountain water in which their arms are constantly bathed, or the influence of the metal they separate, or both, I know not—but our hard-driven factory girls look like rose-buds, compared to them. We went through the mines with the head miner, and when we left him, astonished him beyond measure with the present of half a dollar: "*é molto genoroso,*" said he. We had employed him but half an hour, and that after his day's work was done, and yet he received for it a whole day's wages.

Returning from these mines just at evening we met one of those dandy peasants we often see painted, but seldom encounter. A perfect rustic Adonis with flowing locks and rosy cheeks, and beautiful bright and laughing eye—he had that jaunty air and rollicking gait which characterizes your peasant beau. His hat was set rakishly on one side, while his flashy vest and careless costume gave him a decidedly reckless appearance. But he was a handsome fellow, and as he passed us with his oxen and cart he trolled away a careless ditty. A peasant girl stepped into the road that moment and joined him, but it did not look exactly like a casual meeting. As they walked on side by side, he had such a good-for-nothing scape-grace look that I could not help calling out to him. They both looked back and laughed, when he suddenly seized her by the waist and gave her a kiss that fairly rung again. The blow that followed sent him half way across the road and made my ears tingle in sympathy.

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The next day we went into the mountains to visit the Seravezza quarry, and also the Mercury mines. These last are very unprofitable and dreadfully destructive of human life. Mr. Powers uses the Seravezza marble exclusively. Wandering amid the hovels, and along a mountain-stream, that disclosed at every step some new beauty in the stupendous scenery that enclosed me, I entirely lost track of my companions. Discovering at length they had gone to the top of the mountain to visit the highest quarries, I was fool enough to follow. But after winding up and up for a long time, I became confused in the multitude of paths that continually crossed and intersected mine. But while I stood midway on the mountain doubtful what course to take, a young woman about eighteen years of age overtook me. She was decidedly pretty, with a slight and graceful form. The everlasting distaff was in her hand, and she spun away as she slowly ascended the zigzag path. I inquired the road to the quarries, she told me she was on her way there and would accompany me. We fell into a chit-chat—sustained as well as could be expected with my bad Italian on one side, and her miserable *patois* on the other. I asked her if she was carrying the dinner to her friends in the quarries. "Oh no," she replied. Ah, said, I, in true Yankee inquisitiveness, I suppose you are going up to visit your husband? She burst into a clear laugh and replied, "Oh, no, I am not married." Well, then, said I in perfect wonder, what *are* you climbing this tremendous hill for? "Oh, I carry *quadrette*," she answered. "Quadrette!" I exclaimed, what's that? On inquiry I found that she was employed all day in bringing square blocks of marble dressed for pavements from the quarry to the plain. A thick napkin was folded on the top of her head, on which she placed the "quadrette," square pieces of marble, and descended with them to the manufactory below. It was a mile from the bottom to the top, and she spun as she ascended the mountain, and then returned with her "*quadrette*." A mile up and a mile back, made each trip two miles long. She made seven a day, and received for each only a *cent and a half*. Thus she travelled fourteen miles a day, and carried seven miles, a heavy stone, and received for it *ten cents*. I looked at her with astonishment. Her features and form were delicate, and her voice and manner and

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all were so gentle and sweet, that I could not conceive for a moment that such a life of drudgery was her lot. Yet she seemed cheerful and happy. The wages of the men were about twenty cents per day.

Carrara, which we took on our route, is perfectly engulfed in the mountains that furnish its marble. The day before we reached here we crossed the Bracco, one of the loftiest passes of the Apennines. A tremendous storm swept over it when we passed, and the wind threatened at times to lift our carriage—wheels, horses, and all, and send us over the cliffs. The mist boiling up from the gulf below, yet concealing their depth—the desolate, naked ridges that would now and then cleave its massive folds—the howling of the blast, and the deep darkness at midday, conspired to render it a scene of wild sublimity, and at times, of horror. But the approach to Genoa the next day, along the side of the mountain, on a road winding midway from the sea to the summit, fully compensated for the gloom of the day before. The vexed Mediterranean had subsided to a gentle swell that fell with a low murmur far below us, as our carriage crawled like an insect along the steep breast of the mountain, while far away white sails were skimming the blue waves as though winged with life. After passing through several galleries cut through the solid marble, we at length emerged from the last in full sight of Genoa, and the whole riviera between us and it. Its white palaces and towers at that distance, and seen through that tunnel, looked like a city beheld through a show-glass, rather than real stone and marble.

Truly yours.

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LETTER XLIV.

King of Sardinia, Contempt of Him—Censorship of the Press—A Smuggling Priest.

GENOA, 1843.

DEAR E.—I designed to stop here with my friend during the summer, and then, perhaps, go to Egypt and Palestine in the winter, but this climate is poison to me—and here let me say to those who visit Italy for their health, to ascertain well beforehand what ails them. For invalids of a certain character, such as those troubled with pulmonary affections, this climate will doubtless often be found very beneficial, but to dyspeptics, and those afflicted with the whole tribe of nervous diseases, it is the very worst climate they could possibly visit. The air is too stimulating, and produces constant excitement where the very reverse is needed. The consequence is, that most of the Italians themselves, who in our country would be nervous dyspeptics, are here lunatics. *A sensitive nervous system cannot endure the stimulating air and diet of Italy.* I have tried it for nearly a year, and now leave it sooner than I designed, and far worse than when I entered it. So you may expect to hear next from me at Milan.

The King has just left the city, not particularly pleased, I should judge, with his reception. This traitor, and Jesuit, and religious bigot, and tyrant, is looked upon by the Genoese about as favorably as the angels look on Satan. The streets were filled with people, but scarcely one of the upper classes was among them. The Royal Palace stands on Strada Balbi, just above the University, and the King condescended to walk down the street past it. The students stood in the door and court with their hats on, and as his Majesty passed, coolly turned their backs on him. A year ago the people gave him an illumination, and when the nobles and authority of the city sent to know his feel-

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ings on the proposed reception, he simply returned for an answer, "the King deigns to grant the illumination." This was a little too much for the republican Genoese.

But he is only a part in the tyrannical system. The censorship of the press is very strict, and is managed by three commissioners—one from the church, to look after the heresy—one from the army, and one from the civil department. The wife of our Chargé related an amusing incident of the operation of this censorship, on a luckless young author. He had written a work for his own fame, and hence endeavored to steer clear of all collision with the censors. But unfortunately, and very probably merely to show that he understood a little English, he quoted two lines from Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," (I quote from memory)—

> "The earth was waste and Eden was a wild,
> And man the hermit sighed till woman smiled."

On these two lines the book was condemned. It contained English heresy. The poor author was thunderstruck at the result, and could not divine the error contained in this harmless couplet. But the sharp eye of the priest saw in it a stab at the celibacy of the clergy, and the old Jesuit was right enough. It was the simplest thing in the world to prove it. If in Eden, surrounded with all the beauty and bloom of Paradise, the perfect Adam grew lonesome, and strolled around the bright walks of the garden sighing for a woman, how wretched must the priest be in *our* degenerate state, without one.

There is a priest here I often walk with. One day we went without the city walls and strolled off towards a little settlement, when to my surprise, he went into a butcher's shop and bought two pieces of meat, and stuffed them into a sort of pea-jacket he had put on under his priestly robe. I asked him why he came so far out of the city to purchase meat. "Oh," he said, "to save duty. There is five francs duty, for instance, on every calf that is brought within the walls, which makes meat very high." "But," I replied, "this is smuggling, and are you not afraid of being detected?" "No," he said, "they would not think of searching me, and if they did, they could do no more than take it away from me." Conversing of other things I soon

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forgot all about the meat, but not so my friend, the priest. After we had passed the second gate and were fairly in the city, he stopped, and said in English, (which he was very anxious to speak,) "*E—av escap—ed—wiv—salvation.*" Meaning he had got through safe. The pulpit phrase, however, in which he announced it completely upset my gravity, and I laughed outright. Thinks I to myself, "Old fellow, your salvation will have to depend very much, I am afraid, on the smuggling principle at last."

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I have just been called to hasten to my friend L——, who has been suddenly taken with bleeding at the lungs.

Truly yours.

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LETTER XLV.

Allessandria—Battle-Field of Marengo—Pavia—Milan.

MILAN.

DEAR E.—I have been four days on the way to Milan, in order to visit the battle-field of Marengo, which is a half a day's journey out of the way. I was struck with the care taken of the road over the Apennines. It is not only smooth, and in excellent order, but men are stationed at certain intervals during the summer months to wet it once a day as we do Broadway, to keep the dust down. We should regard this at home an entire waste of labor.

We did not arrive at Marengo in time to visit the field that evening, so passed on to Allessandria, where we stopped over night. This is the strongest fortified inland place I have ever seen. Well manned and provisioned, it would be impossible to take it. It is a singular city, and soldiers seem to form the majority of the population. The peasantry that come in at morning to sell fruit, et cetera, are a squalid-looking race.

The field of Marengo, is not like most other modern battle grounds, overrun with guides, who tell you some truth and a good deal fable. It is left undisturbed, and not a guide can be found. Few visit it, and I found a written description I had in my pocket indispensable. This was one of those battles where Bonaparte excaped, as by a miracle, utter defeat. The Austrians were full 40,000 strong, while Napoleon could muster but little more than half that number. Napoleon formed three lines; one in advance of Marengo at Padre Buona; one at Marengo; and one behind this little hamlet, which indeed consists of scarcely more than half a dozen houses. The first line was under Gardonne; the second under Victor; and the third commanded by Napoleon in person. It is a broad plain, with nothing to

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intercept the charge of cavalry for miles, beside scattering trees and huts; with the exception of a narrow, but deep stream, with a miry bottom, that passes directly in front of Marengo. Here Victor stood. The Austrian heavy infantry formed in the open field and came down on Gardonne, driving him back on Victor, posted on the other side of the ravine. The *tiralleurs* of both armies were ranged on opposite sides of this stream, and there, with the muzzles of their pieces almost touching, stood and fired into each other's faces and bosoms for *two hours*. It did not seem possible, as I stood by that stream, so narrow I could almost leap across it, that two armies could stand for that length of time, so close to each other, and steadily fire at each other. They were but a few rods apart; and the cannon and musketry together, swept down whole ranks of living men. At length the indomitable Victor was compelled to retire before such a superior force, and fell back on Lannes, who was advancing to meet him. The two formed a second line of defence, but the furious charge of the Austrians drove them back; while General Elsnitz having marched around, attacked him on the right flank, and began to pour squadron after squadron of his splendid cavalry on the retreating columns of Lannes. But the stern hero immediately formed his troops "*en echelon*," and retired without confusion. But the *retreat* had become general, and had the Austrian commander Melas pushed the battle here, nothing short of a miracle could have saved Bonaparte from utter ruin. But he thought the battle already won, and that it was now only a pursuit, and retired to the rear, weary and exhausted; and no wonder, for he was eighty-four years of age. But at that moment, Desaix appeared on the field, bringing up the reserve. Desaix rode up to Bonaparte and said, "I think this must be put down as a battle lost." "I think it is a battle won," replied Napoleon; "push on, and I will rally the line behind you." Riding along the army he had just stayed in its rapid retreat, he said, "Soldiers, we have retired far enough—let us now advance—you know it is my custom to sleep on the field of battle." At that moment Desaix led on a fresh column of 5000 grenadiers, but at the first fire he fell dead, shot through the heart. "Alas! it is not permitted me to weep," said Napoleon. "On!" and they did on, sweeping line

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after line, till the whole army was routed, and the battle became a slaughter. The Austrian cavalry fell back on their own infantry, trampling them to the earth; while the French horse charged like fire over the broken columns. The routed army at length reached the Bormida, and were precipitated down its steep banks till its stream was choked with the bodies of men and horses, rolled by thousands into its purple flood.

Bonaparte's star was still in the ascendant.

How changed was the scene as I looked upon it. The herdsman was watching his herd on the quiet plain, and the careless husbandman driving his plough through the earth, once heaped with the dead. The Bormida looked as if it never had received a slain army in its bosom, nor its bright waters been discolored with the blood of men.

That night we slept at Pavia, where we arrived late and weary, having been detained in crossing the Po. The next morning we took Certosa in our way. The church and buildings standing alone and with no village near, present a singular, yet most magnificent appearance. They cover ground enough to hold a large village, and there is on the high altar precious stones enough to build a dozen churches. One altar piece is composed entirely of the teeth of the hippopotamus. I thought I would describe this *one church* to you—built by a rich villain to atone for his piracies and robberies—but I believe I'll not attempt it.

I have now been several days in Milan. The Marengo gate is beautiful, and so are the "*Place d'Armes*," and the promenade—but I have an eye only for the Cathedral; it impresses me more than St. Peter's, though differently. St. Peter's is a magnificent *temple*—the Milan Cathedral, a magnificent *church*. Its beautiful Gothic architecture, and its hundreds of statues on the outside alone, and the whole fabric of white marble, do not affect me so much as the solemn interior. The lofty nave, and immense columns—the setting sun streaming through its stained windows—and the gathering gloom of twilight, together with the pealing organ, have subdued me more than I thought I could be subdued by mere external causes. Every evening finds me

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there, wandering up and down over the marble pavement, till the worshippers one after another disappear, and the deeper darkness shuts out the magnificent proportions that so charm the eye and the spirit.

For *effect* it is superior to any Church or Cathedral I ever entered.

Truly yours

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LETTER XLVI.

Character of the People.

MILAN.

DEAR E.—Perhaps you would ask me what I *now* think of Italian character. I should answer that my first impressions had changed very little. The Italian *women* I have spoken of before. The men are more polite than Americans, and more polished. They treat strangers with greater kindness, and receive them with truer hospitality. Friendships, too, are more frequent and warmer among them than with us. Indeed, I have often wondered why in our country, where there are such strong domestic and social ties, there were not closer friendships among men—they are scarcely known in the higher, purer sense. Here, on the contrary, friendships are constantly contracted, marked by the intensest affection and self-sacrifice. I have often watched, in my own country, with a sort of stupid amazement, two men who had been very intimate in prosperity, suddenly grow quite indifferent when misfortune had overtaken one. A friend lets an unfortunate friend struggle on in poverty, without ever thinking of sacrificing a few thousand dollars, if by it he should circumscribe his own enjoyments. No one complains of the justice of this, but it certainly shows a want of that high generous affection, which is worth more to a man than money.

There is a great deal of intellect in Italy, and a great many bold, decided men, but the *mass* cannot be relied upon. The Italians want the steadiness of the English, while they have not the headlong impetuosity of the French. Hence, they shrink from great emergencies, and prefer the present evils that afflict them, to greater evils they may encounter, in shaking off the tyranny under which they groan. Yet there is courage here, if it could only be rightly managed. Whether Italy will ever as-

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sume her proper place again among the nations of the earth, is very doubtful. If she does, she will be the first nation that has grown old with decay and again become regenerated. In this respect, nations follow the law of human life. If age once seizes upon them, they never grow young again. They must first die, and have an entirely new birth. Every thing here is old. Cities, houses, churches, and all are old. The whole economy of outward physical life must be radically changed, to fit the spirit that is now abroad in the world. Italy was great in a peculiar age, and she cannot cope with those which are the birth of another age, filled with another spirit and principle of action. Indeed, I have no hope in the multitude of conspiracies and outbreaks with which Italy is filled. The struggling spirit is not strong enough, or at least cannot be sufficiently combined. The poor and suffering have become too poor. They are beggars, that do not care enough for liberty to fight for it. Beside, those who should guide the popular will, seem to lack the steady energy that inspires confidence. The love of pleasure and its pursuit takes from the manliness of the Italian character, so necessary to a republican form of government.

The northern provinces are far better in this respect than the southern. In Genoa, for instance, there is a great deal of nerve and stern republicanism remaining, which may yet recall the days of Spinola. Let the police over her be as lax as that of Tuscany, and it would not be long before she would be a republic again.

The Catholic religion is most certainly losing ground here; perhaps I should not say this particular form of religion, so much as the *power* of the priests. The people think more for themselves than formerly, and laugh at the tricks of the priests which they formerly fully believed. Whatever the catechism may say, intelligent Catholics do not believe in the Pope's infallibility any more than we believe in the infallibility of our President; and the multitude of friars and monks are openly scorned. There is a growing contempt for the whole priesthood, and a strong disrelish to the tax which the church levies on the pocket. The men pay less and less attention to the public ceremonies of the church, and we should call corresponding action at home scep-

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ticism. And the inevitable result, I think, of the present form of religion, will be to spread infidelity. Thus, while Catholicism, by adapting itself to the institutions of every new country into which it introduces itself, gains a foothold and spreads; it loses in its own land, by adhering to its old superstitions and nonsense, which the spirit of the age condemns. Italy is now nearly half infidel, and we do not believe Paris itself is more given to infidelity than the very seat of his holiness—*Rome*.

What this infidelity will work, is more than we can tell. What influence it will have on political matters, will depend on circumstances, which no one can foresee or predict. But one thing, we think, is certain, however much the Catholic religion may prevail; the Pope will constantly lose power, till his spiritual will become what his temporal throne now is, a mere shadow. Literature is doing something to effect a change, both in religion and government. Lucien Bonaparte, son of Joseph Bonaparte, has been instrumental in getting up the Scientific Congress of Milan, composed of distinguished literary men from every part of the Continent, which meets annually in different parts of Italy. It is too imposing a body to be crushed, while its discussions and publications give both the Pope and the petty despots of the provinces much uneasiness. This same Bonaparte, or Prince de Canino, as he is called, is doing much for liberty. With his black hair and moustache, black piercing eyes, and corpulent body, and shuffling gait, he goes about smiling to all, and beloved by all, while the republican principles of the French Revolution continually prompt him to act, where he can with safety, for the redemption of the land of his fathers.

Truly yours.

THE END.

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